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THE ELDEST OF THE ARTS.

BY ELIZABETH HISLAND.



LETTY LIND.

"For who so sorowfull is in harte
Him lust not to plaie ne starte,
Nor for to dancen, ne to sing—?"
The Romaunt of the Rose.

AWARE that the art of rhythmic movement was the mother and root of all arts, the Greek myth ascribed its invention to the Corybantes, who danced in a ring about the infant Jupiter to the sound of their swords clashing upon their shields, that his cries might be concealed from Saturn, who, had he guessed the existence of the child, would have followed his invariable custom of making a light, refreshing meal of his tender and succulent offspring, and thus put an early end to that loose-mannered deity, whose talents afterward raised him to positions of great trust and responsibility in Olympus. Even laying aside convincing testimony of this nature, more modern investigation has proved that dancing was an art known and practised in all quarters of the globe, and that races so primitive as to have developed no musical instruments dance with passionate enjoyment to the sound of clapping hands and the beating of sticks one upon another. It is the first and most instinctive expression of that deep, strange yearning for form, rhythm, meas-

ured sound and motion, governed by a recurrent law that is wound into the most secret fibres of man's nature, and marks most clearly (a point neglected by the anthro-

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pologists) the gulf between the highest beast and the lowest man.

This first-born and eldest sister of the arts has fallen upon evil times in this old age of the world, being relegated to the variety stage and such frivolous contingent of youth as is not sobered in its cradle by the sense of a mission and a message with which to make mankind uncomfortable. In her younger days she was the hand-maid of religion, the call to war, the celebration of peace, of marriage and harvests, and a safety valve for certain lawless forces in humanity that are now fed and soothed by drink, tobacco, tea and opium.

Among all warlike savages where fighting is toward fantastic gyrations, the sound of their own poignant howls or the sharp, dry rattle of a snakeskin drum sends the blood leaping with buoyant courage through their veins and stirs their emotions into a fury only to be sated with blood. Among the North American Indians this dance around the campfire was only a measured spring, a stamping of feet, a slapping of hands upon the thighs, a bending of the knees; but Cetewayo's stalwart Zulus danced by phalanx to fixed steps at the sound of the hollow thud of assegais upon the long war shield held

on the left arm, and while thus aroused to the fighting pitch they were acquiring also a drill in compact and united movement that the English found to their cost was as terribly effective as their own civilized training. The Spartans, who never left savagery far enough behind to boast about, trained their fighting men in the same way and drilled them in a Pyrrhic dance, whose martial music was that wild ringing clash of spear and shield by which the Corybantes drowned Zeus's infant wails; and the same race was also supposed to have



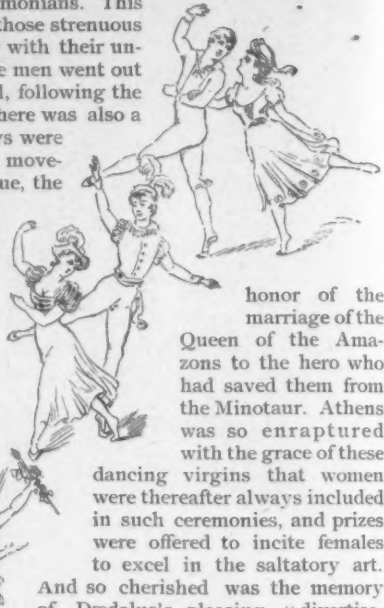
SUBRA.



THE MINUET.

taught the Enoplian measure to the Lacedæmonians. This was danced, of course, in full armor, and those strenuous Spartan females who were always so ready with their unpleasantly sanguinary suggestions when the men went out to battle, came in time to assist in this drill, following the movements of the men in a milder way. There was also a dance, the *Gymnopedique*, in which the boys were trained in suppleness, agility and concerted movement, the men leading off and giving the cue, the boys dancing opposite and imitating them as closely as possible—both men and boys in an artless condition of complete absence of costume.

In Athens, where the skulls of the citizens were not impervious to more than one idea at a time, as in Sparta, and the second idea being occasionally unconnected with war, dancing for mere pleasure was added to the martial measures, and here the dancing of the two sexes together was first introduced. Apparently a sort of ballet was arranged by *Dædalus* to be danced by the seven youths and seven virgins Theseus had rescued from the labyrinth at Crete, and was performed in



honor of the marriage of the Queen of the Amazons to the hero who had saved them from the Minotaur. Athens was so enraptured with the grace of these

dancing virgins that women were thereafter always included in such ceremonies, and prizes were offered to incite females to excel in the saltatory art.

And so cherished was the memory of *Dædalus*'s pleasing "divertisement" that Achilles's shield bore the sculptured likeness of that

"—comely band

Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand ;
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest,
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest.
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inrolled,
Of these the sides adorned with swords of gold
That glittering gay from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well taught feet ; now shape in oblique ways
Confus'dly regular the moving maze ;
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguished blend the flying ring :
So whirls a wheel in giddy circle tost
And rapid as it runs the single spokes are lost."



The martial are the only dances that survive in modern Greece, and even yet the white-petticoated gentlemen who uphold the arms and honors of the kingdom flutter their snowy skirts with certain gay gambadoes descended to them from the conquerors of the soft Persian, who hired others to take exercise of this sort for him.

Dancing as a mode of expressing joy for a victory or a deliverance was common to others besides the Athenians. Miriam led the chorus of Israelitish women who celebrated with dance and song and the silver clangor of timbrels the escape of the Israelites; and later, in the days of the first king, "the women came out of all the cities of Israel singing and dancing, to meet Saul" returning from the conquest of his enemies. It was thus there met Jephthah in the gates the poor maid whose tragic fate, like that of Iphigenia, has made her sweet virgin memory



immortal and moved even stern-hearted chroniclers of her time to notice and pity her innocent helplessness, sacrificed to brutal superstition. The Romans, who substituted the drill for the Pyrrhic training, and never gave dancing the importance as a muscular exercise accorded it by the Greeks, celebrated their victories by dances in honor of Janus, and in the season of the Lupercalia, in memory of the rescue of their founders by the wolf, held public festivities of which the dances formed the special feature.

Religious dances are nearly as old as religion, and it was not until the sixteenth century that the church finally and completely divorced her handmaid, while retaining several of the younger arts that had not served her so long and faithfully. Savage races have always used the dance in religious ceremonial, the stately Sun dance of the Zuni Indians being but one of myriad forms taken by this rhythmic expression of pious emotion. The same method was used to placate the uneasy sensibilities of the fiends also, and the Devil Dancers, disguised in masks and costumes of ingenious hideousness, gambolled madly in honor of the principle of evil. It is said that these Devil or Voodoo dances still linger among the negroes in America, and adventurous spirits have assisted, in disguise, at strange and terrible ceremonies of the sort in the swamps about New Orleans at midnight on the eve of Saint John.



In the dim and enormous interiors of the Memphian temples long-eyed women danced, with asp crests above their brows, and their misty silver muslins, clasped beneath the breasts by girdles of gems, fluttering about them as they gyred and wreathed like incense smoke before the great Bull god, who stared at their supple, serpent graces with dull bovine eyes.

It was some such dance as this that the Lawgiver saw circling about the little gilded Apis the Israelites set up for themselves in his absence. Moses had been reared by the priests amid the mysteries of the temples, and, more familiar than these foolish idolaters with the

real meaning of the animal worship of Egypt, he was filled with a great wrath and cast down the tables of that pure and sternly simple code which he had received from higher powers in the clouds and thunderings of the mountain tops. An Egyptian priestess, stolen by the Greeks, taught them these Memphian dances, which were first danced in

honor of Jupiter. Even Herodotus was reluctant to fully describe these Egyptian ceremonies, and says a decent respect for religion causes him "to omit it by silence." Indeed, some of these things "as they refused to tell

for religion, so we desired not to hear for modesty," though the historian—having a marked weakness for retailing such matters—always leaves himself a chance to



FANNY ELSSLER.

conceal and keep secret, unless by the necessary course of the history I be brought to the contrary." These dances did not improve in character by the transplanting. Those in honor of Venus and Bacchus became scenes of unbridled and furious license. Bestial they were called, but the grave, water-drinking beasts know nothing of that curious passion of exuberant senses of which man is capable at times, and with which one can distinguish the note of sympathy, of envy, in Keats's cry—the cry of the decently behaved London lad:

"What pipes and timbrels!
what wild ecstasy!"

change his mind in case the desire to tell becomes irresistible, by adding, "which things of set purpose I have endeavored to

Greatstateliness and decency characterized the holy dances of the virgin priestesses of Diana, and at Delos they danced



THE DANCING LESSON.

about the sacred well at sunrise, passing with the strophe from west to east, with the antistrophe from east to west, and at the epode standing still; typifying thus, it was said, the movement of the earth from west to east, of the stars from east to west, and the sun that stood still.

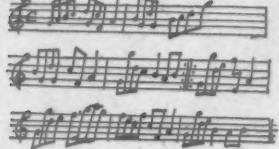
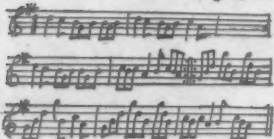
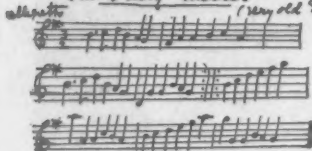
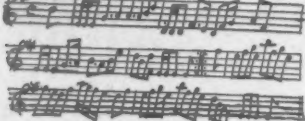
The Romans had many shepherd dances in honor of the pastoral gods, vine dances and harvest measures, and to them belonged the pantomime dances from which the ballet sprung. In the time of Augustus, Pylades and Bathyllus had brought the pantomime dance to such a pitch of popularity that the whole city was divided into parties as to their respective merits. With the decline of the empire pantomime and ballet declined, and the latter was not revived until the fifteenth century, when a magnificent noble of Lombardy, entertaining Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and Isabella of Aragon during their honeymoon, revived it in its original splendor, and shortly had all France and Italy imitating him. All these early performers were men, and women were not employed at all in ballets. Strangely enough, they have entered this field of art and made it their exclusive dominion, a male dancer being a rare animal today. It was not until 1681 that women began to display their saltatory abilities. The dauphiness and the Princesse de Conti, wishing to give the Grande Monarque a new sensation, danced the masque of "La Triomphe d'Amour," assisted by their ladies, and like the ancient Athenians, the French court was prompt and enthusiastic in its appreciation of female superiority in the gentle art. Taglioni and Fanny Elssler



CARMENCITA.

stand preëminent as dancers, with a fame that overshadows all male predecessors; but unluckily the art fell into the hands of the modern Italian, who delights above all things in mere tours de force, and stands rapt in admiration and delight before his work when a woman thumps down the stage on the points of a pair of ligneous toes. Very recently an attempt in England to restore modesty and natural grace in public dancing has met with deserved enthusiasm and success, and these Gaiety dancers were no less popular in America, where the beautiful Spaniard Carmencita has greatly aided in the restoration of the dance to the position of an art, instead of a feat of muscular gymnastics.

In the East dancing has always been in the hands of the women. The Almés of Egypt were women of education and talent, and were required to be skilled

*The Reel of Tullock's Gorum**all. gr.* (old Scotch tune)*Drops of Brandy* (old Irish)*The Bushy-Willow* (very old English)*Struan's Robertson's Rant**all. gr.* (old Highland)

musicians and poetical improvisadores before applying for admission to the company of dancers. Some of them were paid enormous sums by the monarchs for special efforts of skill and grace. In India the nautch girls are trained to the profession from childhood, and form a distinct class. Under native rulers every great temple kept its band of dancing girls, and Indra's heaven was full of asparas, who, following Krishna when he came to earth in the ninth avatar, taught the art of the dance to the Hindoo women.

Dancing as a private social diversion seems to have originated in France. The minuet, with its fine and dainty stateliness, came from Poitou and held its place for some centuries, succeeding the pavan and its majestic peacocking, and being

considered by contrast when first introduced as deplorably giddy. Indeed, certain elderly females who had pavened in their youth openly declared the minuet, with its eye play, its procession under crossed swords, its clasping of hands, and twirl before the bow, as obviously subversive of good morals. The minuet dancers, who had whispered to their partners that these reverend dames were no better than "old frumps" (thereby openly justifying the accusation of subversiveness) in their turn were horrified at the romping vulgarity of the passemegre, the gavotte and the Allemande. And this disapproval was carefully handed down from generation to generation till all vials of wrath were poured out upon the waltz, and disapproval was utterly exhausted and silenced forever.

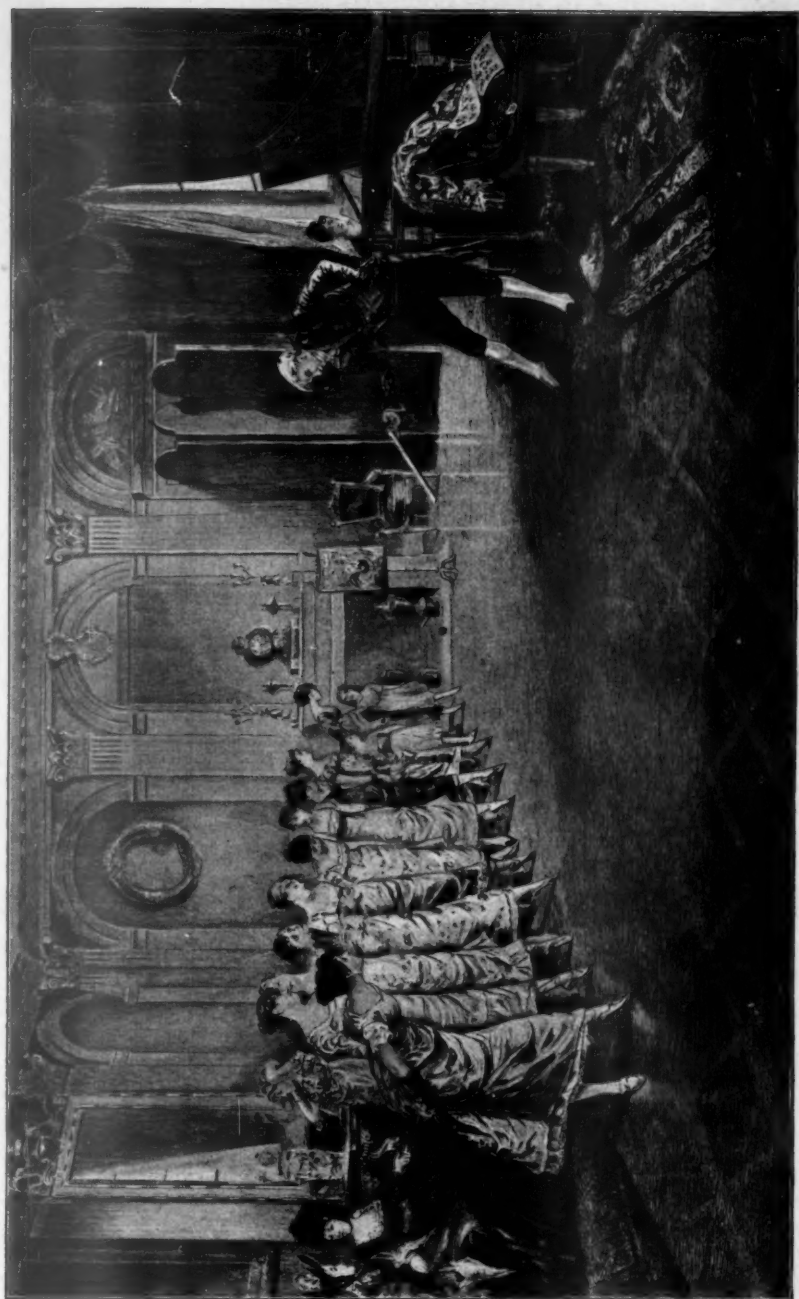
Though the French were confessedly superior in all dancing matters—so that in highest praise of grace was said :

"Saw you never yet in France
Such a light and mettled dance"—

the English of all classes were extremely fond of such diversions. It was not considered beneath the dignity of even the highest, and in the days of Queen Bess "the grave Lord Keeper led the brawls"—the queen herself excelling in the art. In her day the brawl, the canary, and the coreanto were favorites, but by Charles's time the cushion dance—a combination of dance and kissing game—was the fashion. The cavalier took a cushion and danced around the ring singing: "This dance, it can no farther go," the rest replying: "I pray you, sir, why say you so?" and he answering: "Because Joan Saunderson will not come too." "She must come too, she shall come too, she must come whether she will or no," was sung, and he laid the cushion at the feet of his choice, where they, kneeling together, kissed, and she took the cushion and sang, substituting the name John for Joan.

The lower classes, who now move as heavily as cows, were light-footed enough in other days. They celebrated the coming of spring with maypole dances, and had like amusements at harvest time. It is at one of these harvest feasts that Prince Florizel cries to Perdita :

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."



THE DANCING CLASS.

"The Dusty Miller" was one of the tunes much affected by such as blew into the pipe and scraped the fiddle for these harvest feasts, and the feet of the bumpkins pranced merrily to its jolly measures. All through the summer time there was dancing at the crossroads on Sunday afternoon, for this was before the puritan had wrested all his innocent pleasures

ish dance and introduced by the bold sailors from Cornwall to all the fleet, from which time it became the peculiar property of all jack tars and is occasionally to be seen in the fo'c'sle of the men-o'-war to-day. At the elegant allegorical masques enacted to amuse the great folk of the day many of these rural dances were introduced, and it pleased the mighty of the earth to think of the poor as constantly kicking up their heels in the intervals of serving them. They gave a sentimental sigh of envy at the "dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth" that adorned the humble rustic existence,

"When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck sound,
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade."



MAUD WILMOT.

from the English working man and left him a gloomy and sternly persistent absorption of beer as his only relaxation. In Ireland, where the puritan never succeeded in imposing his views upon the people, these crossroad dances are still continued with great spirit, and "Drops of Brandy" is the melody to which their jigging feet best keep time. The hornpipe was a Corn-

Later they borrowed figures from the villages for their "country dances," their Sir Roger de Coverleys, and a graceful romp known as "The Wild Irishman."

The reel was a Scotch invention. In the autumn the Highland chieftains with their followers met at Inverness, and while the heads of the clans were settling differences and discussing matters of public importance the clansmen were kept from drawing dirks upon each other by the institution of a series of games and dances to the sound of the pipes. The fling was the most popular of these, and next in favor stood the reel and the strathspey, with its intricate steps of kemshoal, kemkossy, lematrast, kembadenoch and fosgladh. There was great rivalry among the pipers in preparing music for the autumn dances, and one of the most famous and popular of the old tunes was the "Reel of Tullochgorum." The pipers were as a rule also great dancers and an accomplished Highlander of rank always included both piping and dancing among his attainments. The tune that was the special property and signal of a man or his family was known as his "rant," and while playing this he found it no inconvenience to do his "spring," as in the case of that great red-haired riever, Rob Roy MacGregor, the most famous piper of his day, who marched to the gallows with his bagpipe under his arm, refreshing himself with a tune and a spring before he began his dance upon nothing:

"Sae rantingly, sae dautingly,
Sae wantonly gaed he,
He played a spring and danced it round
Beneath the gallows tree."

The church fostered dancing with one hand and endeavored to suppress it with the other. In the mystery plays, by which she taught moral lessons and told Bible stories to a rude, unlettered public, there were choral dances and songs, and indeed in some cases they were altogether pageants of dancing. One of these latter was the famous Danse Macabre, or Dance of Death, which later became so popular a subject with the painters. This gave an opportunity for considerable splendor and diversity in the costumes of pope, cardinal, king, noble, great dames, children, beggars and all sorts and conditions of men to whom the frolicsome skeleton extended the invitation to the dance, which they were forced to accept, willy nilly. This was one of the choruses they sang :

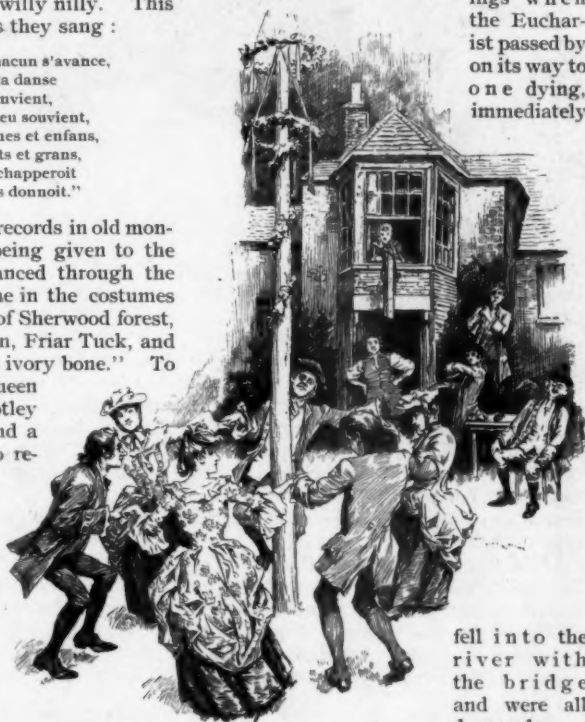
"Tost, tost, tost, que chacun s'avance,
Main à main venir à la danse
De Mort, danser la convient,
Tous et a plusieurs n'eu souvient,
Venez hommes, femmes et enfans,
Jeunes et vieux, petits et grans,
Ung tout seul n'eu eschapperoit
Pour mille escuz si les donnoit."

In England there are records in old monastery books of wine being given to the morris dancers, who danced through the country at carnival time in the costumes of the merry company of Sherwood forest, Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and "Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone." To which they added the Queen of May, a piper, a motley fool, a hobby horse and a dragon; these last two requiring a couple of men each to represent them. Yet the chronicles are full of stories of the miracles of punishment that fell upon dancers at various times. The chronicle of Nuremberg records how a company of bold dancers invading the church at Magdeburg on Christmas eve the priest called upon

Saint Vitus to punish them, and they were immediately unable to discontinue their whisking and whirling, which was kept up for a year. On the following Christmas eve the spell was suddenly removed and they fell exhausted upon the church floor, dying shortly thereafter, fatigued and repentant. This is the origin of the name of Saint Vitus's dance for continued and involuntary motion. The same tale is told in the English chronicles but with many additional details, winding up severely :

"Karolles, wrastelynges or somour games,
Whosoever haunteth any swyche shames,
Yu cherche other in cherche yerd,
Of sacrilage he may be afard,
But for to leve in cherche for to daunce
Y shall you telle a full grete chaunce."

It is also related that a party, dancing on a bridge and not giving over their leapings when the Eucharist passed by on its way to one dying, immediately



DANCING ROUND THE MAYPOLE.

fell into the river with the bridge and were all drowned.

The puritans simply grew vituperative when the dance was mentioned, and dwelt at length upon



Maria Douglas

the daughter of Herodias and women clothed in scarlet.

"For what doth this danceresse?" cries one of them sternly. "She most impudently uncovers her head, which Paul hath commanded to be always covered; she turns about her neck the wrong way; she througheth about her haire hither and thither!" No very great crimes if taken separately, one would think; and why the sum of them should be so heinous it is not easy to understand.

Locke was an enthusiastic advocate of the dance, which he thought should be an important part of the education of every child in order that it might acquire agility, grace of movement and ease and confidence of manner. Socrates, who was

pleasingly open to conviction, took dancing lessons in middle life, regretting he had not done so in youth. Timocrates, who had been bitterly opposed to dancing and dancers, was finally persuaded to go and witness a dance—like most who condemn it he knew nothing about it—and exclaimed, in regret and astonishment, "What an exquisite enjoyment is this which I have so long sacrificed to the false pride of philosophy!"

The sun himself was said to dance with joy at the moment of his rising on Easter morning, and Suckling, in a rapture of admiration for the pretty bride, says:

"And oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!"



The moon, too, was credited with being a desperate figurante.

"Who doth not see the measures of the moon,
Which thirteen times she dances every year,
And ends her pavan thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother?"

In fact, it appears to have been the nat-

ural expression of youth, health and good spirits in all ages and lands, and it is a dour nature past its prime that feels no stirring of blood in answer to the long, smooth pulses of the waltz; or perhaps, as in Byron, who exhausted the vocabulary of coarse wrath against it, the condemnation is the result of helpless envy.



RESURGAM.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON.

THE stars shine clearly in the winter night;
Beneath the ice no stream is heard to run;
The old green fields are still and waste and white—
River and field are now become as one.

But not for long shall all this silence be,
For soon will stir new life beneath the snow,
And we shall hear quite softly, presently,
The grasses murmur and the river's flow.

So, O my heart, though thou mayst soon become
Likewise as cold, and likewise quiet be,
It is not long that thou must sleep, be dumb,
Before again new life shall thrill through thee!



THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE AND HOME.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

MRS. HARRISON'S RECEPTION DAY.

THE White House, the executive mansion and the president's house—these are the titles by which the home of our presidents is known. Which of them is most properly applied is a matter still open to dispute. "Executive Mansion" is the official title borne on the president's stationery. "White House" is the popular term which has been applied to the big mansion for three-quarters of a century. "The President's House" would seem to be a more fitting title than either of them, because the mansion is not only the headquarters of the executive business of the government, but the residence of the president and his family during his term of office. But meaningless as it is and inappropriate as it may be, "the White House" is the term most familiar to the people of the United States, and by that name the president's personal and official home will be popularly known probably during the rest of its existence.

For a number of years the question of enlarging the executive mansion by adding a story to it or by building wings, or even by erecting another building of like design adjoining it, has been agitated; and

at the same time the possibility and advantages of the entire removal of the president's home to some suitable building to be erected for the purpose, has been thoroughly discussed. It seems likely, however, that the executive mansion will remain in its present location for many years to come, if not during the existence of the republic; and if any action is taken in the next ten years to the end of giving the president more commodious quarters, it will be by adding to the present structure. Mrs. Harrison has had this matter under consideration, and she has even gone so far as to prepare plans for the extension of the building by the addition of two wings. In one of these she would have a hall of statuary and paintings, and in the other a conservatory, much larger than that which is now attached to the White House.

The executive mansion has cost the people of the United States nearly \$2,000,000. Of this, \$300,000 was spent on the original structure (which followed out only in part the design of the architect) and the balance has been expended in less than seventy-five years in the completion and

constant improvement of the building. The design of the building as it now stands was furnished by a young Irish architect named James Hoban, who entered into competition for a prize of \$500 offered by the government for the most suitable design for a house for the President of the United States. In those days, however, it was spoken of not as a "house" but as a "palace." The first rulers of the destinies of this great republic did not grow entirely out of the habit of using the terms common to their mother country for

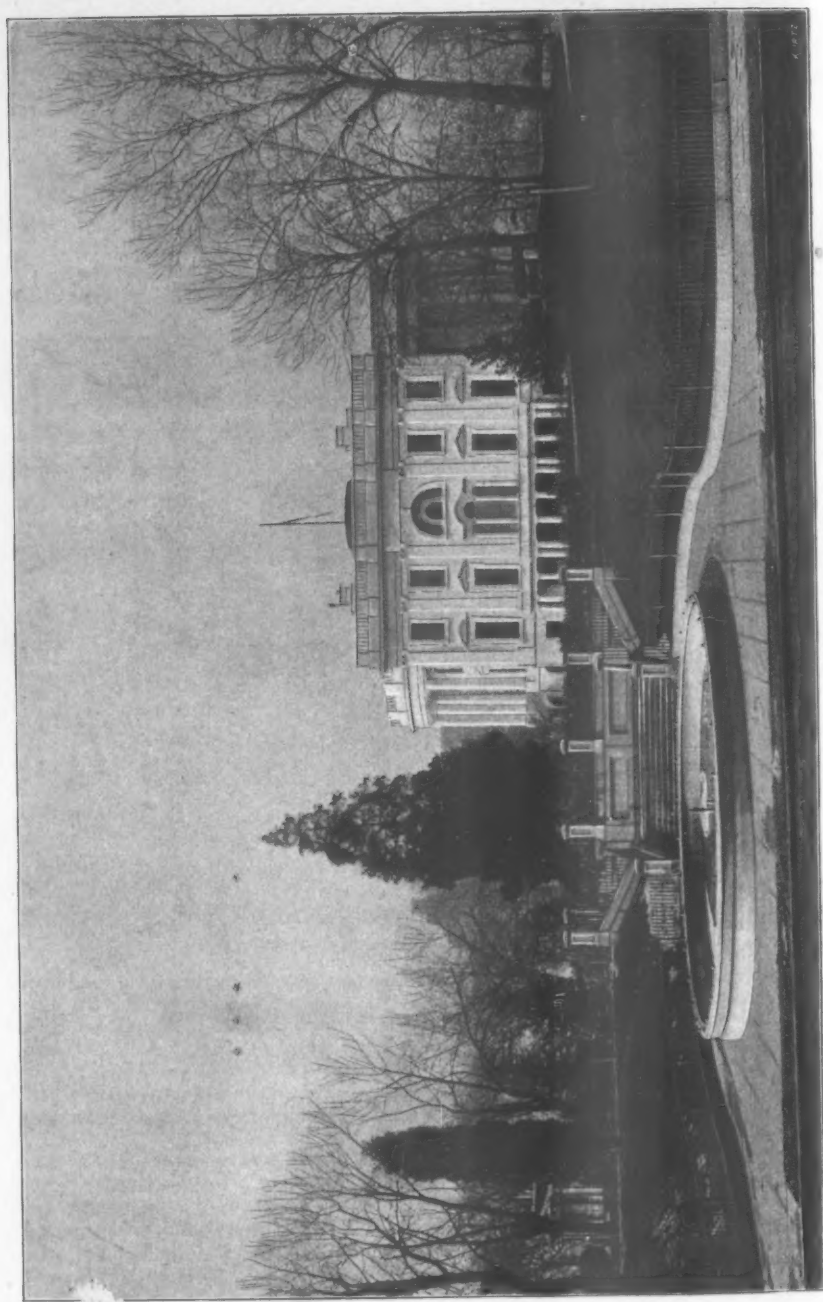
Hoban's design was accepted in July 1792, and on October 13 of the same year the cornerstone of the "palace" was laid with appropriate ceremonies. It was the first public building erected in Washington, and its progress was extremely slow because of the controversy in progress between Philadelphia and Washington as to the location of the capital. Eight years elapsed, therefore, before the building was even ready for occupancy, and John Adams was the first president to occupy it. A description of the building as it



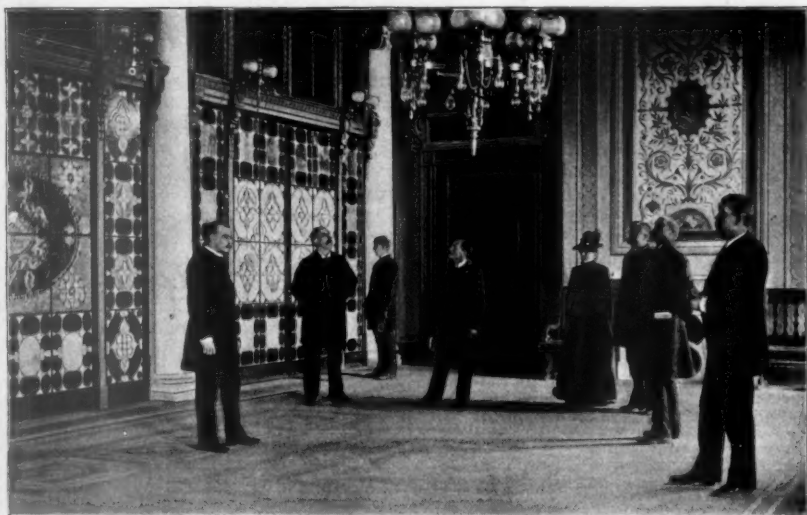
THE SOUTH PORTICO.

many years. It is a fact that the executive mansion was designed after a palace built by the Duke of Leinster in Dublin; and a "palace" it might very properly be called. Of the first \$300,000 spent on the building the state of Virginia loaned to the government \$120,000. George Washington himself promised that this loan should be repaid so soon as the government was able to liquidate the debt; and had he lived long enough, doubtless his promise would have been fulfilled. As it is, the state of Virginia still holds that claim for \$120,000 against the government and Congress evinces no disposition to pay it.

was at that time is found in a letter of Mrs. Adams. She wrote, shortly after moving into the executive mansion, that, while the design of the building was undoubtedly on a grand and superb scale, bells were wanting, wood could not be had (although the place was surrounded with forests) and coal could not be used because they could get no grates. The great "audience room"—the East parlor of today—was unfinished, and Mrs. Adams used it as a drying room to hang clothing in. In 1814 the building was destroyed by the British, and it was four years afterwards when Hoban, who had



THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE EAST.



THE LOBBY.

undertaken the reconstruction of it, placed it again at the disposal of the president. During this period, between 1814 and 1818, the president lived in an octagonal building, still standing, on the corner of New York avenue and Eighteenth street, which was afterwards used for many years by the Hydrographic office. Even in 1818, when the executive mansion was again occupied, it was in a condition of incompleteness, and it did not assume its present proportions until 1829. Since that time it has been occupied constantly by the presidents of the United States, both as an executive office and as a personal residence during a greater part of each year.

The maintenance of the executive branch of the government costs the people less than \$150,000 a year. This includes the salary of the president—\$50,000; the salary of the vice-president—\$8000; the purchase of furniture and carpets; the care of office, carriage, horses and harness; the care of the greenhouses, the purchase of fuel and even the binding and printing done by order of the president. Private Secretary Halford draws a salary of \$5000, though the salary of his predecessor was only \$3250. Colonel Lamont's pay was eked out by an allowance which President Cleveland made to him out of his private purse because of the insufficiency of the salary

allowed by the government, and it was in recognition of this insufficiency that Congress at its last session increased the private secretary's salary to \$5000. They would have made the appropriation include an additional \$1750 for the last year of Colonel Lamont's term, but he objected to this, and the new salary therefore began with the incoming of the present incumbent of the office. Five thousand dollars a year is little enough to pay to a man who fulfils as satisfactorily as does Mr. Halford the position of private secretary. For that matter, \$50,000 a year is a very small salary to pay our president, and very few of the incumbents of the office have been able to retire from it in any better financial condition than when they entered the executive mansion.

The line of demarkation between the public and private parts of the executive mansion is not very strongly defined. The natural craving of people who visit the capital on sight-seeing expeditions is recognized and endorsed in the provisions made for furnishing to the public every reasonable opportunity to view whatever may be of interest about the president's house. The main lobby and the East parlor are as free and open as any of the executive departments or the national museum, and the office rooms upstairs are

perfectly accessible at any reasonable hour. Many of the people who visit the executive mansion each day are shown through the private parlors under the guidance of one of the assistants of Mr. Dinsmore, the doorkeeper. Twice within the past year I have taken parties of visitors to the White House and had them piloted through the private parlors, and the ushers have explained to them the minutest point of interest in every apartment in the mansion, excepting the bedrooms on the second floor. During one of these visits we were taken into the Red parlor while some guests were awaiting the coming of Mrs. McKee, the president's daughter, and when Mrs. McKee made her appearance and greeted her visitors the usher brushed past her and moved about the room, intent upon his explanatory lecture, as unconcerned as though the president's family had been part of the exhibition which we were en-

titled to see. Of course, it is not everybody that is taken into the private parlors of the mansion, but at least a dozen parties are taken through there every day, probably to the great annoyance of Mrs. Harrison and her family.

The part of the executive mansion which the general public knows best is the lobby, just within the main entrance, and the great East parlor, which fills up entirely one end of the lower floor of the mansion. Directly opposite the doorway is an enormous partition of jewelled glass constructed by Tiffany, of New York, under President Arthur's instructions. It cost \$3,380. No reproduction in black and white can give the faintest suggestion of the delicate modulations in form and color which attract the eye to this beautiful bit of workmanship. When receptions are held at the White House the doors which are set at short intervals the entire length of this



IN THE EAST ROOM—WAITING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT.

screen are thrown open, bringing into view the long hallway on the other side, which runs from the door of the East parlor to the conservatory. Into this hallway open the rooms which compose the suite of private parlors. They are known as the Green parlor, the Blue parlor and the Red parlor. Just beyond the Red parlor and adjoining the conservatory is the state dining room, where the president entertains from time to time distinguished members of Congress,

and the fourth to the public. The invitations to the first three named are not restricted to the special guests of the evening, and at each of them there is a brilliant assemblage of men in court dress or in gray uniform, the touches of color in this conventional costume and the brilliant dressing of the ladies giving the parlor a beautiful appearance. Upon the occasion of these receptions the president and the party receiving with him stand in

the Blue room in a long line extending between the doors which give entrance respectively to the Red parlor and the Green parlor. The guests as they arrive are ushered into the state dining room, where their wraps are laid aside; thence they proceed through the Red parlor to the door leading into the Blue room, where they give their names to an army officer who stands in waiting. They are announced, and a moment afterward they are shaking hands with the president, who stands just within the doorway; another officer announces them to Mrs. Harrison, who is just beyond; and then the visitors proceed down the line of cabinet ladies, bowing to each, until they reach the door leading into the Green room, through which they pass to the great East parlor beyond. Behind the receiving line in the Blue parlor is always a large party of guests who have been specially honored, among them the members of the cabinet, who take no active part in



VISITORS LOOKING AT THE NEW DECORATIONS IN THE BLUE ROOM.

the justices of the supreme court, members of the diplomatic corps and others who have an official claim upon his hospitality. The three parlors which I have named; together with the East parlor, are used for the president's official receptions, and on these occasions they are thronged with a brilliant gathering. The president gives four evening receptions during a season. The first is given to the diplomatic corps, the second to the judiciary and Congress, the third to the army and navy

the reception. In the Green parlor there is usually an auxiliary receiving party, including a number of prominent officials and their wives. But in the East parlor there is absolute freedom of movement—that is, freedom from official restraint. Physically there is not freedom of movement, because usually there is a "crush" at the president's receptions, and movement is a matter of extreme difficulty and requires a graceful and artistic touch.

The first floor of the executive mansion



is devoted chiefly to the official-social duties of the president and his family. In the East parlor al-

most every afternoon at one o'clock the president stands for about ten



THE PUBLIC STAIRCASE.

minutes to receive and to shake hands with the indiscriminate crowd of visitors who assemble for the sole purpose of enjoying this pump-handle recreation with the first citizen of their common country. They gather sometimes for hours in advance of the time set for the public reception, and wait for it with an eagerness which is suggestive of the cat watching the unproductive mousehole. When the time for the reception arrives President Harrison comes through the doorway which opens into the main hall and, standing near this passage, receives the visitors, who are presented to him by name. Two of the doorkeepers are present to see that the president is not annoyed by cranks and that the crowd proceeds on its mission in an orderly way. Cranks and mothers who want their babies kissed by the president are the most serious annoyances known at the White House receptions. President Cleveland kissed babies during the early part of his term but finally he found the contract too great for him. President Harrison confines his caresses to Baby McKee, his gifted grandchild.

The upper floor of the executive mansion is well known to the office seekers and to those persons in official or private life who have occasion to see the presi-

dent on business. A narrow stairway between the main lobby and the great East parlor guides the visitor to the upper floor, where, if he is on business which can be transacted by any of the executive clerks, he is shown into a long reception hall to await his turn. If he is looking for Private Secretary Halford too, unless he is among the "elect," he must wait in the big hall while his card is taken in. The president himself is almost more easy of access than is his private secretary. Visitors who call to see him are ushered by his doorkeeper, Mr. Loeffler, into a small oblong room known as the "Cabinet room," so called because the meetings of the president and his cabinet are held there twice a week. The president's private library adjoins the Cabinet room on one side and his public office adjoins it on the other. The visitor sits down while his card is taken to the president by the doorkeeper. If he



THE PRESIDENT'S GRANDBABIES.



THE HALLWAY UPSTAIRS.

is a person of any distinction or a friend of the president he may be asked almost immediately to enter the office. But the chances are that he will await his turn in the outer room. The visitors are let into the office usually three and four at a time, and they sit down upon the leather upholstered chairs which are arranged against the wall. One after another the president signifies his desire to speak to them, and as each of them is summoned he steps forward, has his interview, usually a brief one, and departs. During these interviews, which consume usually two hours and a half or three hours each day, the president remains standing almost continu-

ously. Prior to the opening of this visitors' reception he has been at his desk for an hour signing official papers and going over such letters as his stenographer, Mr. Tibbott, has selected from the mail for his special perusal. The number of these letters is few in proportion to the size of the mail, for Mr. Halford makes it his duty to answer on his own responsibility most of the letters received; and no envelope marked "Personal" ever carries a letter beyond Mr. Tibbott's desk unopened. At ten o'clock the business reception begins and it ends any time between noon and one o'clock. On days when the cabinet meets (Tuesday and Friday) it ends promptly at noon. On days when the cabinet does not meet, so soon as the reception is concluded the president sits down

with Secretary Halford at his desk and goes over the work that has accumulated during the morning. It is an interesting desk at which he takes his seat. It is made



PRIVATE SECRETARY HALFORD, MISS SANGER AND COLONEL CROOK.

of timbers of the bark *Resolute*, which went to the rescue of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition, and it was sent to the United States as a present from Queen Victoria in the year 1877.

In the small room adjoining the president's room, in which Private Secretary Halford makes his office, there is usually quite an assemblage of visitors. Across the reception hall is the office where Mr. Pruden, the assistant secretary, makes out the commissions of those who have received appointments at the president's hands. Miss Sanger, the president's stenographer, is Mr. Halford's assistant. She was brought from Indianapolis by President Harrison and she is

the first woman who was ever employed in United States. The telegraph office adjoins that of Mr. Pruden, and these, with



THE PRESIDENT'S DESK.



IN THE CABINET ROOM—WAITING FOR AN AUDIENCE.

the reception rooms and the rooms heretofore described, make up the executive or business end of the second floor of the mansion. Beyond the president's library are sleeping apartments on either side of the hall, all of them having more or less historical interest. But the most unique room of all is the sitting room. It is not a "room" at all, in fact. It is the hallway corresponding with the long hall which adjoins the suite of parlors on the first floor. For lack of other space, this hall has been utilized for many years as a sitting room, and in it the president and his family spend a great part of their time. Two of Bierstadt's famous Rocky Mountain pictures hang upon the walls, handsome rugs are strewn about the floor, and at the end near the window which gives the hallway its only light is arranged a cosy collection of chairs and tables and lounges. Exactly corresponding with this little space in the hall down stairs is a "smoking room," designed by President Arthur

and used by him and his friends. There is a billiard room in the basement of the White House and a billiard table there which is put to very little use. Aside from this the basement is given up entirely to the servants, the laundry and the kitchen occupying the greater part of the space. The apparent smallness of the building is felt even here, for the kitchen is altogether too limited for the requirements of the state dinners which the president is compelled by official etiquette to give from time to time, and usually a professional caterer is called in to serve these dinners.

The stables of the executive mansion are on what is known as the "white lot" or the "president's parade," which is the great lawn cut up by beautiful drives extending from the White House grounds to the Washington monument. The stables are maintained by the government, but the carriages and horses, with one exception, are the president's individual property.



THE CONSERVATORY.



"THE QUARREL."

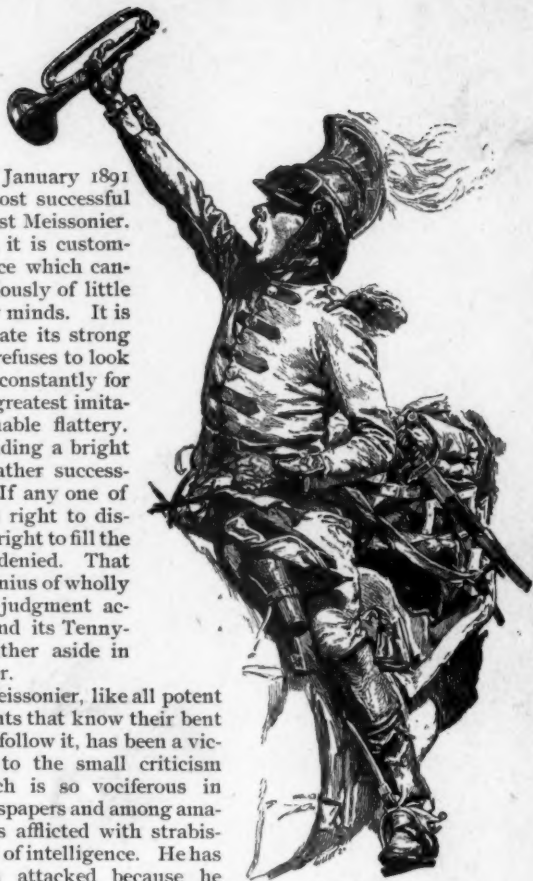
THE MASTER OF GENRE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

THE last day of the month of January 1891 recorded the death of the most successful painter in France, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier. As a rule, when a great man dies, it is customary to remark that he leaves a place which cannot be filled. The remark is obviously of little weight, and is only true to narrow minds. It is not the province of time to duplicate its strong individualities. A catholic taste refuses to look for duplicates of genius; it looks constantly for new expressions of genius. The greatest imitation is, after all, only an estimable flattery. There are men living today, including a bright group of Americans, who paint rather successfully in the style of Meissonier. If any one of them could equal Meissonier, his right to distinction would be questioned; his right to fill the vacant place would certainly be denied. That place will be filled eventually by genius of wholly different quality. The broadest judgment accepts its Byron and its Tennyson; it puts neither aside in behalf of the other.

Meissonier, like all potent talents that know their bent and follow it, has been a victim to the small criticism which is so vociferous in newspapers and among amateurs afflicted with strabismus of intelligence. He has been attacked because he would not do what many had done, because his genius found utterance through infinite patience and infinite work, because, in short, he insisted upon being himself. In the opinion of those who could not accept him for what he was—the single substantial basis for criticism in the world—his unpardonable weakness was that he failed to be somebody else. He was not a Delacroix, for example. But why should he have been a Delacroix? Why should a writer of comedies be flouted because he cannot compose tragedies? Yet, absurd as these questions seem, they are quite common. Not a writer has written, not a painter has painted, who has escaped from the sort of criticism which such questions imply.

As to theories of genius, whether its source is inspiration or hard work, the disputants have a subject full of suggestion in Meissonier. He was undoubtedly a fearless, tireless laborer. There was nothing that daunted his will power, his slow and precise investigation, his unquenchable desire for



FROM "1807."



FROM "1807."



MEISSONIER.

exactness to the faintest detail. In the circumstances, one is not surprised to hear him spoken of as a craftsman—a craftsman of the very highest order, to be sure,

painters. But he surpassed his teachers, as he surpassed all his imitators. He was, so to speak, his own school—a law to himself. Famous schools of art grew up and



"THE THREE FRIENDS."

but nothing more than that. Nevertheless, those who speak of him in this way reveal their own obtuseness. Meissonier's industry was remarkable; the power that lay behind that industry, which vitalized it, was still more remarkable. Mere industry never was creative. There is genius which can be creative—creative in noble and lasting forms—with little industry. But in Meissonier the genius and the industry worked hand in hand, and neither could produce perfectly without union with the other. The only fair criticism to be passed upon Meissonier is this: Was his talent genuine, and did he fulfil the measure of his talent? Undoubtedly his talent was genuine. It was not moral, nor was it literary, but it was pictorial to the finest degree. And how masterfully this talent was used everyone knows who has watched its stable, beautiful outflowing for more than half a century.

There was only one Meissonier, who found his first inspiration in the old Dutch painters. But he surpassed his teachers, as he surpassed all his imitators. He was, so to speak, his own school—a law to himself. Famous schools of art grew up and fell about him during his long, prosperous lifetime. Changes in taste and feeling marked every decade of his career. His own career, nevertheless, varied little from the moment he began to win recognition to the moment of his death. A firm, isolated figure amid the stress of the passionate and divergent strivings of a magnificent century—such was Meissonier. Admitting, for the benefit of certain sensitive critics and tender persons, that his work lacked heart and moral sense—that he could not rise beyond beauty of expression,



A STUDY.

born, according to Vapereau, in 1815, although this date is probably inexact. When he was a boy, therefore, David was an old man; and he lived long enough to witness the posthumous glory of poor Millet. To the influences which were strongest during his young manhood—the classicism of Ingres, the romanticism of Delacroix and the academic manner of Delaroche—he remained singularly indifferent. He grew to be a power in French art through his individuality, not through influences. He was as little affected by the classical and romantic movements of his early days as he was by the realist and impressionist movements of his later days. He saw the rise of Theodore Rousseau, “father of modern French land-

as he understood expression—it is still inspiring to observe his unflinching fidelity to a rare talent, his courageous devotion to a definite ideal. Better to insist upon so much than to echo the critic who wrote: “Wonderfully minute are the works of Meissonier, and they convey a great number of facts in a very small compass. But, after all, what are these facts? What does he really tell us of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, loves and hates of human hearts?” Théophile Gautier contented himself with saying that Meissonier “employed in his genre painting all the serious qualities of grand painting.” That was wisely put. Meissonier could afford to leave the duty of profound human expression to others. That the world is, on the whole, inclined to be impartial is somewhat strikingly shown by the extraordinary popularity of two French artists so unlike as Meissonier and Millet. In Millet we have the literary and the moral sense, the gentleness and the sympathy, which are almost invariably absent from Meissonier’s best work. In Meissonier, on the other hand, we have the greater painter.

Meissonier was



“THE GUITAR PLAYER.”

scape art," and he saw, too, the rise of Cazin, who stands for the landscape art of today in France. He witnessed the struggles of Corot, Millet, Diaz and Dupré. He and Jules Dupré were the last of the very interesting survivors of our first half-century, and Dupré preceded Meissonier to the grave. But while Meissonier looked upon the passing spectacle, while he observed the destruction of old ideas and the

Before he went to Paris, at the age of eighteen, he had taken some lessons in drawing; but, as a matter of truth, his knowledge of drawing seemed to be instinctive rather than to have been developed by teaching or methodical study. It is certainly strange that this master of the technique of art should have enjoyed so few advantages of education. Four months in the studio of Léon Cogniet—that was

his utmost advantage. At his start he formed a kind of partnership with four other artists, among them Steinheil, whose sister became shortly afterwards Meissonier's wife. Their agreement was that each of them should work one year for pure art, while the other four labored at ordinary tasks for the support of all five. Daubigny was one of the artists and achieved fame. Meissonier's early efforts were in the line of illustration. Three of his designs appeared in the Bible of the *Sieur Raymond*, which was published in 1835. He made illustrations also for the *Discourse on Universal History*, *Lamartine's Fall of an Angel*, *Orlando Furioso*, *Chaumière Indienne*, and for an official account of the removal of Bonaparte's remains from Saint Helena to Paris. This, like several more volumes to which Meissonier contributed, was published by Curmer. He made illustrations, too, for one of Curmer's serial publications, for Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, *Lazarello de Tormes*, and a few children's books. There is no doubt that the experience gained by Meissonier as an illustrator helped him in his loftier work as a painter. Besides having won some reputation as an illustrator,



"THE SIGN PAINTER."

birth of new, he stood always squarely on his feet, with a fixed purpose, with an unalterable resolve; and that is why it can be said of him, as it can be said of few men who encounter the shocks of changing theories, that his career was loyalty to a definite ideal.

Meissonier's birthplace was Lyons, and his parents were poor and humble folk.

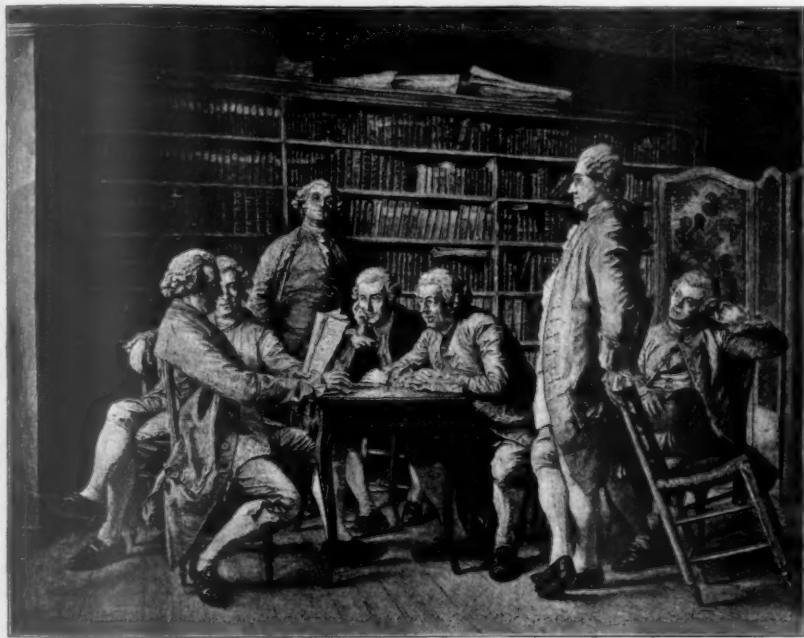
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"The Connoisseur," published by L. H. Lefèvre, "The Three Friends," by F. Gambert & Co., "The Sign Painter" and "The Sergeant's Portrait," by Arthur Tooth & Sons, 1814, "The Quarrel" and "A Reading at Diderot's," published by Georges Petit, are reproduced here through the courtesy of J. Knoedler & Co., New York.

Meissonier stood well as an etcher. Many of his etchings are prized in well-known collections, and the illustrations which he was induced to make in later years, notably those for the *Compte de Chévrier's* *Contes Rémois*, are thought very highly of.

Meissonier's career as a painter opened in 1833-'34. His first picture was "The Visitors," and it is supposed to have been exhibited in 1834. It was bought for 100 francs by the Society of the Friends of Art, at Paris, and was adjudged to M.

which still rank high among his best productions. We read that "they attracted a crowd of admirers at once, and in them the artist struck his true line as the conscientious and skilful painter of miniature subjects." The beginning of Meissonier's reputation was quickly established by these pictures, although he received only twenty dollars for each of them. Nevertheless, success smoothed his way, and his quaint gallery of everyday personages, who, it must be noted, were invariably men,



"A READING AT DIDEROT'S."

Poturle. It passed afterwards into the hands of Sir Richard Wallace. Think of a Meissonier for twenty dollars; a picture, too, which is described as a fine example of his style! Meissonier's style, even when he produced "The Visitors," was clearly formed, and his management of lights, a brilliant feature of his best paintings, was even then exceedingly effective. It was not until 1836, however, that Meissonier succeeded in making definite impression with his work. During that year he exhibited "The Chess Players" and "The Little Messenger," two pictures

until he was taunted into painting women, grew steadily larger and more interesting. "His earlier style," to quote from one of his critics, "and, as some think, his best, was a frank study of character and costume for its own sake. He painted pictures without any thought of a motive, for nothing but the delight of representing simple subjects with sincerity and force. The figures that then sat to his imagination were toppers, chess-players, serenading cavaliers, bibliophiles ensconced in snug corners of seventeenth-century libraries, and so on." In 1839, when Meissonier

was illustrating Paul and Virginia, two pictures, said to have been inspired by that story, were exhibited by him in the Salon. They were "The Doctor" and "The Monk at the Bedside." Curiously enough, these pictures were full of that sympathy or sentiment which, as it has been pointed out, is rigorously excluded from the artist's usual work. At the age of thirty-six—counting from Vapereau's date of his birth—Meissonier's fame in France was securely built. He had yet, however, to win recognition abroad. By

this time he had painted, besides "The Chess Players" (one of his cleverest things), "A Smoker," "A Beer Drinker," "The Reader," "The Skittle Players," and several similar studies, all executed with beautiful precision and distinguished alike for skill in drawing and coloring. Little gems like these were something very new and fresh in French art, and they were warmly appreciated by connoisseurs and the public. "The Skittle Players" is commonly assigned to a rank among his masterpieces. This picture was exhibited in 1849, when Meissonier had already obtained a third medal, a second medal, a first medal, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. Naturally enough, he was assailed by critics who clung to their traditions. They accused him of debasing, of "contemplating nature through the



small end of a telescope," in making life a mere accessory to its surroundings. But the people persisted in enjoying Meissonier's exquisite still life and warm interiors, rich stuffs and picturesque decorations. The Salon of 1853 is famous in the history of art as the one which brought together an exceptionally large number of important works; for example, Rosa Bonheur's noble canvas, "The Horse Fair," Delacroix's "Pilgrims of Emmaus," and Meissonier's "The Bravos." Meissonier also contributed to that Salon

one of his few attempts to paint women, a species of work to which his severe, sharp style was ill-suited. The subject of this



"THE SERGEANT'S PORTRAIT."

picture was taken from the Decameron and showed several figures. At the Exposition of 1855, where he received the grand medal, Meissonnier exhibited "La Rixe" ("The Tavern Row"), "The Bravos," "A Reading at Diderot's," and "The Skittle Players." Of these, "La Rixe" is now most widely known. It has been often reproduced in colored prints. The painting was presented to the late Prince Consort of England by Napoleon III. Yet, in spite of his gratifying and increasing success,



"THE DRUMMER."

the detractors were still busy with their pens. They could not forgive Meissonnier for painting the little and the trivial. They characterized his work as the "New school of the Trivial," as one might characterize the ingenious buffooneries of Aristophanes and Molière as the "school of the vulgar and rowdy." They were yet unable to see that a perfect art gives distinction to the meanest subject. Gautier, however, who had rare insight and courage, was not afraid to describe his "Confidence" as "a pearl and marvel among pictures."

As early as 1852 Meissonnier began to paint historical and military pictures. "A Reading at Diderot's" was produced for the purpose of confuting those critics who declared that his talent was unequal to anything more complex than a study. A false criticism, evidently, in view of the fact that his greatest work, "The Retreat of 1814," and the greatest of his works in this country, "1807," are both elaborate and impressive military pictures. The first of his military pictures was painted

in 1853, and was entitled "Moreau and Dessolles before Hohenlinden." In 1858 he exhibited "Soldiers at Cards," which was sold for 40,000 francs, and which has since been purchased by an American for \$11,500. It was due to the favor of Napoleon III. that Meissonnier was led to project a "Napoleonic cycle," a series of eight pictures of which the first, "Napoleon III. at the Battle of Solferino," was not exhibited until 1864. Meissonnier's first portrait of a lady was painted in 1861, at about the time he was elected to membership in the Académie des Beaux Arts. But the artist was never brilliantly successful in his portraits. His methods were too liberal for portrait painting. Mrs. Mackay's experience with Meissonnier is not forgotten, and, though his portrait of her cost her \$20,000, she had the satisfaction of destroying it. This was an intolerable offence in his eyes, and it added considerable

spice to his prejudice against the Americans, who, he complained, had got possession of too many of his pictures. But to return to Meissonnier's military pictures. "Napoleon in the Campaign of France," and "The Halt," were completed in 1862. The Salon of 1864 contained "Napoleon III. at the Battle of Solferino" and "The Retreat of 1814." The latter of these two works was only finished after incredible toil. The story of its composition—how the artist had the coat worn by Bonaparte copied by a tailor, how he sat a wooden



"1814."

horse in his studio, how he exposed himself to a snow storm for the purpose of studying the effect of cold upon his skin, and much more to the same end, has been frequently told. It illustrates a scrupulous regard for exactitude which amounted nearly to a mania. Meissonier labored for fifteen years on his "1807," which is his largest canvas, and for which the late A. T. Stewart paid \$60,000. Judge Hilton purchased it not long ago and presented it to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York. It is a vivid example of Meissonier's genius and industry. In 1866 the artist painted "Maréchal Saxe and Staff." But the height of his popularity and fame was reached in 1867, when he contributed fourteen pictures to the section of fine arts in the Paris Exposition. These works were discussed from every possible point of view by European and American critics, and the English critics were especially disinclined to accept Meissonier at the valuation of his countrymen. They found so much wanting in him—and, of course, heart was conspicuously wanting—that many of them failed to perceive how great an artist he really was. Yet Meissonier added to his fame at the Wallace Exhibition in London, and at the Vienna Exposition his work aroused the deepest inter-

est. From the year of that exposition until the close of his life his position in the world of art was not seriously disputed.

Meissonier painted, altogether, between 400 and 500 pictures, most of which, including several of his masterpieces, are so very small that one can appreciate the witticism that "he could paint a battle on a louis d'or." The number of his works owned by Americans is estimated at from fifty to eighty. Some of the most celebrated of these are the "1807," and "The Two Vander Veldes," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; "The Arrival at the Château," in the W. H. Vanderbilt gallery; "The Game Lost," "The Pigeon," and "The Chess Players," in the Belmont gallery; "The Charge of the Cuirassiers," in the gallery of Mr. Probasco of Cincinnati. Mr. Probasco paid \$30,000 for his pictures. Other prominent owners of Meissoniers are Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Paron Stevens, Mr. W. W. Astor, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Theron Butler, Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. George I. Seney, Mr. H. C. Gibson and Mr. W. T. Walters.

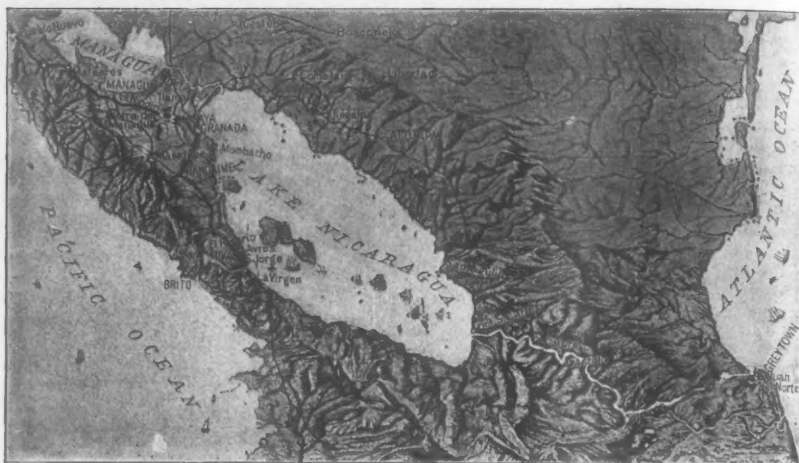
Mr. Seney should be spoken of, to be exact, as having been the possessor of various works by Meissonier. There was a noteworthy one in his large collection of mod-

ern paintings, exhibited at the American Art galleries in February. This picture, one of the prizes of the Secretan sale in Paris, is "The Bowl Players at Antibes." It shows an old Vauban fortress, under whose walls, which extend in a perspective broken by their bastions, men of the town are engaged in the favorite sport of the Provençal athlete. They are formed in groups along the dry fosse, those who are not at play are looking idly on or discussing the game. The game is also watched from the right of the picture by

handsomely dressed spectators in carriages. The sky overhead glows clear and blue, and the atmosphere is one of keen, luminous brightness. As an illustration of Meissonier's method of overcoming some of the difficulties that tax the painter, this "Bowl Playing at Antibes" is in all respects remarkable. It is another demonstration of his science in composition, his breadth and individuality in the painting of miniature figures, the refinement and brilliancy of his coloring and his sense of life in drawing.



"THE CONNOISSEUR."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PROPOSED CANAL.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY CHARLES T. HARVEY, C. E.

SINCE the time, as early as 1550, when Antonio Galvao noted the possibility of joining the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by the construction of a canal through the intermediary basin of Lake Nicaragua, that plan, so vast and filled with so much to fascinate the mind, has continued to attract the talented or adventurous, down to the present day. But, although affording a field so prolific for discussion and for the

employment of the imagination, it was not until the commencement of the present century, when Humboldt, after personal investigation, stamped the project with his indorsement, that the subject began to receive intelligent and studious consideration.

The discovery of gold in California caused the opening of a route by which passengers, crossing in caravans the interval between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific coast, could journey from the eastern states and from Europe to those goldfields with comparative ease, and the constant tide of travel passing over that course served still further to attract public attention to the desirability of establishing at that point a capacious and permanent means of communication.



A RIVER SCENE IN NICARAGUA.



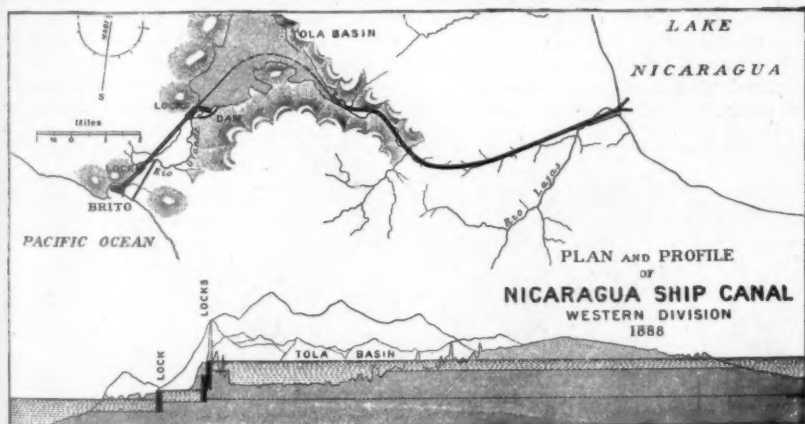
IN THE PATH OF THE CANAL.

Notwithstanding the completion of the Panama railroad in 1855, the pressure for a more comprehensive mode of inter-oceanic transportation still continued, and at vari-

ous periods—in the years 1870, 1872-'3, 1876-'7, and 1885—expeditions for the exploration and location of routes were despatched to Nicaragua by the United States government. Some of these surveys occupied the space of years, and in that of 1872-'3 eight different routes were examined, some of these being at other points in Central America, where the general nature of the country seemed to promise that the continent might successfully be pierced by a canal.

The deliberate and final determination of the national government in favor of the Nicaragua route may be said to date from 1876. Then the plans of four other routes, including that of Panama, were submitted to a commission appointed from army and navy circles by President Grant, and the report was unanimously in favor of that route. The examinations and sur-

veys occupied the space of years, and in that of 1872-'3 eight different routes were examined, some of these being at other points in Central America, where the general nature of the country seemed to promise that the continent might successfully be pierced by a canal.





THE GREAT DREDGE, CITY OF NEW YORK.

veys of 1885 were regarded as eminently favorable, and a plan to proceed with the construction was entertained by capitalists. The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua was subsequently established to carry on the work.

From San Juan del Norte (Greytown), the eastern terminus, to Brito, the port where it reaches the Pacific, the canal route measures, in all, 169 miles.

Of this distance twenty-seven miles will be entirely artificial, whereas, 142 miles will be free navigation through Lake Nicaragua, the river San Juan, and through the valleys of less conspicuous streams; the Deseado, San Francisco and Tola.

Six locks will be required.

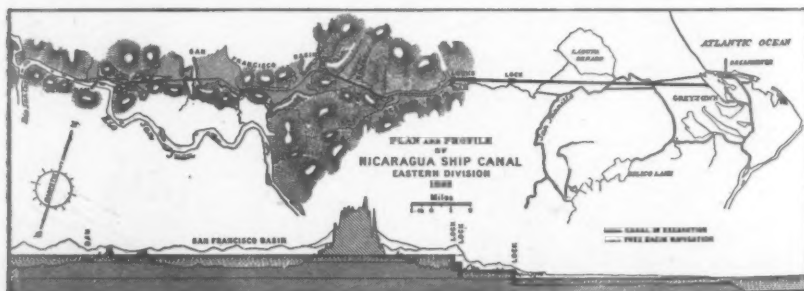
But to avoid the disadvantages which must arise if the subject is treated of in detail before the reader, perhaps, has received

a correct idea of the general plan and the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, I will describe the course of the canal, and point out its most prominent features as they present themselves in a cursory examination.

Prior to 1866, the port of Greytown was accessible to vessels of moderate draught, but in that year it became closed to navigation owing to the formation of a bar of shifting sand across its mouth.

Powerful dredges are now at work removing this obstruction, and already the incoming steamer or sailing vessel can enter through the channel into the harbor, which will likewise, at an early day, be dredged to a depth ample to accommodate the largest ships.

The first nine miles of the route lie through a flat, alluvial region, where the





BUILDING THE RAILROAD THROUGH THE SWAMPS.

canal will be of such proportions that ample space will be afforded vessels passing in both directions. At the end of that stretch—which is, in effect, but a prolongation of the harbor of Greytown, and will require no labor beyond the dredging—a low range of hills is reached. Here occurs the site of Lock No. 1. At this point the ship or steamer is raised thirty feet and enters the lowest basin of the Deseado; and, advancing through intermediate submerged valleys of moderate extent, is then lifted to the level of the San Francisco basin in the successive chambers of Locks Nos. 2 and 3, with lifting capacities of thirty-seven and forty-five feet respectively.

Passing the locks, the San Francisco basin will be reached by the "divide cut"—a channel through three miles of rock. This basin has an ample waterway for clearance of counter-bound craft.

Passing through three short "cuts," vessels will then enter the San Juan basin, with a surplus breadth of counter passage-way caused by the water storage of the

Ochoa dam; thence into Lake Nicaragua; thence by canal into the Tola basin, a wide expanse of water drawn from the lake, and held in place by the dam near Lock No. 4.

This basin extends from the upper level of the canal to a point but four miles distant from the Pacific ocean. Here, in full view of the western terminus, ships may lie making repairs, shifting, unloading or transferring cargoes alongside each other or at warehouse piers, with all the accommodations of upwards of fifteen miles of water front at command, and within easy access of the seaport of Brito. The ease with which sluice discharge can here be secured would seem to indicate that graving docks can be conveniently located at this point.

Brito, the western terminus of the canal, is today neither a harbor nor even a roadstead; the site, however, is one which affords ample space for dredging an artificial harbor, to be protected by stone embankments extending the required distance into the sea—an operation which

has been successfully accomplished at various places on our great lakes, and for the performance of which provision has been made in the official estimate as to the time and cost of construction.

Of the entire route, about sixty miles are in spaces sufficiently wide for the largest ships to navigate under sail, as in Lake Nicaragua; while about seventy-six miles are in the Deseado, San Francisco, San Juan and Tola basins, where steamers may proceed under full headway and pass one another with safe clearance space. Practically, the general result reduces the distance of canal navigation—properly so termed—between the two oceans to about twenty-seven miles.

The result is a monument to the patient research and persistent explorations of Chief Engineer Menocal and the surveying corps, and to the wise foresight of the management in providing means for a thorough exploration of the region thus traversed preliminary to final location of the route.

The local geological conditions, as shown by the Geological Survey, present a most interesting field for study.

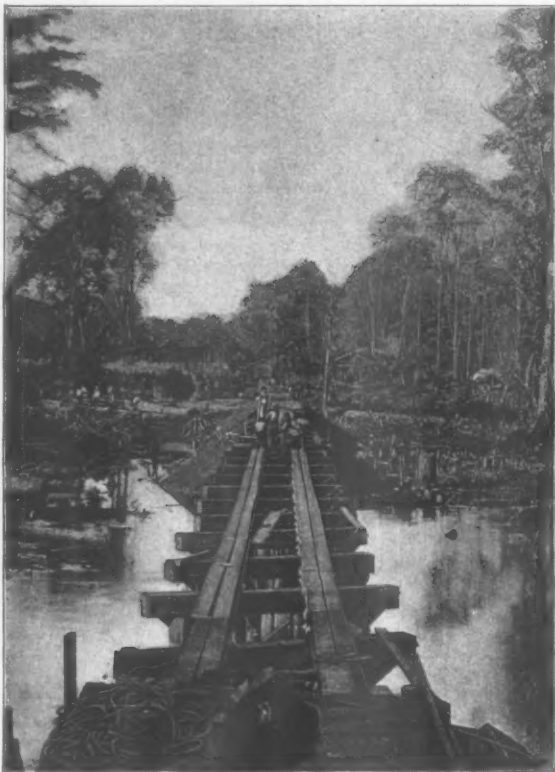
Beginning at deep-water line in the Atlantic basin, no rock formation will be encountered in securing thirty feet depth of waterway, until the site of Lock No. 1 is reached.

These most favorable geological conditions insure the practicability of excavating that portion of the eastern section of the canal lying westward from Greytown harbor and about ten miles in length, by the aid of dredging machinery solely, with assured freedom from current agitation. The excavations (as proven by the borings) will be either through alluvial silt or sand or clay, ex-

tending entirely across the delta of the Rio San Juan.

The geological conditions of this section must consequently be regarded as favorable for the rapid and economical construction of the work. There is also an economic significance in the fact that in these low lands where, if at all, miasmatic attacks upon the working force may be expected, all excavations will be effected by machinery, the operating employees being for the most part protected from a dangerous degree of exposure.

In examining the next section, reaching from Lock 1 to the San Juan basin, above the Ochoa dam, it is gratifying to find that the first lock on the Atlantic slope will be placed upon rock foundation and that Locks 2 and 3 will also be located on rock ledges—beneficial features of the first magnitude.



A BRIDGE IN THE SWAMP.



THE BREAKWATER AT GREYTOWN, LOOKING LANDWARD.

The nature of the rock through which the great "divide cut" (containing twenty-one per cent. of total excavation) and other "cuts" are to be made is also favorable, in view of the fact that it is, as shown by specimens, homogeneous and not decomposable to any appreciable extent by exposure to the elements. Hence, the sides of the "cuts" may be safely left at an angle but few degrees removed from the perpendicular, thus effecting large reductions in the quantity of excavation often required to render the slopes of similar "cuts" safe and permanent.

That Lake Nicaragua should be present near the centre of the lowest pass to be found in the whole expanse from Alaska to Cape Horn, is worthy of more than passing notice; but that at the summit and commencement of the western descent there should occur a rampart of primeval rock in which to imbed the locks to make that equalizing reservoir serviceable, is a fortuitous geological feature of scarcely calculable value. By its presence

a barrier is interposed against almost every conceivable casualty, and the durability of the locks seems assured.

Passing along the western descent, the test borings of the lower valley of the Rio Grande, completed in the winter of 1888-'9, show that the full depth of thirty feet will there be attained without encountering rock, and that a harbor as spacious as that of Chicago or Port Said may be made available by the simple and rapid process of inland alluvial dredging; and when this is protected by seaward entrance piers, an ample and economically constructed western terminus will have been secured.

It is among the striking characteristics of this undertaking that, with facilities adequate for the accommodation of the largest steamers the object always in view, the realization of this purpose should nowhere involve problems or contingencies of an overshadowing magnitude.

The locks to be built are upon a scale already in use at the Lake Superior canal, and with advantages over the latter in having a foundation of rock throughout their entire length.

The sea approaches and the terminal marine accommodations proposed for this enterprise, likewise, present no features which have not already been met by engineering talent at other commercial waterways requiring facilities of a like character, or upon an even more extended scale.

The most formidable portion of the entire construction is the "divide cut," which has already been mentioned. Here, at a distance of sixteen miles from the inner harbor of Greytown, a transverse ridge, reaching in its highest point an altitude of 298 feet above the water level of the canal, must be crossed before admittance can be gained into the upper channel of the San Juan. The dimensions of the work are as follows: length, nearly three miles; average height above the level of the water, 111 feet; depth in the canal, thirty feet. This

mass, when removed, will, it is estimated, constitute more than one-fifth of the total excavation of the canal.

If we examine carefully the conditions which surround the task of overcoming this formidable obstacle, we will be led to observe: (1) That this cut occurs at the lowest and narrowest part of the ridge, and at the point nearest to the Atlantic terminus; (2) that the location is central for the distribution of the debris to places where it is needed, namely, at various dams and embankments and for the breakwater at Greytown; (3) that the location is high and healthful, and (4) affords abundant water power for all mechanical requirements.

As this section of the canal—from Greytown to Ochoa dam—includes stretches of channel where longitudinal embankments are required, a very serious question here arises concerning the possibility of a loss of water by leakage or filtration, under the heavy pressure essential in the case. This danger is best considered by reference to other works now in constant use, in which this manner of storage has been successfully adopted. Thus, in a recent treatise on our domestic canals, there occurs the following description: "The body of water which [in 1889] supplies the Saint Mary's feeder of the Miami Extension Canal [of

the Ohio State Canal System] is about nine miles long by three miles broad. It was formed by building two earth embankments from ten to twenty-five feet high, one being two and the other four miles long. About half of the area flooded was a prairie and the remainder a forest. The reservoir was begun in 1837 and finished in 1845."

Although it would not be difficult to multiply instances of a similar import, this example will suffice to show that it is not probable that difficulty will be experienced from this source. But even should this occur, there is in the delta of the San Juan an inexhaustible supply of adhesive clay, with which the sides of the embankment can be coated to a thickness sufficient to render them water-tight beyond a doubt.

The next feature of prominence is the Ochoa dam. This work is located at the point where the summit level of the canal passes beyond the valleys of subsidiary streams and enters the upper valley of the San Juan. In its location, advantage has been taken of a ridge of low hills which contract the valley and form natural side embankments.

The total length of the Ochoa dam will be 1900 feet; maximum height above river bottom, seventy feet; and width at base, 500 feet. By means of this embankment



THE BREAKWATER AT GREYTOWN, LOOKING SEAWARD.



THE COMPLETED RAILROAD THROUGH THE SWAMP.

the level of the river San Juan is raised and the smaller valleys already mentioned flooded, thereby permitting vessels to pass in still water from Lock No. 3 to the western extremity of the Tola basin—from a point removed but fourteen miles from the Atlantic to within four miles of the Pacific ocean.

The problem of the effect of the water filling upon the upper valley of the San Juan is, happily, one easy to solve. The course of the river lies in a well-defined valley, which maintains like characteristics throughout the entire distance from the Ochoa dam to the entrance to Lake Nicaragua, sixty-four and a half miles distant by the sailing line.

The whole distance is thus converted into slack-water navigation and the channel requires excavation only at occasional points to secure the minimum of depth.

The course for a large part of the distance has such surplus of depth and breadth of waterway as to insure the advantages of lake rather than of ordinary canal or river navigation.

The amount of dredging required to secure a navigable channel from the junction of the "divide" channel with the San Juan slack-water course to deep water in Lake Nicaragua has been ascertained to be 7,275,590 cubic yards, distributed along a distance of forty-four miles, including fourteen miles of channel deepening between the river head and deep water in the lake itself.

The surface of Lake Nicaragua presents an area one-third as extensive as that of Lake Ontario, and will constitute, in effect, a portion of the upper level of the canal, which traverses it for a distance of sixty miles. The depth of the lake varies from twenty to 150 feet. As an equalizing reservoir it will be invaluable; while the overflow alone affords ten times the requirements of all the locks when used to their ut-

most capacity. The water draining naturally into the canal in a region where a down-pour of six inches in twenty-four hours is not unusual, would probably supply the flow necessary to operate a portion of the canal independently of the discharge waters from the lake; while in case of drought the lowering of such a body of water one foot would give an abundant supply for an indefinite period.

In November 1890, the company may be said to have passed the preliminary stage and to have entered upon active operation. Six powerful dredges (formerly employed in the work of the Panama canal) have been purchased, and two of these are already dredging the harbor entrance to a depth of twenty feet, while the others are preparing to begin the work of excavating the first twelve miles of the canal. This portion of the route is cleared of obstruct-

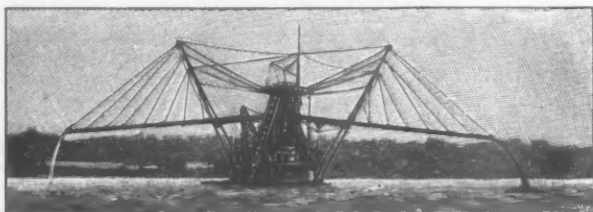
ing vegetation, and ten miles of railroad are now in actual service.

Launches, tugs, scows, machinery of every description, now ready at hand, together with storehouses and machine shops, and additional dredges in course of construction in the United States and in Scotland, all attest the energy with which the work is being pressed forward.

The dredging through the eastern delta will occupy the space of two years, but other parts of the work will be carried on simultaneously. By the terms of its concession there remain ten years in which to complete the canal.

The amount already expended by the company exceeds the sum of \$3,000,000.

The interest and importance which attach to the engineering aspect of my subject compel me to keep within the confines of that department, nor shall I venture further. And yet it is not possible to leave the consideration of the merits which this vast enterprise displays without expressing the conviction that a channel of communication that would exert a potent influence from Australia to Corea, and would at once become the highway for the distribution of the produce of the Pacific slope of both Americas throughout our eastern seaboard and Europe, will receive the assistance and coöperation of the civilized world in furtherance of its early consummation.



THE DREDGE AT WORK IN GREYTOWN HARBOR.

A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

EXQUISITE, airy thing,
Linen and lace,
Soft as a white dove's wing,
Brushing her face.

Pure as a tea-rose bloom,
Queen of its band—
Holding the light perfume
Caught from her hand.

Bordered with slender lines,
Silken and cleft,
Fine as the spider twines
Into his web.

This is the handkerchief—
Delicate, sweet—
Fallen like lily leaf
Down by her feet.



THE "DEAF" ROW.

THE JAPANESE THEATRE.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

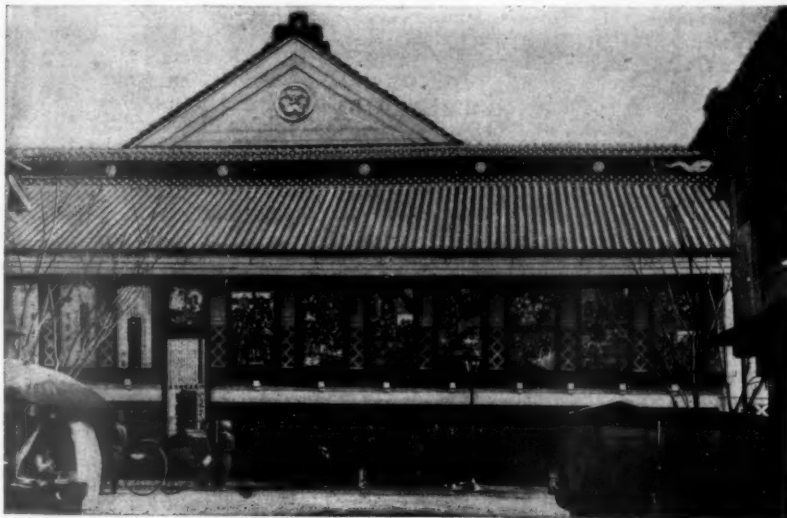
"SATURATED with the refinements of an old civilization," as Doctor Dresser says, and possessing all other arts in perfection, it is not surprising that the Japanese drama should be well worthy of its people. The theatre has reached its present development slowly and with difficulty. Caste distinctions hindered its rise, the actors ranking next the eta, or outcast class, in feudal days, and their playhouses being under ban. Only the middle and lower classes patronized them, nobles never attending any public exhibitions and all women being excluded.

In the golden age of the Tokugawas the drama began to win recognition; theatres were built by command of the shōguns; the marionette shows, the first departure

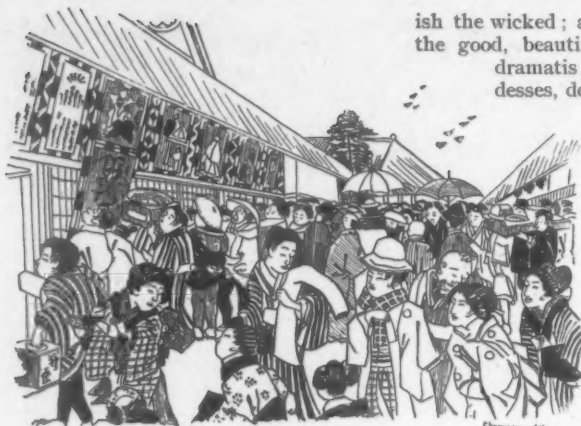
from the solemn No Kagura, gave way to living actors and realism succeeded. Noblemen now attend theatres, but actors never receive an invitation to their clubs.

A few years since Tokio founded an association for the improvement of the Japanese theatre and the development of the histrionic art of the country in its own distinctive way. Viscount Hijikata and Viscount Kagawa were chief officers of this Engei Kyokai, but little is known of its actual work.

Instead of farce or recitative prologue preceding the play, come one or two acts of a classic pantomime or character dance, or an interlude of this kind in the middle of the drama. These classic pantomimes resemble the No Kagura simplified.



THE SHINTOMIZA THEATRE, TOKIO.



GOING TO THE THEATRE.

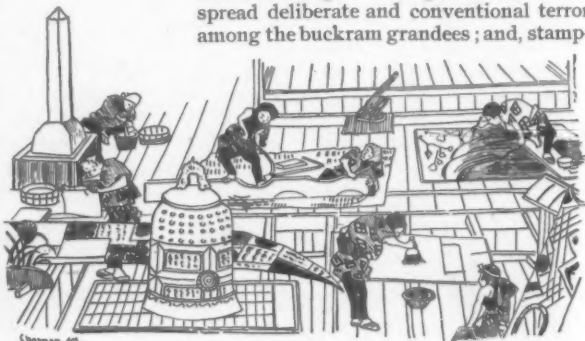
This No dance or lyric drama is the dramatic form that was current before the seventeenth century, bordering on the religious; it suggests the Greek drama, and the passion and miracle plays of mediæval Europe.

The No is wholly artificial, the movements of the actors being as stiff, stilted and measured as the classic idiom in which the dialogue is spoken and the ancient and obsolete ideographs which set forth the synopsis of the action. Confined to yashikis and monasteries, the No was for the upper classes, who alone could understand its involved and lofty diction and intricate symbolism. While the bare arguments of plays and dances are as familiar as fairy tales or folk lore, only scholars of great attainments can read their actual lines, and the full translation of a No programme for the Duke of Edinburgh, on his visit to Japan, busied the interpreters of the British legation for days, with the aid of all the old native poets and scholars in Tokio.

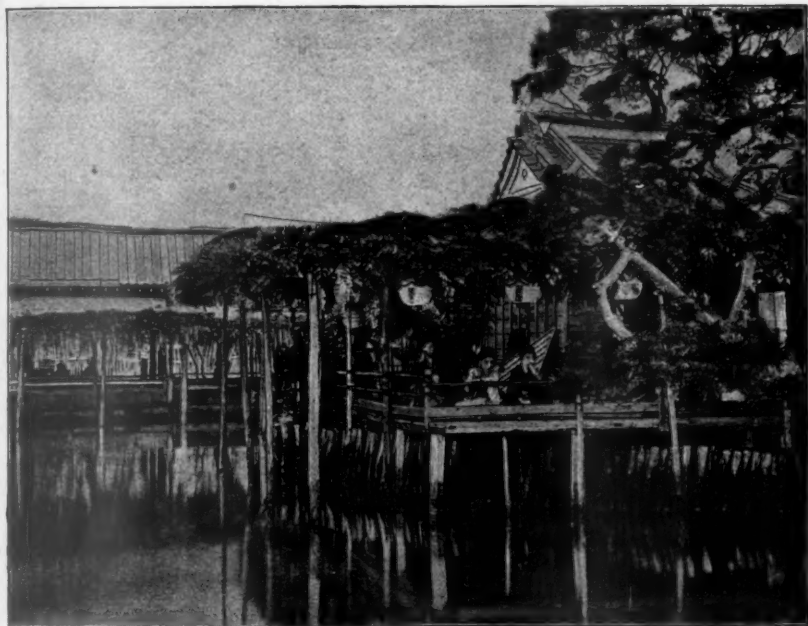
The No is a trilogy occupying four or five hours of three successive days. The first set of scenes is to propitiate the gods; the second to terrify evil spirits and pun-

ish the wicked; and the third to glorify the good, beautiful and pleasant. The dramatis personæ are gods, goddesses, demons, priests, warriors and heroes of early legend and history, and much of the action is allegorical. By a long, open gallery at the left the actors approach the elevated pavilion or platform of the stage, which is without curtain or scenery, and almost without properties. The costuming is superb, many of the rich, century-old brocade and cloth-of-gold gar-

ments having descended several generations. The actors enter at a gait that outstruts the most exaggerated stage stride ever seen, the body held rigid as a statue, and the foot, never wholly lifted, sliding slowly along the polished floor. These buckram figures, moving with the solemnity of condemned men, utter their lines like automata, not a muscle nor an eyelash moving, nor a flicker of expression changing the countenance. Their nasal, high-pitched and falsetto tones are unspeakably distressing, and many performers have ruined and lost their voices and even burst blood vessels in the long-continued, unnatural strain of these recitations. The children, who sometimes take part, equal the oldest members in their gravity and mechanicalness. In some delightful scenes the demons, with hideous masks and abundant wigs of long, red silk hair, spread deliberate and conventional terror among the buckram grandees; and, stamp-



THE PROPERTY ROOM.



TEA GARDEN NEAR THEATRE.

ing the stage wildly, leaping and whirling, relieve the long-drawn seriousness of the trilogy. It is only when all the performers are without the ancient lacquered masks that the scene is to be imagined as a light and amusing farce, while the roars of the audience are elicited by stately, ponderous and time-honored puns, and plays upon words that a foreigner cannot appreciate. Fine representations of the No may be seen at the Koyokwau clubhouse in Tokio, often given for the benefit of some charitable institution, and in the audiences one sees the fine flower of the upper classes, the court circles and even the august suite of the dowager empress.

The existing theatre and the legitimate drama are not yet three centuries old, and the name Shibai, meaning turf places, or grass plot, implies the same evolution from outdoor representations that the occidental drama had. There is no Shakespeare nor Corneille, nor, indeed, any famous dramatist whose works survive from an earlier day to align the stage with literature and make its history. No authorship is connected with the plays, and au-

thors' royalties are unknown. Many of the novels of Baku have been dramatized, but without any claim being made to the authorship. Incidents in history, lives of warriors, heroes and saints furnish themes for the drama, and all the common legends and fairy tales are put upon the stage. That great classic, the affecting history of the Forty-seven Ronins, is always popular, and the crack-brained heroisms of the days of chivalry fire the Japanese heart, notwithstanding its passion for the foreign and modern. The trials, tortures and miracles of the early days of Buddhism, and the warlike histories of the great feudal houses furnish tragedies and sensational and spectacular plays without end. There are romantic melodramas, emotional dramas and comedies of delicious humor and most delicate satire.

New plays, while rare, are not theatrical events, and first nights by no means indicate success or failure. The play is tried on the audience, changed, cut and altered as actors, manager, scene painter, carpenter and patrons desire, without consideration of an author's rights or feelings.



NO DANCE COSTUMES.

I once asked a great star who had written his play.

"I do not understand," said the tragedian; and a bystander explained that the manager had cut reports of a theft, a murder and a shipwreck from a newspaper,

and, discussing them with the star, evolved the outlines of a connected play, and decided on the principal scenes and effects. A hack writer was then called in, who, under dictation, shaped the plot and divided it into scenes. The managerial council



DANJIRO.

elaborated it further, allotting the parts, and the star composed his lines to suit himself. In rehearsals the play was rounded, the diction altered, and each actor directed to write out his own part, after which a full transcript was made for the prompter.

When asked who wrote the play of the Forty-seven Ronins, the answer was: "Oh! that is our country's history. We all know the story of their lives and glorious deaths."

"But who made it into a drama?"

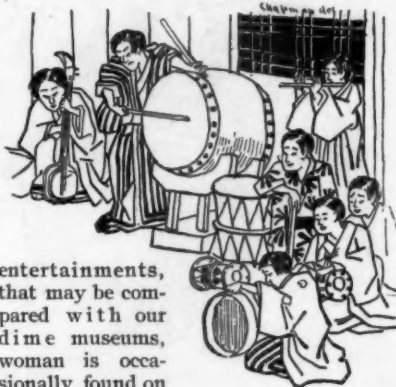
"Oh! every theatre has its own way of representing the different scenes. Danjiro plays it in one way and other actors have their versions. None of them play it the same at every engagement, nor exactly the same acts on every day of an engagement."

Revivals and rotations of the old favorites constitute a manager's idea of attractions, a new scene or two, a novel feature, and some local picture or allusion being enough to satisfy the most blasé pa-

trons. No libretto nor printed book of the play can thus exist, but the illustrated programmes give a pictorial outline of it—a veritable impressionist sketch, noting its salient features, and leaving all details to time and imagination. There are no dramatic unities, no arbitrary three-act or five-act limitations, and no hampering laws of verse and rhythm. An orchestra of drums, trumpets and pipes accompanies the heroic scenes, and often a half-concealed chorus explains, heralds and leads the action—a survival of the No gradually disappearing before the modern demand for shorter hours and briefer plays.

Women do not appear on the Japanese stage, female parts being played by men, who often make these rôles their specialty, cultivating and using their voices always in a thin, high falsetto. The make-up, the voice, gait, action and manner of

some of these actors are wonderful, and Genoske, the greatest impersonator of female characters, when dressed for the part of some noble heroine, is an ideal beauty of the delicate aristocratic type. Outside the great theatres, in plays and side-show



THE ORCHESTRA.

entertainments, that may be compared with our dime museums, woman is occasionally found on the stage.

Infant prodigies are known to the Japanese stage, and in some wonderfully pretty and affecting scenes of the Forty-seven Ronins little children utter their lines and perform with great naturalness.

The great theatre of Tokio is the Shintomiza, a long, gabled building, ornamented above the row of entrance doors by pictures of scenes from the play. The street is lined with tea houses or restaurants, for a play is not a haphazard, two-hour after-dinner incident. A man goes for the day, making up his theatre party beforehand, the plays generally beginning at eleven in the morning and ending at eight or nine in the evening. After a short run, the hours during which the great actors appear and the great stage effects are made become known, and the spectator may time his visit accordingly. It is bad form for a Japanese of position to go to the theatre door, pay for a box and enter it. He must send a servant at least a day beforehand to one of the tea houses near the theatre to engage its attentions for the day, and through its agency secure a box. The tea-house people are the ticket speculators in league with the box office. At the proper

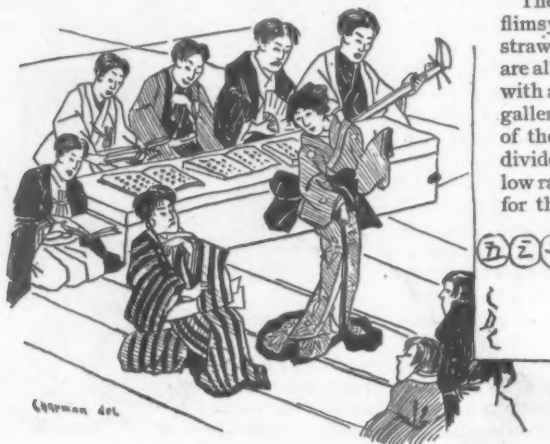


IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

hour the party assembles at the tea house and gives orders for the lunch, dinner and frequent teas to be served during the day. When the tea-house attendants announce the rising of the curtain, they conduct their patrons to the box, and at each intermission come to see what is wanted, bringing in at the dinner hour the large lacquer chow boxes with their courses of viands, that the spectators may dine comfortably where they sit. Everybody smokes, and each box has its little tobacco bon, with its cone of glowing coal to light the tiny pipes; the rat-tat of the pipes, as the ashes are knocked out, often making a chorus to the action.

Theatre buildings are light and flimsy wooden structures, with straw mats everywhere. They are all alike, a square auditorium with a sloping floor, a single low gallery, and a stage the full width of the house. The floor space is divided into so-called boxes by low railings that serve as bridges for the occupants to pass in and

out. Visitors always sit on the floor, each box being six feet square and designed for four people. The gallery has one row of boxes at either side, several rows facing the stage, and behind them a grated pen where the multitude stand and



THE CHORUS.



IN THE GALLERY.

listen, paying one or two coppers for each act. This gallery of the gods is called the "deaf seat," but the deaf hear well enough to be vociferous. The theatre goer takes a check for his shoes, and racks hanging full of wooden clogs are the ornaments of the foyer.

Charges are made in detail, and the following is the bill presented for a party of seven. No charge was made for two servants belonging to the party, who came and went at will:

Admission (seven persons).....	\$.98
Box	1.60
Carpeting, chairs, etc.....	.50
Messenger hire.....	.10
Tea and confectionery.....	.30
Persimmons, figs and grapes.....	.30
Eels and rice, etc. (seven persons)....	3.50
Tea house.....	1.00
Presents to servants30
	<hr/>
	\$8.58

There is always a drop curtain, generally ornamented with a gigantic character or solitary symbol, and often covered with advertisements. Formerly so much of the play was given by day that no footlights and few lamps were used. A black-shrouded mute used then to hover about each actor after dark, holding out a candle at the end of a long stick that the audience might see the fine play of expression. With the adoption of kerosene the stage was sufficiently lighted and footlights are now usual. These black mutes survive as "supers," making any changes and manoeuvring properties while the curtain is up.

The actors enter the stage by two long

raised walks, through the auditorium, reaching nearly from the street doors. These raised walks, on a level with the stage and the heads of the spectators in the floor boxes, are called the hana michi, or flower walks, and as a popular actor advances, his way is often strewn with flowers.

The miniature scale of things Japanese makes it possible to set a real scene with every detail as in life. The stage is large enough for three or four actual houses to be set as a front.

The hana michi is broad enough for jinrikishas, kagos and pack horses, and with the illumination of daylight and sunlight the unreality vanishes and the spectator seems to be looking from some tea-house balcony on an everyday street scene. Garden, forest and landscape effects are made real by using potted trees; the ever-ready bamboo is at hand, and the scene painters produce extraordinary illusions in the backgrounds and wings. Some of the finest stage pictures and transformations I have seen were in Japan, and its stage ghosts, demons and goblins would be impossible elsewhere. In the play of Honest Sebi, I remember a murder scene in a rainy twilight that neither Henry Irving nor Jules Claretie could have surpassed; and



IN THE FRONT ROW.

in *The Vampire Cat of the Nabeshima*, or *The Enchanted Cat of the Tokaido*, a beautiful young woman changes instantly before the eyes of the audience to a hideous monster, as quickly as Doctor Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde.

Japanese theatres use the revolving stage which has been their original and unique possession for two centuries. A section of the stage flooring, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, revolves like a railway turntable on *lignum-vitæ* wheels, moved by coolies below stairs, who put their shoulders to projecting bars. The stage is set to the edges of this circle, and at a signal a whole house whirls around

from the eyes of audiences quick to respond to emotional appeals. Tragedies are very tragic and murders very sanguinary. Death is generally accomplished by edged tools, and the antics of the fencers, the wonderful endurance of the hacked victims and the streams of red paint and red silk ravellings that ooze forth delight the audiences, who shout and shriek: "Ya! Ya! Yeh! Yeh!" The swordsmen are often acrobats and jugglers in disguise, who enliven the extended slaughters with thrilling tours de force.

The detail and minuteness with which everything is explained, and the endless etiquette and circumlocution are thorough-

ly Japanese. Little of incident is left to the imagination, and an ordinary play has more sub-plots and characters than one of Dickens's novels. With the rapid adoption of new customs the theatre is becoming the only conservator of the old life, and all the more valuable to the people and interesting to foreigners.

If the Japanese stage has its blood and thunder, and its



IN AN UPPER BOX.

and shows its other rooms or its garden. Sometimes the coolies turn too quickly and the actors are rolled out of sight, gesticulating and shouting. The scenery is painted on wings that draw aside or on flies hoisted overhead. Curiously enough, the signal for opening the curtain is the same as that used at the *Comédie Française*, three blows on the floor with a big stick.

The Japanese theatre of today is given over to realism and the natural school, and Jefferson and Coquelin are not more quietly, easily and entirely the characters they assume than Danjiro, their Japanese fellow Thespian. The play is a transcript of actual life and everything moves in an everyday way, though Japanese manners and customs often seem stilted, artificial and unnatural to the brusque occidental, with his direct and brutally practical etiquette. Pathos is always deep and long drawn out, and the last tear is extracted

tank drama, it has also its millinery play. The costumes alone are often worth going to see, and the managers announce the appearance of rich and historic costumes and armor.

Danjiro owns and wears a sacred suit of armor that belonged to one of the Ronins, and his appearance in it is a signal for the maddest applause. Such treasures of costumes or mail are bequeathed from father to son and from retiring star to favorite pupil.

As tokens of their high approval, rich and noble patrons send to actors rare costumes, swords, pipes, and articles of personal use. Spectators, in moments of excitement, will throw such tributes upon the stage. Indeed, so often is this done that stars have regular schedule prices at which articles thrown upon the stage may be redeemed for cash down by their remorseful projectors.



GENOSKE AND SODANJE.

The audience is as interesting a study as the players, each little square box being another stage, whereon the picturesque drama of Japanese life is enacted. Trays of tea and sweetmeats, and single teapots, are constantly supplied the spectators by attendants who tread the narrow partition rails between the boxes like acrobats. Whenever the curtain closes, there is a swift scurrying of these Ganymedes to the boxes, while the children climb upon the partition rails and the hana michi, or run about the theatre, even romping upon the stage itself, and peeping under the curtain to see what the carpenters are hammering; all with perfect ease and unconsciousness.

Visiting the star in his dressing room is a simple commercial transaction. The actors make a regular charge for receiving such visits, deriving quite an income from this source. Danjiro's dressing room is high up among the flies back of the Shintomiza stage, with a window looking down upon it, so that he needs no call boy. He more often calls to the stage himself, and has the action of the play delayed or hastened, according to his toilet or his humors. Nothing could be more scornful and indifferent than his treatment of the high-priced visitors to his dressing room. Fulsome flattery, if offered with

the florid and elaborate Japanese forms, will mollify him, and the old fellow, eighth idolized Danjiro in direct line, will finally offer tea, present a hair-pin to a lady, or write an autograph on a fan in his most captivating stage daimio manner. When making up for a part, the great actor sits on the mat before a large swinging mirror. Except for a character face, little make-up is used, as daylight spoils its effect. Three or four meek valets wait upon this spoiled and whimsical old autocrat. The value of his wardrobe, kept in immense covered bamboo baskets, is very great, and its care is a serious matter.

Young actors pay the great stars for the privilege of joining their companies and studying their methods. Danjiro is said to receive about \$3000 a year from the Shintomiza theatre, his connection with which is like that of a sociétaire with the Comédie Française; yet he plays in other Tokio theatres, has filled engagements in other cities, and everywhere receives more from perquisites, fees and gifts than the amount of his salary. His cousin, Sodanje, and Genoske, the fourth of that name to be a leading lady, are favorites of the day, often playing with Danjiro.

The government exercises a censorship of the stage as of the press. No allusions to present political events are allowed, an obnoxious play being suppressed and manager and company arrested, if necessary.



DANJIRO AND GENOSKE.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

BY W. A. PEPPER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

SOON after the close of the civil war, President Johnson sent an agent into the southern states to investigate the condition of the farmers in that section and to report his observations. One of the results of that journey was the organization of what was known as the Patrons of Husbandry, commonly called the Grange. It was organized by seven persons, all of them but one employed in different departments of the government. The object was to organize the farmers, not only of the south, but of all parts of the country, for purposes of mutual protection against encroachments of organized capital. At that time the condition of the public mind in the south was suspicious and feverish; the people were distrustful of all propositions of a social or political character which did not originate among themselves; hence, this new organization was not received kindly by the persons for whom it was chiefly intended. The Grange, however, grew with great rapidity, spreading over all the country, within the next seven years its membership numbering at least half a million; but it lacked discipline. While the intention was that none but persons directly interested in agriculture should become members, yet there was nothing in the make-up of the body to prevent any person from coming in. In New York and Boston, and in other large cities, lawyers, bankers, loan agents, indeed, all classes of professional men, were members of the Grange; in some instances even stock gamblers posed as grangers. In order to relieve the body from these cumbersome excrescences, a national meeting of the Patrons was called at St. Louis, in 1874, at which time and place a thorough revision of the constitution was effected, limiting the membership to the class of persons that it was originally intended should form the working body of the order. The action of that convention cut off every person who was not either practically engaged in the work of farming, or was so closely connected with that sort of work as to be to all intents and purposes a farmer. This included agricultural editors and persons who in any way were di-

rectly interested in the practical work of farming. From that time forward the Grange membership diminished yearly, and by the time we celebrated our centennial anniversary the order had ceased to be strong, either socially or politically, and about that time the Grange as an organization passed practically out of notice.

As a child of the Grange the Farmers' Alliance was born. The first effort was made in Texas, the direct object of that first organization being to oppose the spoliation of the public lands of Texas. Bodies of speculators were gathering up those lands for the purpose of bringing to themselves wealth out of the increase in their value, and the farmers insisted that the public interests should take precedence of those of private individuals. After two years of local effort, it was deemed advisable by the officers to enlarge the scope and work of the Alliance, so as to take in the farmers of the entire state and to deal with public affairs generally. That occurred about the year 1879. In organizing the state Alliance everything of a partisan character was excluded, its functions "being educational and its field of operations limited only by the boundaries of human exertion." In its declaration of purposes we find: (1) "To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit; (2) to develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially and financially; (3) to create a better understanding for sustaining civil officers in maintaining law and order; (4) constantly to strive to secure entire harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves; (5) to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudice, all unhealthy rivalry and all selfish ambition." In another part of the declaration of purposes it is stated that the laws of the Farmers' Alliance "are reason and equity; its cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life, and its intentions are peace on earth and good will toward men." These may be regarded as the fundamental principles of the Farmers' Alliance.

In 1882, the Texas State Alliance was organized and the membership was limited to white persons. In four years eighty-two counties had become interested in the work of this new order. A meeting was held at Waco on the 17th day of January 1887, for the purpose of taking steps to bring into harmony with the Alliance another organization of farmers in the state of Louisiana, known as the Farmers' Union. Delegates from the Union were present, and the two bodies united, the new organization taking the name of the "Farmers' Alliance and Coöperative Union of America," with C. W. McCune as its president. Measures were taken at that meeting to extend the organization into other states. Organizers and lecturers were sent out, and in a short time the Farmers' Alliance was operating in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. At that time another farmers' organization was operating in the states of Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee; this was known as the "Agricultural Wheel."

It began about the year 1882. In October 1887, at a meeting held in Shreveport, Louisiana, for that purpose, the Wheel was merged into the Farmers' Alliance. At that meeting the states of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Kentucky, North Carolina and Kansas were present and participated.

Among the remarks made by President McCune in his address to that meeting, we find the following significant words: "It seems to be an admitted fact that organization is the only hope of the farmers." This new organization, including the Alliance, the Union and the Wheel, was finally named the "Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America."

As will be seen, up to this time the Farmers' Alliance was almost exclusively a southern institution; it was a secret order with grips and passwords. It had taken no action whatever in politics except by way of impressing its principles upon the minds of public men. While this southern organization was extending its influence among the farmers of the south, another body of a similar character, based upon almost exactly the same principles, and for similar purposes, had been organized in the state of Illinois. It began

in the year 1877, and was known as the National Farmers' Alliance. In a little while it had extended into the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and the Territory of Dakota. The object of this body was declared to be "to interest the farmers of the United States for their protection against class legislation, the encroachments of concentrated capital, the tyranny of monopoly; to provide against being imposed upon by scandalous and scandalizing advertisements in the public prints; to oppose in our respective political parties the election of any candidate to office, state or national, who is not thoroughly in sympathy with the farmers' interests; to demand that the existing political parties shall nominate farmers or those who are in sympathy with them for all offices within the gift of the people; and to do anything in a legitimate manner that may serve to benefit the producer." This National Farmers' Alliance was an open body, transacting its business in public, the same as has always been done by regular political associations. In its social features it is much like that of the southern Alliance. At a meeting of this body in 1887, the following declarations were made and published concerning its objects:

The objects of the National Alliance are to unite the farmers for the promotion of their interests, socially, politically and financially.

To secure a just representation of the agricultural interests of the country in the national Congress and state legislature.

To demand the prohibition of alien cattle and land syndicates.

To oppose all forms of monopoly as being detrimental to the best interests of the public.

To demand of our representatives in Congress their votes and active influence in favor of the prompt passage of such laws as will protect livestock interests from contagious diseases.

To demand that agricultural interests shall be represented by a cabinet officer.

In 1887, or about that time, another association of farmers was effected in the state of Illinois, which was known as the "Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association." It originated in the southern part of that state; its object was to oppose the encroachments of monopolies. This body did not extend as rapidly as the others, probably because of its later origin; it may be said, too, its officers did not exert themselves as the others had done to

spread into new territory. Its principles are substantially the same as those of the orders before named.

At the city of St. Louis, early in December 1889, a meeting of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America was called for the purpose of bringing together in one great organization all of the different bodies of organized farmers in the country. Invitations had been sent out in advance to the officers of all of these different bodies, and also to the officials of the Knights of Labor, and they were all represented at this meeting. Conference committees were appointed and a union for political purposes was effected. They were not all merged into one, but virtually that was done. The object of this consolidation was to influence legislation in the interests of farmers and laborers generally. The new body was to be called the "Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union." That is the name by which it is now known.

The Alliance is not partisan, but it is intensely political. Primarily it is social, but there is a political feature, and this, after all, is its most powerful force, that which moves in public affairs; and though there was no disposition to go into politics independently, it was understood upon all sides that every possible effort which could legitimately serve the interests of agriculture and labor should be put forth. The St. Louis convention adopted a political platform which has since been known as the St. Louis demands. In time it became a very serious question with members of the Alliance, whether they should operate through the machinery of their old parties, or whether they should join with other workers in a new and distinct movement for a redress of grievances which were universally conceded to exist. This was true in Kansas, particularly. At that time there were but few public journals devoted specially to the interests of the Alliance, but those few discussed the question in all its bearings, and the old parties were warned time and again that a revolution was coming and that, unless they undertook the work demanded by the Alliance, the people would build a new party on the ruins of the old ones. The Kansas Farmer, in an editorial article devoted to that subject, after setting out the objects sought, used the language following:

"These things the Alliance has set out to achieve. The members naturally expected to have the work done through the machinery of existing parties, and hence no questions of party building or party disintegration have yet been discussed by the order. It has been expected that, inasmuch as the Alliance is made up of members of all parties, every member would be a missionary in his own party to spread Alliance doctrines there. And this is the status of the Alliance at this writing. Now what have the parties to say about this? The 'Farmers' Movement' is not a mere advertisement; it is the business advertised. It is valueless or it is worth all that success will cost; and if we are not playing with the most serious problem of the time we must either rise above party or fall below it. A successful issue of this great movement of the people will purify politics and raise the parties to a higher plane; its defeat will let the parties drop below their present low level. If, then, there is any question as to whether we favor party more than progress, let it be decided before taking one more step. This does not mean a declaration of war against parties; it means only an assertion of personal manhood. It means further that the farmers wish to succeed through the agency of existing parties, if that course be not objectionable to party leaders; but that success must be achieved and that there will be no delay in the movement to await results of official parleys. The word is, Forward. We have come upon perilous times, and can obtain relief only through the patriotic action of the people. Let us stir our parties to action, but keep the work going on. We cannot stop and live. We must go ahead, taking the parties with us if possible, but going ahead. What say you? Are you ready? Are you ready to incorporate the foundation doctrines of the Alliance in your platforms, and are you prepared to advocate them in your press and in your speeches and resolutions, and are you ready to support them by your votes? Upon your answers to these questions—answers by deed as well as by word—will depend the future relations of individual members of the Alliance to their old parties. The Alliance means business; it has gone too far to stop short of at least partial success. Its members are grounded in the new faith, and as there is no good reason

why any progressive party should not espouse it as they have done, they respectfully await developments with the understanding that, as for them, they are going ahead, leaving the privilege of following to be treated by other persons as to them shall seem best. Alliance members will expect to vote only for persons friendly to their demands, and they hope to find them in the ranks of their own parties. Should they be disappointed in this respect, they may be excused if they still insist upon voting only for friends. Again we ask, What have the parties to say to this?"

Officers of the Kansas State Alliance were called together in April 1890 for the purpose of considering this matter. The question was, Shall we remain with the parties to which we have belonged in the past and ask relief through them, or shall we invite the coöperation of other workers and with them form an independent political body? After mature consideration the latter course was adopted, and in June following a meeting was held in the city of Topeka, at which delegates from the Farmers' Alliance, from the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, from the Knights of Labor and several other bodies were present, and it was agreed that members of these different bodies would join with other voters of like belief in a political movement to be known as the People's party. Let it be understood that this new party was not the Farmers' Alliance any more than it was the Knights of Labor. The movement was suggested by the Farmers' Alliance, it received its inspiration largely from that body, but its members were perfectly free to coöperate in the movement or to refrain, just as they desired. It is quite generally assumed, among people on the outside, that there is an oath-bound requirement in the Alliance that its members shall follow in all matters the steps marked out by a majority. This is in no sense true. When an applicant for membership in the Alliance takes his obligation, the person who administers it to him states, in plain, unmistakable language, that the obligation will in no respect "conflict with the freedom of your (his) political or religious views;" and this freedom in politics and religion follows along the course of the Alliance member wherever he goes. He is absolutely and to all intents and purposes a free man.

The only obligation which rests upon him, as to his political action, comes from a voluntary acknowledgment on his part of the binding force of an agreement made by a body to which he belongs. He is expected to keep its secrets, he is expected to respect his obligations as a man and a brother, but he is at perfect liberty to vote as he pleases; he is never regarded as out of order in this respect unless, after having agreed with his brethren to a proposition or to a particular course of action, he afterward betrays them.

Having determined to operate upon an independent line, the Topeka meeting called a state convention to be held in the same place in August. The convention held at that time placed in the field a regular state ticket, and adopted a platform based on four fundamental ideas—land, labor, transportation and money. As to land, it was asserted that "The earth is the common heritage of the people; every person born into the world is entitled equally with all others to a place to live and earn a living, and any system of government that does not maintain and protect this inalienable right is wrong and should be changed or abolished."

As to labor, it was affirmed that "Labor is the beginning of progress and the foundation of wealth; that the laborer is entitled to a good living and a fair share of the profits which result from his labor; that the use of labor-saving machinery should shorten the hours of toil and inure to the benefit of the employed equally with the employer."

It was demanded that the "means of communication and transportation shall be owned by and operated in the interest of the people, as is the postal system."

It was demanded, further, that national banks be abolished; that treasury notes take the place of banknotes; that the currency volume should be expanded to satisfy the needs of business, and that money issued by the government should be legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private.

Free and unlimited coinage of silver was urged; alien ownership of land opposed; option dealing denounced; just taxation favored, and a service pension recommended, with the following statement added: "We believe that justice demands

the depreciated currency in which they (the soldiers) were paid should be made good, and as full and complete faith be kept by the government with the soldiers as with the bondholders, and that ex-prisoners of war be remunerated for the time served in prison."

To these were appended a few declarations concerning local matters—time for redemption of homesteads sold under orders of court, usurious interest, trusts and combines, salaries of public officers, Australian ballot system of voting and the Crawford county system of primaries—the whole concluding with these words: "People of Kansas, we come to you on this platform. Our candidates, speakers and writers will waste no time in discussing minor matters. The past is gone, the present is with us, the future is before us; old issues are dead; we come to you with new ones." Upon that platform the most remarkable state campaign in our history was fought. Three party tickets were actively supported, Republican, Democratic and the People's. All the trained stump speakers were with the old parties; they discussed old party issues, while farmers, mechanics and laborers, with a few preachers, doctors and editors, took up things of present and pressing interest to the people as they were outlined in their platform. Men, women and children by thousands met in groves, and by hundreds in schoolhouses and halls, to listen to people of their own class and grade who talked about these new issues. Meetings of 5000 and 6000 people were common, and frequently as many as 10,000 persons met at one time and place to hear the "new gospel" taught. This outpouring of the masses, however, was limited to the People's party. The old party meetings were generally small, often discouragingly so; the most distinguished speakers failed to draw large audiences. The result was the election by the People's party of one state officer—attorney general—five of seven congressmen, ninety-three of 125 members of the lower house of the state legislature, and finally one United States senator. In six months' time a change in the political complexion of the state, equal to 100,000 voters, was effected.

What, then, does the Farmers' Alliance demand as matter of practical legislation? Let us first understand the conditions out

of which this formidable power of the farmers has grown. Agriculture is depressed, labor is profitless, discontent broods like a cloud over the land. The homes of the people are encumbered by an indebtedness which it is impossible to pay under existing conditions; they are being sold by the thousand every year, with no remedy within reach. There is not enough money in circulation to supply legitimate business demands, saying nothing about the payment of loans; renewals, in most cases are out of the question, because with falling prices security weakens; and while property values go lower and lower, dollar values go higher and higher, and taxes, salaries and interest absorb all the people's earnings, leaving nothing to pay on the principal of the debts. Briefly, nearly if not quite one-half of American homes are mortgaged; wealth is fast passing into the hands of a few persons; money has become a power in politics as it has always been in social life, and the same influence which is draining away the substance of the workers is undermining the church. Look what way we will, encroachments of the money power are plainly visible. It pollutes our elections, it controls our legislation, it debauches our trade, it owns our homes. It rules in the forum, the school and the church. It is king.

The great overshadowing problem of the time, then, is money. Farmers are not repudiators. They want to pay every dollar of debt they owe, and that according to the letter and the spirit of the contract; but they are powerless to help themselves. They have no money and can get none at rates which will relieve them. When Wall street needs more money the president and secretary of the treasury supply it out of the public treasury; but the farmer's appeal is not heard. Give us money at rates of interest which we can afford to pay, take our lands as security, and our debts will be paid as fast as the money can be counted. But this is denied us, and year by year the tyrant's grip is tightened. Farmers must have money with which to pay their debts or many of them must lose their homes. And this applies to all owners of land, in town as well as in the country, for the influence which has brought one-half of us to the verge of ruin will, if not checked,

soon bring the other half there. We ask relief from congressmen and they laugh at us; we propose a remedy and they call us cranks; we ask time and money with which to pay our debts and save our homes, and we are told that it is our business to work while statesmen take care of the finances. We have determined to rebel, and this great uprising of the people means simply a rebellion against the usurpations of party managers who are wedded to the power which is crushing us, who wink at our misfortunes and laugh when our calamity comes. The people have concluded to take the government into their own hands; they are now marshalling every force for that purpose.

The Farmers' Alliance, then, means to dethrone the money power and thus emancipate the people. This does not mean anarchy, it does not mean repudiation, it does not mean war; it means only the rule of the people. The people will take charge of their own affairs; they will make and issue their own money, and charge borrowers only what the handling of it costs, just as they now do with postage stamps, with courthouses and highways. That is the first and great work to be done. With that will come many other reforms, for every device of villainy which is supported by the improper use of money will fall when the props are taken away.

It is proposed to continue the organization until it shall ripen into a national movement including all the working forces of the country, so that in the campaign of 1892 the toilers will be in line with a national ticket in the field. Nothing short of success will satisfy the masses, and success means government control of transportation, of money and of every other public function.

And there is a great social problem which is left for the Alliance to solve. It is known in politics as the "Southern question." It has been made a football by politicians for party purposes, and that will settle nothing. It requires broad and brotherly treatment, and that is a stranger in party politics. The farmers will soon obliterate sectional lines, and local prejudices will give way as fast as the national sentiment grows and spreads. At the Supreme Council of the Alliance held in Ocala, Florida, last December, thirty-five states were represented, and delegates from

every body of organized farmers in the country were present to participate or to confer. The national Alliance of colored farmers was held at the same time and place and friendly greetings were exchanged. The two bodies represented at least two and a half million voters. Every state Alliance is authorized to admit colored farmers to membership. There is no distinction of color among Kansas Alliance people. The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is of southern origin, and, naturally, as far as prejudice of any sort has place in the order, it is largely southern prejudice; just as the National Farmers' Alliance, being of northern origin, whatever of prejudice may have place in its councils is northern prejudice. These two kinds of prejudice are but remnants of conditions which have passed away never to reappear, and they too ought to be buried forever out of sight. Our great war ended long ago. We are now one nation in law, let us be so in fact. This means the getting together of the South and the West, for their material interests are identical. But that involves some sacrifices. Are we ready to make them? First, we must sacrifice party prejudice. That is, indeed, a sacrifice; it cuts close to the heart; but when one sees his duty lying in a particular direction he has no choice but to follow if he would be true to his manhood and his country. One hundred and fifteen thousand men of Kansas have already made the sacrifice. Not many years ago we were republican or democrat, but we have severed our moorings and are now in the flowing tide with our fellows, operating under the temporary name of People's party, waiting for the coming together of that grand army of toilers which in the years to come shall emancipate labor and reestablish the authority of the people.

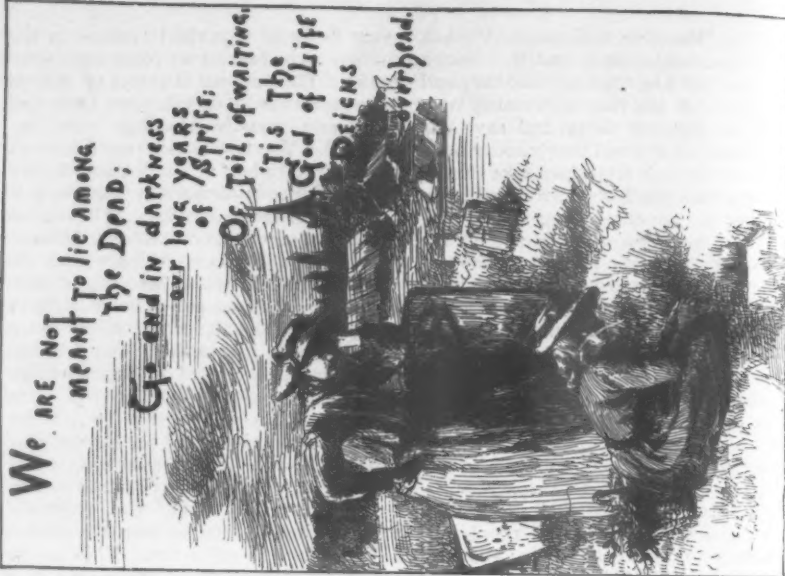
Destroy the influence of money in public affairs, restore the homestead and save it to the citizen, secure to labor its just reward, cripple the arms of avarice, give employment to the workers, purify politics, enact just laws, lighten the burdens of the poor, protect the weak, abolish caste, establish justice, make commerce free, put the government in charge of every public function, and the mission of the Farmers' Alliance will have been accomplished.

EASTER-TIDE.

C. A. LORD.

We are NOT MADE TO live
without the Light;
Skywards the sweet
Flower turns
And human flowers,
life just begun.

hidden from
the Sun
Do suffer
blight



We ARE NOT
meant to lie among
the Dead;
Go and in darkness
our long years
of strife;
Of Toil, of waiting,
'Tis The
God of Life
Who sends
us here.



The Child
Turns,
child-like, to the
cardinal
Svn;

Drinks, like
the honeying
flowers,
his radiance
in.

And hearts like
unto childrens,
pure within,

The Darkness
shvn.



The
Lord
is risen
Glad cry at
Easter-
tide!

And risen we hail
Thee, Lord;
from out

The Night,

The longing of our souls
towards Life and Light

Is satisfied. —

Ch. L.



F. VILLIERS, F. D. MILLET, W. M. GRANT,
J. A. MACGAHAN,
War Correspondents with the Russians.

THE STORY OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S LIFE.

TOLD BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.

With Illustrations from his own Sketches made on Battle Fields.

PART III.

WE left our servants with our cart and stores behind us, and hurried in the direction where Baron Krüdener was concentrating his forces. This necessitated a journey of two days' hard travelling. On the evening of the second day Forbes and I came up with the army. We had been on short commons for some time, only picking up a few eggs in the villages en route, for the country had been stripped of everything in the way of provender by the advancing army. When we arrived in the little village of Karajac-Burgaski, where Prince Schahofskoy, the general of the left wing of the division, was quar-

tered, we found him seated in the veranda of a small Bulgarian hut. Forbes presented him with a letter of introduction from Count Ignatieff. The general looked at us with a grim smile on his face, and said: "Gentlemen, it is well that you have brought this note; I feel compelled to allow you to remain, otherwise I should have requested you to leave the camp." While he was speaking, a servant commenced laying a cloth on a temporary table composed of planks placed across two barrels outside the hut. As we looked wistfully at the preparations, the general dispelled any thoughts we might have of breaking our

fast at that board by calmly saying: "Gentlemen, I am about to take my dinner; good evening." We bowed and went away terribly hungry. We hunted the village near by for food but could find nothing. At last, tired and weary, we lay down in an unoccupied tent and smoked ourselves to sleep.

I dreamed of sumptuous banquets, luscious viands, all the delicacies of the season, till I awoke at dawn with a hunger that was simply appalling. Turning over on my side I discovered a wooden bowl brimful of eggs. I sat up, rubbed my eyes and shook myself, to see if I was really awake, then looked at the precious bowl once more. I stretched forth my hand, fearing all the time it was a fantasy and would gradually disappear. I clutched at the object and gave a sharp cry of satisfaction. They were eggs in reality. A loud laugh rang through the tent, and a voice cried: "Now, Villiers, don't be greedy; leave some for me."

It was Forbes. I discovered that my dear friend had, in searching the village at peep-o'-day, found eight eggs, had had them cooked and placed by my side. With sweet unselfishness he refrained from breaking his fast till he could see the full effect the sight of so large a meal would have on his starving companion. A young officer coming into the tent with information regarding our line of route shared the eggs with us.

Considerably refreshed with our frugal breakfast, we started with the army for Plevna, marching over open country along bad roads and through deeply furrowed fields. Late in the afternoon we arrived on our camping ground. The staff tents were pitched in a maize field. I suppose Forbes and I still looked very hungry, for an aide-de-camp of the czar, Count Protassoff I think by name, who had been Russian military attaché at the Court of Saint James in London, came up to us and, in English, said: "Gentlemen, I know you are without food. If this poor fare will be of service take it with pleasure." From one of his trousers pockets he produced a lump of dried meat and from the other a large onion. "This is all I can offer you at present," said he, "but later, when my cook gets to work, come into my tent and have some bouillon." We heartily thanked him, and immediately

devoured the delicacies. We also found his word good for the soup.

During the evening it began to rain, making the field in which we were camped a perfect quagmire. About midnight a Jew sutler came into camp and we procured from him about half a pound of salame or raw sausage and a pint of spirit to serve as rations for the next day's work. We thought we were well provided, and lay down to rest without that fearful craving for food and the unpleasant uncertainty of not knowing where to get the next meal. It had ceased raining when the reveille sounded, but a mist hung over the sodden fields. On looking outside our tent I saw a tall, eccentric-looking man wearing silk pajamas, with an eyeglass stuck in his eye. He was slowly stirring a cup of tea with a silver spoon and was standing on some fresh straw his servant had just placed for him. From this little mat he dared not move, for the thick, black soil oozed all round him. He went on stirring his tea till his eye glanced on me; he quietly handed the cup to me, which I gladly accepted, and he then ordered another from his servant, who was tending the kettle a few yards away.

"Well," said he, "this is beastly," looking at the quagmire around him. "Why did I ever leave Paris to come into this infernal hole?" As I gazed at him in some surprise he continued: "You see, my dear sir, though I am a Russian I am almost a Frenchman, lived in Paris nearly all my life, and this sort of thing"—looking again over the cheerless field—"is beastly." I must have suggested the question, though I did not utter it. "Why did I leave Paris? you would say. Well, I wanted a little change of scene, and thought I would take a congé; and also imbued with the spirit which has stirred the breasts of many others, of releasing the wretched Bulgarian peasantry from the Turkish yoke and at the same time probably meet again many pals of my military school days in Saint Petersburg; but I have long since discovered that the Bulgares are better off than our own people and this crusade we are making on their behalf is a mistake. Worst of all, the friends of my boyhood are all generals, and I find I am only a lieutenant. I see very little of them in consequence, and am kicking my heels here, attached to the staff, without any

special duty, and therefore very much in everybody's way." He dropped his eyeglass, gave a deep sigh and swallowed his tea. We struck up a great friendship, this officer and I, and during this memorable day we saw a good deal of one another.

The morning broke chilly, the dense mist still clung to the soddened ground, and as I joined Schahofskoy's staff an aide-de-camp turned to me and remarked: "Foggy weather is one good omen for the Russian." I thought of Inkerman, and whether the Muscovites were of the same opinion then; but said nothing. We had not journeyed far before a low "Boom!" trembled through the fog.

"Ha! mon cher Villiers," said my Parisian-Russian friend, who had just trotted up to me, "listen. Now ze ball is about to open."

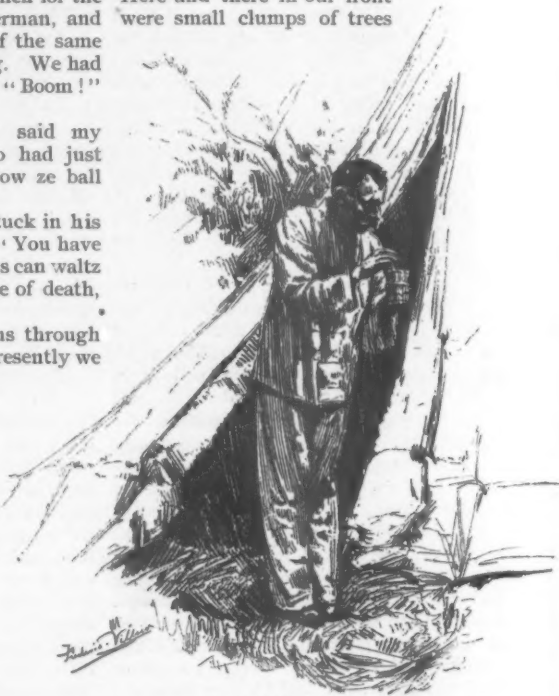
I looked at him, the glass stuck in his eye, and thought to myself: "You have evidently not seen how the shells can waltz around. It's a veritable dance of death, I can assure you."

Boom! boom! went the guns through the fog, like muffled drums. Presently we came up with our brigade. The troops were deploying in columns of double companies, with a rifle company in front of each battalion, behind a ridge which was called Radishova, from the little village of that name nestling in a pocket of a valley of which this crest formed a flank. The order was given to advance, for the fog now lifted, and the Russian troops slowly moved over the crest. Then I knew for the first time that our artillery was on that ridge, for several guns suddenly opened fire, covering the infantry as they threaded their way through the batteries and lay down in the scrub of the descent beyond. The Turks from the Plevna batteries now tried to find them out by dropping shells on the slopes.

As the general, following the infantry, rode through the village a shell skimmed the crest and burst a few yards from us. So near was it and no casualty occurring, I thought that I would pick up a segment as a souvenir, and dismounted. When

I took the piece in my hand the metal was so hot that blowing upon it was of no avail; I was compelled to drop it in a puddle to cool. On seeing me do this Schahofskoy laughed and muttered something about the eccentricities of the English, and with the members of his staff rode over the crest.

The ground was studded with stacks of cornstalks, behind the cover of which were dismounted Cossacks and their horses. Here and there in our front were small clumps of trees



EARLY TEA.

and between them our artillery. Beyond lay the valley of the Vid and Plevna, but before I could take in further details of our position, whiz! whiz! came two shells, bursting in front and rear of us. At least five had torn large furrows in the soil before the general gave the order to dismount and to seek cover. The horses were led to a thicket on the reverse slope. I was to take my horse there, and dismounted with considerable alacrity, but when I attempted to lead him he stood stock still. With starting eyes and ears cocked he seemed

to be listening to the music of the shells as the segments whistled round his head. Ah! what a wooden horse that animal looked at that moment. I tried to mount him, but then he swivelled round. Minus the spots, the horse reminded me of the "Gee Gee" of my boyhood. For the moment I sincerely wished he had been one—one of those on wheels—I might have got him along somehow.

The Turks seemed to have told off two guns on purpose to annoy us on that ridge. The shells appeared to blaze wherever I turned; the air was alive with the sharp blast of their report. I could see the faces of staff from their cover, grimly smiling at my dilemma. Forbes shouted: "Leave your horse and come away." I could never make out why I did not take his advice. But I stuck to my animal, setting my teeth with determination. I patted the pony's neck, turned his tail to the fire, then softly rubbed his nose, tried to lead him, and to my surprise he slowly came away. On approaching one of the stacks on the village side I found two Cossacks anxiously watching my advent from the corn cover. Before I had fairly reached my destination one of the men rushed forward and embraced me, so great was his delight at my arriving safe and sound after my exciting experiences.

By this time the guns began to cease their thunder and an ominous silence reigned. I left my horse in charge of one of the soldiers and stole back over the ridge, where I rejoined the staff. This is what I saw—I jotted the details down at the time on the side of one of my notebooks—before us opened a wide valley, skirted on the right by the Gravitza ridge, on the highest point of which stood a large redoubt. Below this ridge, and crossing the valley, were earthworks and redoubts crowning the waves of undulating country stretching toward the town of Plevna, which was so soon to become famous. The red tiles of some of the houses and the metal-pointed minarets of its mosques were brightened with the sun, which was now quickly dispersing the overhanging mists, revealing the formidable works of the Moslems which we were preparing to attack—which were only to be captured after 142 days of terrible fighting and after 40,000 Russian and 30,000 Turkish soldiers had been slaughtered.

PART IV.

Presently the noise of artillery ceased; even Krüdener's batteries, semicircling the great Gravitza, paused for a moment. From the direction of the town and over the Loftscha road, passing close under the earthworks on our left, a troop of scattered horse tore at hard gallop toward us, concentrating as they advanced. Cheers from our men lying in the scrub went out to the wild-looking band as they passed up our slope and by the general, who was now returning the salute of their commander. As the leader recovered his sword and galloped past, I saw that it was young General Skobelev. With a troop of Circassians he had just returned from his dare-devil exploit of making a reconnaissance right into the very jaws of Plevna. Shot at from the windows of every house in the main street, he had run the gauntlet and had come back with but a few slight casualties.

Our infantry now received the order to advance, and trudged from their cover down over the stubble fields. When half way between our ridge and the first line of Turkish trenches a little puff of smoke floated up from the field, followed by a sharp crack of a rifle. Thus was opened one of the most memorable battles of the century. In quick succession puffs of smoke shot up and a continual crackle of musketry went on as the Russians steadily advanced. But as yet there was no answer from the grim and silent trenches they were stealthily approaching. Suddenly short spurts of fire leaped up from the fringe of the Turkish works, which quickly frilled their trenches in one long flame, and the sharp reports of their rifles merged into a continuous roar. Now once more our artillery opened its thunder. Soon the valley became hazy with smoke; only the bright flashes from the thousands of moving rifles told us how the advance was going on. Presently out from the fog came limping men, some dropping by the way, others still struggling back. Here and there were little groups of men carrying maimed comrades. Up over our ridge came one of these groups, two soldiers, carrying a comrade between them sadly hurt, lying in a blanket stretcher-wise across their rifles. "Here, quick! pass the word for the doctor." The blood

from the soaked blanket was dripping, trailing the ground. The surgeons were at work in the little village behind the ridge, so the grewsome burden was borne down to the ambulance, making a grim red track which other bearers, now coming out of the field by hundreds with the victims of that day's carnage, sadly followed. Wave after wave of Russians fed the struggling front, and, passing within the zone of the Turkish fire, sowed the field with little heaps of dead and dying. As nearer and nearer the Russians creep up to the works, they seem to form into small parties, and these, led by their officers with flashing swords, like hornets, hover around, uncertain where to set their sting. Soon a small number steal up to a corner of the redoubt, then, with loud shouts, quickly dash forward. The foremost immediately bite the dust, but the remainder still madly advance. On these few men the whole field seemed to rally, and like a torrent surged up over the works, their bayonets sparkling in the sunlight for a moment, then carnage dulled their surface.

The staff at this time were standing by me. Forbes, who was seated on a stone busily watching the fight and scribbling away in his pocketbook, said: "Villiers, we shall dine in Plevna tonight."

"Yes, certainly," said my Russian-Parisian friend, who was standing near, "we shall be in Plevna tonight. Look! mon cher Villiers, see how our fellows still work in those trenches. We are very good with the bayonet, we Russians. Here, take my glass; you see much better," and he handed me his binocular. It was one with convertible lenses—marine, field and opera. I happened to have turned it to the latter. My friend pointed out my mistake, and with a deep sigh continued: "Ah! how that incident of turning the glass to opera reminds me of ze last time I look through it." Bang! exploded a Turkish shell a few yards off, coming from a fresh battery opening on our left. "It was at the Grand Opera in Paris," went on my chatty friend. "You may remember ze season of '76, the pretty première danseuse." Crash! came another shell. Not in the least disconcerted the Russian continued: "I mean the little woman with the black hair and retroussé nose." A few yards in our rear a shower of mud was thrown up as a shell

buried itself in the heavy soil; a clod of earth struck my friend in the small of his back. He shook his fist at the enemy, rubbed the place where he had been hit, and said: "Mon cher Villiers, these canaille are such barbarians; they have no sympathy—such is war."

The general at this time was scanning the field with his glass, a smile of satisfaction spreading over his face, for our guns were now advancing, and a battery had entered the captured redoubt and was playing on the retreating enemy. But soon after this event an unusual commotion was observed in the captured works, and an orderly cleared its parapet and rode up to the general. Schahofskoy seemed much disturbed at the soldier's message. The orderly returned, but he had hardly gained the newly taken trenches when another horseman madly raced up from the redoubt, caring nought for dead or wounded. Before he dismounted the general was by his side. Schahofskoy frowned, spoke rapidly, then stamped his feet. I said to Forbes, who was still at work on his copy for the Daily News: "Look at the general; there's something up, Forbes."

"Oh! nonsense," replied he, "it's all right."

"There's some serious news," I continued. "Just look!"

From the captured redoubt the Russian batteries returned, the horses driven furiously over the parapets, down into the trenches, then, struggling up again, madly careered over the plain.

"Hang it, Forbes, look at that!"

Forbes jumped to his feet, caught my arm and said: "By Jove, Villiers, you are right; there's something up. The day depended on that capture; all our reserves have been sent into the field, and there they are."

Forbes was cut short in his exclamation, for now the Russian infantry clambered over the works, making for the open country. In another moment Turkish shells were bursting in the retreating groups. Up over the ridge of Rodishova came the Russian infantry, almost panic-stricken, a mere rabble, stopping at nothing, all hurrying away. The Turks had been reinforced and had recaptured their positions. Krüdener had long since given up the attack on the right, finding the Turks in Gravitza too strong for him, and

now the disaster befalling our corps made the defeat complete. The wounded had been collecting all day long in the little village we had passed through in the early morning. I said to Forbes: "I can do nothing here; I will go and look after those poor fellows"—pointing at the same time in the direction of the ambulance.

As I rode down toward the village of Radishova a large number of infantry came rushing over the ridge, some throwing away their heavy coats and accoutrements, to impede their movements the less. A number of bandsmen were moving with this crowd, releasing themselves the while of their cumbersome instruments. A cast-away kettledrum stuck in the mud rim uppermost; it looked so bright and odd lying in the pasty soil that my horse took especial notice of it and began to prance about, much more startled at this, to him, singular object than the hurry-scurry and din of battle round him. My horse's eccentric movements caused me to be caught up in the current of the retreat before I had gained the first cottage of Radishova, and I was tossed about as in a stormy sea, managing with the greatest difficulty to keep myself and my pony from being impaled on the bayonets of the reckless soldiers as they stumbled in the gloom of the evening over the deeply rutted fields.

Night was falling fast, but still the flicker of the Turkish fire came nearer and nearer as the irregular Moslem hordes hurried on the heels of the retreat. The yells of the exultant Turk, the shrieks of the tortured wounded, came up from the valley. I was swept with this human torrent toward a thicket flanking the road to Poradim, and for a moment was able to move clear of the surging crowd. Hurrying through the wood was an officer followed by about forty men, all bloody and ragged. Some were leaning on their rifles, others had in sheer weariness thrown themselves on the ground. In a voice broken with pity and anger the officer said to me, "Look, sir, look! These are all the men that remain out of one of the czar's finest regiments and I am their only officer. Can you tell me where to find the Poradim road?"

I pointed to the blaze of bursting shells a few hundred yards in our immediate front. "There lies the road, evidently," I replied.

Our line of retreat was already ploughed by the enemy's fire, and we were harassed in this way by them far into the night. I at last came up with an ambulance wagon and a few country carts crowded with wounded; others, having tried to scramble into the conveyances, had been beaten back and were now limping, clinging, to the wheels and tags of the carts. I found only fourteen able-bodied men with this contingent, and they were trying to save the groaning and whimpering occupants of the wagons by skirmishing within a decent radius to scare the over-bold Bashi Bazouks who were following us, slaying all the wounded that came in their way. Toward midnight the Turkish fire ceased; and these jackals of the Turkish army, glutted with blood of their helpless victims, at last slunk back to their lines and we moved along in peace till early dawn, when we discovered between us and the village of Bulgarini a party of Circassians. We sent out a reconnoitring party and prepared to die protecting our charge, when to our joy the scouts came galloping back, bringing in one of the party, who turned out to be of our own cavalry. Their uniforms were exactly like Turkish Circassians, but for the distinguishing badge of a white cross worn on their Astrachan shakos, which in the mist of the early morning we were unable to distinguish. On arriving in the village we requisitioned all the straw from the barns and thatch of the houses, and placed our wounded on the litter, standing guard round them till the sun was up, when we found the safety of our position for a time was assured. I had foraged around for food and was able to procure a large cake of maize bread, some of which I ate, and the remainder I stuck on the pommel of my saddle.

Seeing Schahofskoy and a few of his staff riding toward the village I rode up to my friend of the previous morning who remarked so flippantly "that ze ball was about to open." As I neared the party they all seemed terribly dejected, and I thought how much the sad group resembled Meissonier's picture of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. I offered my friend with the eyeglass (which, by the bye, was still fixed in its accustomed place) the cake of maize. He sadly shook his head and said, "I have no appetite." I then proffered it to other members of the staff.

They all answered, "We cannot eat." I now inquired if any had seen Forbes. "Not since the previous night," they replied. I became terribly anxious about him, for to all my inquiries the same ominous answer came—"Not since last night." With a heavy heart I turned my little horse's head toward the Danube, for I must now hurry off my budget of war sketches.

Toward midday I came up with the head of the retreating army. Crashing and jamming over the little bridge spanning the river Osma, and crowding the valley

up to me said: "Did you ever see anything like this? Osman Pasha is one big fool; why not he come on? He would cut us up in one hour." The famous though rather indolent pasha was sitting, no doubt, smoking his pipe, satisfied with his victory, and did not come down upon us, to the astonishment of many besides my surgeon friend; for Osman had a splendid opportunity at this moment of driving us into the Danube. The Russian forces eventually rallied and intrenched themselves. I kept on my journey to Sistova, arriving there late at night. I



THE CZAR'S BIRTHDAY, BEFORE PLEVNA.

beyond, and further filtering through the passes cutting the belt of hills running parallel to the Danube was the remnant of that force of 30,000 men that but a brief four-and-twenty hours previously had advanced with such high hope and had fought so heroically for their country's honor. My heart went out to them in sympathy for their misfortune, for Russian soldiers are stolid, brave fellows, and I had witnessed their heroism, their endurance and humiliation.

In an utter state of confusion were ambulances, baggage wagons, artillery and men of all arms. A surgeon who knew me struggled out of the crush and riding

gave my poor fagged-out horse three rations of grain, and I soon fell asleep on the flags of the courtyard of the inn—for I could get no shelter—to the sound of my horse crunching his corn, as he stood near me, his bridle secured to my wrist. Once or twice I was awakened by a gentle tug at my arm, and the sound of the corn munching still went on. Poor brute! he would not risk lying down, for he seemed to know there was further hard work for him in the morning. At dawn I gave him a drink of water down by the river and we crossed the bridge to Simnitsa, thence to Giurgevo to catch the evening train for Bucharest. There was nothing to disturb

our equanimity en route till we came within a mile of Giurgevo. I was skirting the bank of the river. On my left, inland, was a wide and deep ditch, one side of the trench being in dense shadow, cast by the low light of the setting sun. The dark gap appeared weird and uncanny to my horse, the animal becoming excessively restive, snorting and shying at the quaint shadows. It was the custom of the Turks in Rustchuk, on the opposite shore, about this time in the afternoon to open fire on the Bucharest train being made up in the Giurgevo station. Out of pure deviltry the Moslems brought one of their guns to bear on the solitary rider struggling with his horse along the river side, apparently trying to catch the train, my polite Turkish friends evidently not recognizing at that moment and at that distance the distinguished visitor they had treated with so much courtesy a few months back, when my Levantine dragoman took me up to see their fort. However, their shots were badly aimed; though they burst on the road and in the ditch, they only cured my horse of shying. Seeing at once the old, old situation, the animal bolted the rest of the way, bringing me on time at the station, where I left the brute in charge of a Cossack.

At about nine o'clock I arrived in Bucharest, the little Paris of the East. Unwashed for three days, plastered with impalpable dust, the uppers of my long boots almost worn through my riding breeches, stiff in every bone from recent exposure and continued riding in the same saddle, I staggered out of my calèche into the pretty little garden of Brofft's hotel. As I dragged myself wearily over the gravel, to my delight and great surprise I discovered my lost friend Forbes; by his side was W. Beatty Kingston of the Daily Telegraph and the English consul, sitting dining at a table under the trees. On slowly approaching the little party Forbes turned round and uttered a short exclamation of surprise, and then, with the others, stared at me with a peculiar look which I shall never forget. I was suddenly arrested by this curious expression on their faces, and stood transfixed. Forbes, still with his eyes dilated, fixed on me, rose from the table and walked with an incredulous

gait toward me. When he came within a yard he suddenly gave a shout of satisfaction and grasped me by the shoulder, shaking me all the while. Then the other men came forward and clutched at me. Not quite understanding this novel proceeding on the part of Forbes and my friends, I quietly said, "For goodness sake give me something to eat and drink; I am starving." Forbes shook me all the more at this remark, saying: "That's Villiers for certain, and alive too. You ungrateful youngster, here have we been mourning you as killed at Plevna, and now, overjoyed at finding that you are not an apparition, the only return you make for all this anxiety on our part is to immediately question our hospitality by asking for something to eat and drink. Pass the wine. By Jove! he does look rather faint." I certainly felt in that condition. I was so dead beat that when I got to my room that night I fell on the bed without undressing. Toward noon next day I found myself awake, between the sheets, in my robe de nuit. How I was undressed and tucked up on that occasion remains a mystery to me. I was totally oblivious to any kind offices till the waiter came in with my coffee.

Forbes, I found, had on that unfortunate night at Plevna given me up for lost, as all the wounded in Radishova had been massacred by Bashi Bazouks a short time after I had left him for the purpose of looking after the ambulance. I always ascribe my safety on that occasion to the regimental drum sticking in the mud. Colonel Wellesley, our military attaché, who had left for England, kindly acceded to a request from Forbes to break the news of my death to my mother. This unpleasant duty he found unnecessary before he reached London, as a wire notified the fact of my safety to him at Strasburg.

Twice during my career have I been given up as "gone over to the majority." In the advance of Hicks Pasha's army against El-Obeid, in the western Soudan, when that force met with such disaster at the hands of the Mahdi and his followers, I was walking down Fleet street, London, with a cousin, when we were greatly amused and astonished by noticing several posters of the evening papers notifying my death in the Soudan. Presently a friend of my cousin's came up and, ad-

dressing him, said : " My dear fellow, this is sad news about your poor cousin."

" What's that ? " said he.

" Why, his death in the Soudan."

" That's all nonsense," replied my relative. " This is Frederic Villiers by your side ; allow me to introduce you."

His friend stared at him with disgust and astonishment. " It's all very well, Pask," said he ; " I know you can't resist a joke, but this sort of thing is really too bad. Your poor cousin lying on the desert there, dead, and you cruelly joking."

" Pask is right," I replied ; " have no fear ; I am the man ; and I am more and more satisfied at the fact every moment."

He looked at both of us, and seeing how serious we were, " By Jove," said he, " I must hurry back to the Savage club ; there's a colleague of yours with his back to the fire holding forth to the members about the campaigns he had seen with you."

" Hold hard," said I, " is he saying nice things about me ?"

" Yes, of course," replied our friend.

" Then," I continued, taking him by the arm, " leave my colleague to his pleasant thoughts of me, while we pledge our newly made acquaintance in a glass of wine."

I don't think my colleague of the Savage has ever forgiven me for knocking all the sentiment out of his funeral oration by my persisting in being alive. When he and I meet we only lift hats now.

Archibald Forbes related the story of my disappearance at Plevna in the Saint Nicholas magazine, entitled, " Where was Villiers ? " Plevna was a bone of contention for a long time during that war. I was back again when the grand assault was made on its works by the Russians on the Czar Alexander's birthday. The emperor, the grand dukes and King Charles of Roumania were present. From a platform erected on one of the heights they drank success to the troops, in champagne, as they tramped down into the valley of death. I remember this incident well, for I was just below the grand stand sketching the scene, and thinking that champagne was a good thing on so chilly a morning, but consoling myself with the fact that the gourd with the red cross painted on it tied to my saddle contained refreshment almost equally stimulating,

when a Turkish shell came moaning along the ground, cutting a hayrick in halves, taking a leg off a Cossack's horse, and then bursting in the soft soil a few yards from the imperial party. My horse, as usual, seemed to take the advent of the projectile as a personal attention on the part of the Turks, and galloped sadly away. The brute was hunted down by a soldier and brought back to me, but the saddle was minus the bottle with the red cross. I was thus unable to drink " many happy returns of the day " to the czar that morning. Probably the emperor never spent a more dismal birthday than on that occasion, watching the flower of the Russian guard swept down by that unceasing leaden hail from the Turkish trenches.

The Russians eventually gave up the always questionable tactics of assaulting Turkish redoubts, and quietly began—what they ought to have done from the beginning—investing them. To do this successfully at Plevna it was found necessary to hold the Turkish position at Loftscha, a town nestling in the foothills of the Balkans, commanding the Plevna road, and cutting off communication through the mountains. I had been sitting one morning in the veranda of a mud hut, watching my colleague of the New York Herald, T. P. Jackson, now one of the editors of the World, who was dreamily humming an operatic air as he translated Wagner's opera of the Flying Dutchman into English ; for there was nothing for the moment to do in a journalistic way, though the investing batteries of the Russians at Plevna were still hard at work. The incessant noise seemed to inspire Jackson with Wagnerite enthusiasm as he puffed vigorously at his cigar and worked away at his copy. Soon the guns round Plevna gradually ceased and a distant booming commenced in the direction of the Balkans.

" By Jove ! listen," whispered Jackson. " That's exactly like some of the Dutchman's music—' a distant storm brewing.' Hark ! there goes the rumble again."

" Yes," I replied, " I should think very much like Wagner. To me his music is always brewing or bursting. Cannon and thunderbolt seem to play a great part in his works. I wonder if he was ever a war correspondent ?"

" War correspondent ? Nonsense," cried

Jackson. "You don't understand him, Villiers, and when you don't under—"

"Look!" cried I, cutting my friend's reflections rather short, "there's a stir on the Balkan road;" and right away over the gently undulating country a haze of dust and smoke hung lazily. We soon had our cart horsed, for our saddle animals were sick, and we jogged along in our sort of hencoop—minus the top bars—vehicle on wheels, in the direction of the commotion. We halted at the first village en route to give our horses water and to ascertain what was going on, but we could find out little from the frightened peasantry. Presently a few Cossacks rode in and told us that the road was cut by the enemy.

The noise of cannon became louder and louder. We were now considerably excited, and thought perhaps by this time the road might be open, so we agreed to advance on foot. We had gone about a mile when we saw a troop of horse coming in our direction, and soon recognized some of our own cavalry. We now boldly advanced toward the party. On seeing us an officer riding in their front hurried forward—it was Skobelev. With a bright smile on his face he shouted: "Villiers, Villiers," and then waved his arm in the air, "I hold the key of Plevna."

"What's that, general?" I cried.

"We have just taken *Loftscha*," replied Skobelev.

From that moment Plevna's days were numbered. When next I met the general he had been given the command of a division, and was in Bucharest at the time. I suggested to him that he ought to commemorate his new command by having his portrait taken. In a few days I met him again, when he presented me with his photo, telling me: "I have had this taken specially for you."

While in Bucharest I fell sick with fever. Forbes had just then been invalided home, and I followed shortly afterward, arriving in London in a very weak condition. The directors of the Graphic tendered me a vote of thanks at one of their board meetings for my services to their paper. In less than three weeks I felt strong enough to return to the scene of hostilities, and once more Forbes and I were on the warpath together.

When I again arrived on the banks of

the Danube winter had set in with exceptional rigor. The river was packing with ice and for days was unnavigable. Forbes was shortly commissioned to be present at the return of the Czar Alexander to Saint Petersburg, for Plevna was now fallen and the emperor had returned to his capital to receive the congratulations of his subjects.

PART V.

During my stay by the river, waiting for the ice to pack, I arranged to join W. M. Grant of the United States service and Captain Helbert, who were the correspondents for the London Times, on their journey to Skobelev's command, now acting in the Maritza valley. The massing of the ice on the river created an incessant roar which could be heard for miles inland. One morning about an hour before dawn I awoke quite suddenly, and became aware of a deep stillness, an appalling silence, much like the quietude which follows the sudden cessation of artillery fire. "By Jove!" I thought, "the Danube's frozen." I aroused Grant and told him of the welcome news. We resolved to cross the river that morning, leaving our wagons to follow later, when the safety of the ice would be tested. It was a rough journey. We cut our way in many places and climbed over several ragged bergs. Grant, Captain Helbert and I were the pioneers across the Danube, our movements being watched with considerable interest from either shore. Arriving at Sistova we found great misery from want of food. Horses and oxen were lying dead and dying about the streets from sheer starvation. What scanty edibles we could find in the hostelrys of the place cost us dear—ten to fifteen francs for a plate of soup and meat with a little black bread was the ordinary charge, but wines and liquors were to be had at reduced prices; for stores of these luxuries had greatly accumulated, owing to want of transport to take them into the interior, through the mortality of the baggage animals. The following day provisions of all kinds were sleighed across the river and Sistova began rapidly to assume its normal aspect of a thriving sutlers' headquarters. The whole country was under snow, and the journey was dreary and uncomfortable in the extreme. If we had depended on what we

could find en route we should have starved. My colleagues, who were old campaigners, had provided quite a caravan of stores, and we presented a formidable cortège with our three wagons and retinue of servants.

We halted the third day at Cabrova, in the foothills of the Balkans, where we re-adjusted our gear. Early one morning we commenced to ascend the Snipka pass. The famous Fort Saint Nicholas was one mass of frozen ice and snow, and on the other side, toward the valley, we came across two wagon drivers lying in the roadway frozen dead. There had been a halt of a munition column during the night, and these poor fellows were the victims of that night's cold. How different was this place in its snowy shroud from the time when bright verdure crowned the surrounding heights, in the hot summer days when the Turks and Russians struggled heroically for the famous pass; when Radetsky saved the honor of Russia by bringing up his infantry mounted on Cossack horses; when Forbes and I had a quarrel and parted, pelting each other with sardine boxes and biscuits till we were out of sight of each other. Our party arrived at the other side of the Balkans at sunset, and our tents were pitched behind the wall of a ruined house. Our servants kept up a blazing fire near to temper the rigor of the freezing wind, which kept us awake nearly all night. At daybreak we moved across country to Kusanlik. Everywhere signs of the cruel ravages of war were to be met with, and perhaps for the first time the full misery and suffering of the after campaigning broke upon me. The Turks in their retreat had wantonly destroyed everything. Wrecked homesteads and frozen carcasses of oxen, horses, pigs and even dogs, all with their throats cut, strewed the route. Here and there my horse would tremble and start aside at some weird object, and I could trace at my feet the lineaments of a wretched woman, man or child, thawing out from the frozen stretches of mud as the morning sun gained in power. Passing through the vicinity of Kusanlik—the great rose garden of the world—we found acres of its precious trees uprooted, gone to feed the camp fires of the contending armies. From this point to Eski Saghra the country was studded with dead bodies—mostly soldiers—evidently fallen in a precipitate retreat, skir-

ming with the Russian advance guard. Tomorrow will bring us up with Skobelev, we thought. We arrived on the outskirts of Eski Saghra at nightfall and found comparative shelter for the time in a large, deserted inn. The window frames, doors and every piece of wood available in the place had been used for fuel, with the exception of one or two beams which had supported the balcony. Our men secured these and built a fire in a room on the upper story. We hung our waterproof sheets over the window gaps to keep out the wind, blocked the doorway with our stores and slept the sleep of the truly weary, for it was the first time we had been under a roof for many days; and tenting in a temperature below zero is not conducive to refreshing slumber. When we arose the next morning we found the place we had been so peacefully sleeping in had been the scene of terrible carnage. The walls were like those of shambles; the imprint of bloody hands showed where a terrible scuffle had taken place; from the fire of a party advancing up the stairway bullets had brought down huge patches of plaster from the ceiling. A few Turks must have made a bold stand in this little room, or, perhaps more likely, some wretched Bulgarian refugees had met their fate at the hands of their ruthless persecutors. This supposition was much strengthened when on leaving the dismal place we skirted the town to join the road leading to Harmanly. From behind the walls of a ruined house on the outskirts of the place two Bulgarians, in European attire, accosted us.

"Gentlemen," said one, speaking in very good English, "you are correspondents for English newspapers. Why do you leave our town before you have seen what ruin these Turks have accomplished?"

"We are in search of Skobelev's army," we replied, "and can't waste time to visit wrecked houses."

One of the Bulgarians almost cried with vexation. "For the love of God and justice, come!" and he seized my bridle.

"Well," said I, "shall we go?" and I turned to my two companions. "It will gratify these poor fellows and will cost us but a few minutes." We slowly followed our Bulgarian guides, leaving our baggage to proceed. On entering the village

we found a few dogs snarling over something in the middle of the road—it was the backbone of a human being. A few paces farther lay the head of a young girl in a rut in the mud, her plaited hair, tied up in gay-colored bows, trailed along the furrow. Our guide led us up to a well near by; on looking down it, headless bodies choked its depths. The majority of the houses were bashed down into their foundations and the arms and legs of the slaughtered inmates stuck out of the débris.

"Look," cried our guides; "are you satisfied? Please tell the civilized world what you have seen. Three days ago we returned from Europe to our native town. Our homes are in ruins and our people are dead, cruelly butchered by Sulieman Pasha's soldiers. Pass through the town—every house is razed to the ground and there is not a living soul in the place but ourselves. Come—here's another well," pointed our guides—but we had seen quite enough. Never shall I forget the desolation of that place, the wanton destruction and exquisite cruelty of those fanatical fiends of Sulieman Pasha.

The next day we came up with the rear of Skobelev's army and struck the line of rail at Harmanly. Here I left my companions and hurried on to Adrianople, just in time to discover that the city of Sultan Selim the Magnificent had fallen into the hands of the Russians after a short resistance. I received a great shock when I discovered that the grand old palace in the citadel was a smoking ruin. The beautiful harem, composed of Broussa tiles, in blue, green and gold, which I admired so much when passing through the town the year before, had accidentally been destroyed. The Turks, before leaving the citadel, had collected the large stores of rifles and ammunition in the centre of the courtyard and set fire to the pile. It was a larger conflagration than was anticipated. The

palace caught fire and in a few hours the building was a mass of smouldering débris. I engaged a few men to fish out what tiles still retained their design and color, but was rewarded after several hours' labor with only one whole tile.

With the fall of Adrianople the war was practically over. To do justice to the military genius of Baker Pasha, the general covering the retreating Turks, Skobelev said to me, "We felt that there was someone other than a Turk in command confronting us, directly we advanced up the valley. They say it is your Baker Pasha. Well, I should like to meet that man and shake him by the hand."

After the declaration of peace on the plains of San Stephano, the Russian officers would occasionally come into Constantinople. The English and American correspondents arranged a meeting between Skobelev and Baker. A dinner was given by them in the Club Commercial et Maritime in the Grande Rue de Pera. I shall never forget that event. The correspondents with the Turks were the first on the field, with their famous warrior Baker. We with the Russians waited for Skobelev and ushered him into the room. The two generals sprung toward each other with mutual admiration and heartily shook hands. These two men, whose heroic exploits had for months attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, quietly linked their arms and walked up and down the room, chatting over their past experiences. As I looked at Baker in his smart general's uniform, his face sunburnt and bright with the satisfaction of



GENERAL SKOBELEV, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER HIS DEATH.

the moment, I could hardly recognize the disappointed, dejected applicant for the Turkish gendarmerie command I used to lunch opposite to in that very room only a few months before.

It was shortly after this meeting that we correspondents suffered the loss of a dear friend and colleague in the death of Macgahan. Skobelev had invited Macgahan and me to stay a few days with him in camp at Tchekmedjeh, the Russian position overlooking Constantinople. Macgahan had been nursing Captain F. V. Green, the United States attaché to the Russian headquarters. Green had been lying sick in Consul Schuyler's house, of typhoid fever, and was just regaining health. Macgahan would come into the club of nights and sit by my side, watching me eat my dinner. He seemed to have but little appetite himself, and was only encouraged to eat when the strawberries came to table; he would then quietly requisition from my plate any *bonne bouche* I might have reserved to gratify my palate at a later period.

The night before we were to visit Skobelev Macgahan said that he felt unusually seedy, and retired early. The next morning he sent word to say "that he had a bad headache and would come on later." I was to keep the appointment with the general and inform him that my colleague was coming. I found Skobelev encamped on a pleasant height overlooking the city of the sultans; outside his tent was a leafy bower under which we dined. The general's tent was plainly furnished—a trestle bed and roughly made table by its side, on which I noticed was Schuyler's *Turkestan*, and a book on the American war, of which Skobelev seemed to know every detail, a French novel and a few maps. Sheridan was the Russian general's greatest hero and his exploits he was always fond of talking about. Skobelev was a great actor and full of dodges to gain the sympathy and admiration of his men. One night, just before we were sitting down to dinner, an orderly appeared and spoke a few words to Skobelev.

"Villiers," said the general, "would you like to come with me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then bring your spoon," said he; we both seized our spoons and walked out of the dining bower toward the tents of the men.

Drawn up a little distance from the first line was a company of cooks holding out canteens full of steaming soup. Skobelev turned to me and said, "Villiers, act as I do." He then commenced dipping his spoon in each pannikin and tasted the contents. "This is not strong enough," he would say; or "Now, that's good;" and so we went on right down the line. This was always a periodical move on the general's part and it endeared him to his men; for they would say, "Ah! the general looks after us like a real father; he tastes our food to see that the rations are good."

Skobelev would, after an action, ascertain from his non-commissioned officers the men who had distinguished themselves during the fight. He would, after the roll-call, ride down the ranks and beckon to the marked men, order them forward, and tell them what he had seen them do for the honor of their country. The soldiers would pass the word: "See how the general watches us; he is a veritable little father to us." The second day of my arrival in camp a grand banquet was given to General Todleben, who came to visit Skobelev's command. I was invited to the feast. Many toasts were drunk and Russian liberality with alcohol ran high. When the famous German stepped into his barouche to leave the camp bouquets were placed in the carriage lamps, the Russian generals forced bouquets into his hands and on to his lap, and as he drove away he was pelted with roses. Skobelev walked up to me and said: "Now, doesn't he look like an old woman smothered in flowers? Ah! he will be the last German in our army. But look here; what do you think of this?" said he, twisting between his fingers a large blue enamel decoration hung round his neck (which I had never noticed there before).

"Very pretty," I replied.

"Do you know," continued Skobelev, "this is the only order of any kind I have received during this campaign, and it is given me by the Emperor of Germany." He laughed again as he pointed to the retiring carriage of Todleben, and said, "It looks like a bouquet on wheels!" and turning on his heel walked away. I found out that evening at dinner that decorations had been given by Todleben on behalf of the German emperor to the four most distinguished generals in the Russian army.

—Irremitsky, Skobelev, Radetsky and Gourko. It was an international decoration called the "Order of Merit." The conversation that night turned on the fanaticism of the Turk, and that religion was a good motive to imbue soldiers with an heroic spirit during war. I pointed out to the general that his own troops had almost the same fanaticism regarding the "Orthodox Church and their great White Czar."

"Yes," said Skobelev, "I think you're right; and you," continued he, addressing a French guest, "have also something which inspires your troops."

"Oui," replied the Frenchman, "c'est la gloire."

Skobelev laughed, and turning to me said: "You English I don't believe have any religion to fight for."

"Oh, yes, I think so," I remarked; "perhaps the most fascinating of all."

"Ha!" exclaimed both French and Russian in great surprise, "what's that?"

"It is British interests," I replied.

"By Jove! you are right," laughed Skobelev; "and do you know, I love and respect you British so much that I would like to meet you red-coat fellows and try your strength."

Next morning a message from Constantinople informed us that Macgahan was dangerously ill and likely to die. The general was much agitated at the news, and asked me to return to Constantinople and inform my colleague "that he would be with him later in the day." The general insisted that I should ride his own famous white charger, as my horse was lame. I took a short cut across country, arriving in Constantinople at midday, just as Macgahan had passed away. Skobelev arrived by the San Stephano train in the evening. Our friend had died of the prevailing disease, black typhus, and a special guard stood at the door of the sickroom to prevent visitors from entering and spreading the contagion. Skobelev forced his way past these attendants and standing by the side of the body gave vent to his grief. The general had known Macgahan since his first campaign in Central Asia, and learned to love him for his sweetness of disposition, his energy and great pluck in the face of the enemy. The following day poor Macgahan was taken to the Catholic cemetery outside Pera. His brother

correspondents were the pallbearers and the coffin was followed by representatives from all the European embassies. When the sad procession arrived at the cemetery there was some misunderstanding about the interment—the grave was not yet dug—so the corpse was placed in the mortuary and the mourners returned to town. Skobelev arranged to go up to the cemetery early next morning with Dobson, correspondent for the London Times, Pears of the Daily News and myself. In the gray of the dawn we saw poor Macgahan buried. Skobelev was broken down with grief and sobbed like a child. We had some difficulty in getting him away from the grave and then his face was so swollen with crying that we put him into a carriage, drove him to the club and kept him there till he was once more presentable to his fellows.

I remember Macgahan telling me a story regarding the soft part of the general's nature. It was when Skobelev attacked the Green mountains at Plevna. On that occasion he lost over 5000 men in the assault and holding the two redoubts. The first position taken he found untenable owing to the rear face being curtainless, the ground being too rocky to throw up an earthwork. Skobelev, without hesitating a moment, had the dead and wounded piled up to span the breach. From this ghastly breastwork he was enabled to attack and capture the second work, which he held for four-and-twenty hours; but no reinforcements arriving Skobelev was compelled to retire, leaving half his detachment and nearly all his officers dead on the field. Macgahan met him coming out of the fray in a fearful state of excitement. His uniform was covered with mud and filth, his sword broken, his cross of Saint George twisted round on his shoulder, his face black with powder and smoke, his eyes haggard and bloodshot. When he reached his tent he completely broke down, and cried and sobbed bitterly over the terrible waste of life. In a voice hoarse with emotion he said: "I have no officers left. They sent me no reinforcements. I have lost 5000 men over this affair, at least, and three guns."

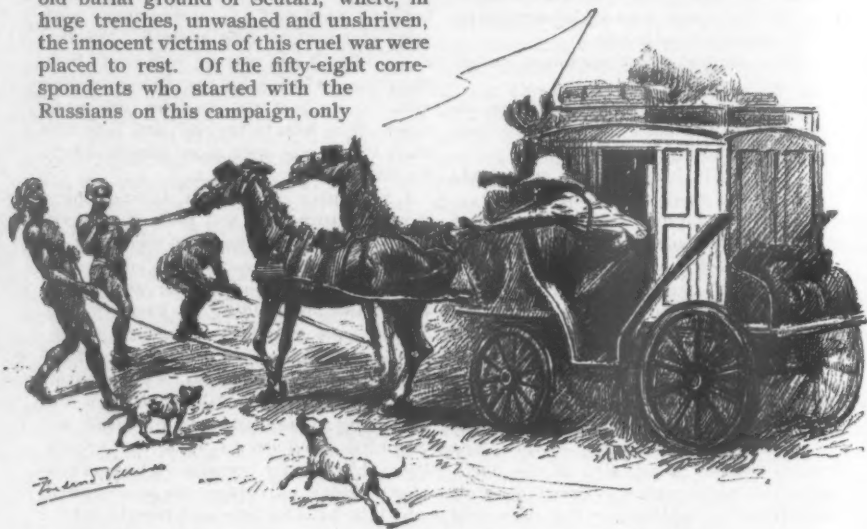
"Who is to blame?" asked Macgahan. "I blame nobody," he replied; "it is the will of God."

A short time after Macgahan's death I

became seedy and resolved to clear out of the place, for typhus and smallpox were rampant. The funeral dirge was heard throughout the city from sunrise to sunset, and the mosques of Stamboul, with their crowds of starving refugees, were like huge, festering sores contaminating the whole city with their atmosphere. When the sun was low and the air grew chill, the death boats, with their cargo of dead collected from the mosques, would sail silently across the Hellespont to the old burial ground of Scutari, where, in huge trenches, unwashed and unshriven, the innocent victims of this cruel war were placed to rest. Of the fifty-eight correspondents who started with the Russians on this campaign, only

his tent. It had been raining. The heavy clouds threw up the bright tan of his face and the golden tint of his rugged beard. His cap was off, as if he had come out of his tent to cool his head, which was as close shaven as a Mussulman's. His large eyes seemed to dance with merriment as he said: "Villiers, you are more a cosmopolite than a Britisher. If there's a row between us and England come with me."

It struck me that the idea was at least



STARTING THE TEAM.

four were in at the death. Three of these were Americans, poor Macgahan, William Maxwell Grant, and the now famous painter, F. D. Millet. Grant succumbed to disease engendered by the hardships of that campaign. He lies buried in the little cemetery outside Belgrade.

I left Constantinople for Syria, arriving just in time for the Easter ceremonies in Jerusalem, which I illustrated for my journal. Returning later to Stamboul I saw the Russian army's departure from Turkey. The Berlin treaty had been signed and the Russo-Turkish question was settled for a time. On bidding farewell to my good friend, General Skobelev, I shall ever remember the last grasp of his hand. He stood out in bold relief against the gray sky on the little knoll outside

novel, and I replied: "But supposing, my dear general, you meet with disaster, which is probable, for we Britishers are supposed never to know when we are beaten?"

"Well," replied Skobelev, "come along and chance it. I will guarantee to treat you right well anyhow. I shall expect to see you turn up. We will not say good-by but au revoir." As he said this he turned to an aide-de-camp who was approaching. I noticed how youthful this A. D. C. was, and I remember the general telling me that he would never have officers for that purpose over two-and-twenty. "Young men," he would say, "did not know the value of life and were ready to throw away the precious gift at any moment in the cause of love or war."

From Constantinople I went to Malta to be present at the review of the lately arrived Indian contingent by the Duke of Cambridge. The advent of this Indian contingent in Europe I cannot help thinking brought on the Afghan war. How quickly Russia checkmated this unwise and futile move on our part! For in the event of coming to blows with Russia, though brave and soldierlike as our Indian regiments are, it is doubtful whether natives of India would stand a week of Balkan peninsular climate in early spring, autumn or winter. Directly the first move of Indian troops was made to Bombay, Russia sent, ostensibly, a pacific mission to Cabul. This mission, arriving in the Afghan capital, caused much perturbation in the breasts of the official circles in India. Ameer Shere Ali Khan was requested to allow a British mission to come to Cabul to see what the Russians were up to, but the Ameer refused to make his Russian guests uncomfortable by the advent of British officers, and told us "to wait awhile; that he did not want us just now." This refusal of Shere Ali Khan was taken as an insult to his friendly neighbor. The result was, we forced our way through the passes, spent millions of treasure, made the defiles slippery with English and native blood, and let loose that grim Nemesis of Indian warfare, cholera, which raged throughout the land. In this war I shared the vicissitudes of the campaign with a native regiment.

On my road to join the Indian army I became acquainted with post wagon or dak gharry travelling. One lounged in a square vehicle on four wheels, with a well in the centre which formed a recess for the legs during the day, and a wardrobe later, when trapped in to make a level floor for the bedding at night. The motive power of this vehicle was that of the horse. I had met with horses in the Balkan peninsula rather difficult to impress with the primary function of getting along—that is, "the start;" but in India they are even more indifferent to this necessity. To start the horses of our post wagon natives were compelled to place a rope round one of the fore legs of each horse and give a series of sharp jerks at the line, while the driver belabored the poor brutes over the head with his whip; another native pulled hard at the bridles,

and I assisted with sharp tootles on the post horn to the accompaniment of pariahs, howling and barking. It is necessary sometimes for all the inhabitants of a village to push up behind. When once the horses are started—which, if lucky, the driver succeeds in doing within the half-hour—the animals are kept going without once halting till the next post stage is reached. If they once stop between goals I have been told that "it is sometimes necessary to build fires under their bellies before they feel inclined to move further."

Arriving at Peshawar I found Forbes, who had just returned from Sir Sam Brown's column in the Khyber. My colleague was en route to Burmah, as the campaign in Afghanistan had not developed sufficiently to warrant him staying. I met him only to say "Good-by," for he never returned, but went on from Burmah to Zululand, where he distinguished himself in making that famous ride through the Zulu lines with despatches.

The fighting in Afghanistan was very desultory and unsatisfactory; quite a new phase of campaigning to me in comparison to that which I had just witnessed in Europe. The most distinguished officer in this war was Sir Louis Cavagnari. We became very good friends, and after peace was signed he gave me the pens the treaty was signed with, which are now hanging up in my studio in London. A witty Frenchman, looking at the trophies the other day, said: "Ah! and this is all that remains of the treaty of Gundamuck." He was right; for it was treacherously broken by the massacre of Sir Louis and his followers soon after their arrival in the Afghan capital.

I had applied to the Viceroy of India to go with this mission to Cabul and was refused. Telegraphing to my paper for instructions I was requested to go to Australia. On my journey through India I dined with the viceroy at Simla. Lord Lytton held a very brilliant and lively court. This, my first taste of the veritable luxury of civilization after many months of hardship in the Afghan passes, was indeed grateful. Continuing my journey to Bombay, I took P. & O. steamer to Australia, arriving in time for the opening of the Exhibition in Sydney. Shortly after my arrival I was startled one morning by

reading, on the placard of the Sydney Morning Herald: "Massacre of Cavaignari and his gallant followers." Though Lord Lytton's refusal to my request to join that ill-fated mission caused me much bitterness at the time, after all, I am perhaps indebted to his excellency for more than those pleasant days at Simla.

Australia I found a delightful country, the people most hospitable, bright and intelligent, well posted concerning things European, and most patriotic and loyal to the mother country. Cities and townships were thriving and things booming generally. Sydney harbor is one of the most lovely places in the world.

I glanced at Tasmania en route for New Zealand, visited the three islands of the Maoris, wandered through the hot spring districts on the border of the King country, bathed in the opalesque pools of the pink and white terraces—alas! now no more. This fairylike land is numbered with the wonders of the past. The volcanic convulsions of 1886 in that country destroyed perhaps the most unique freak of nature in the world. I left Auckland en route for San Francisco, gained a day in the Pacific ocean, called in at Honolulu, crossed the Rockies to New York, saw the Mormons by the way, the pig-sticking in Chicago and the beauty of the Hudson at New York, arriving in England after making the tour du monde—having left Charing Cross and travelled east to Euston Terminus, thereby circling the globe.

Settling down in my studio awhile, I managed to paint my first picture, which succeeded in gaining admittance to the walls of the Royal Academy. About this time Forbes had taken a place in the Highlands of Scotland and invited me to stay with him. While rambling about the hills I visited Mar Lodge and Invercauld House, enjoying the hospitality of the late gallant sportsman Colonel Farquarson and the Duke of Fife. At Mar Lodge his royal highness the Prince of Wales was on a visit. The prince and the duke kindly took me with them to show me some deerstalking. I found his royal highness a most energetic sportsman and an excellent shot. The stags killed during the stalk were brought to Mar Lodge during the evening. After dinner the most characteristic phase of Highland hunting life was presented. More than one hundred

retainers, in full Highland garb of the Duffs, holding flaring torches, followed the dead game into the courtyard. Advance pipers had notified us in the banquet hall of the arrival of the stags by marching thrice round the table to the exhilarating droning and screeching of the pipes. Probably this Highland music, though the best of the kind, was not appreciated as it ought to be by reason of our having had discoursed to us during dinner most charming dance music by the duke's famous string band. When cigarettes and cigars were started, the prince, followed by the host and his guests, would seize flaring torches from the retainers and dance a reel round the dead stags. After a delightful week of hunting and feasting at the Lodge the prince was good enough to invite me to stay at Abergeldie, and presented me to the princess. In conversing with her royal highness on the past campaign I found that she had followed the phases of the war with the keenest observation. I eventually had the honor of exhibiting my sketches to her majesty the queen, then at Balmoral.

When I arrived in London from Scotland I found that the Egyptian, Arabi Pasha, was stirring up a revolt in the land of the Pharaohs, but not till the following June did matters come to a serious crisis, when the European massacre took place in Alexandria. I then started on my wandering life once more. I always feel more or less indirectly responsible for the events which followed. I was staying on board H. M. S. Condor, the guest of Lord Charles Beresford, awaiting the possibilities of a bombardment. An ultimatum had just been sent to Arabi by our admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, notifying him "that if more guns were mounted in the forts the act would be considered a *casus-belli*." One morning on landing on the Marina, I met Mr. Ross, a contractor for the navy, who told me that some mysterious work by Arabi was going on in the direction of the old harbor. He thought that "Arabi was mounting guns; that his brother, who lived in a house overlooking the Pharos, had heard strange noises during the night, and in the morning had seen soldiers making gun platforms and mounting cannon." I hurried off to my friend's brother's house and saw from the balcony that the fort near the lighthouse was be-

ing quickly armed, though with the daylight the gunners had disappeared. I took a sketch of what I saw, returned to the *Condor*, informed the commander, gave him my sketches, which he immediately took to the admiral. Now, simply being a correspondent, my information could not be recognized officially, so a British officer dressed as an Arab was sent to the fort to confirm my story. The officer in question, to test his make-up, rowed round the American war ship in the harbor and attempted to board her. The sailors immediately turned the deck hose upon him.

When we landed in Alexandria we could only for the moment hold the quay, as only 200 men could be landed; the town, therefore, was more or less a mystery for some time. Smoke enshrouded the city by day and a lurid canopy hung over it by night. Arabi's troops had fired the town in many places, but in the direction of the great square it had appeared like the mouth of a huge volcano for the last two days. Cameron, the correspondent of the *Standard*—who, poor fellow! has since met a heroic death in the Soudan—and I resolved to penetrate as far as we could into



THE AMERICAN PATROL IN ALEXANDRIA

Assured of his complete disguise, he rowed to the shore, landed, and examined the fort, found my story true and returned to the flagship. Orders were given later for the fleet to leave the harbor and prepare for action. During the bombardment I was on board the *Condor*, and in her action with the giant Fort Marabout, saw the welcome signal from the admiral's ship complimenting Beresford and his little vessel—"Well done, *Condor*." I have met with many officers of all nationalities in battle, but for cool-headed pluck few can be compared with the bluejackets' darling—Lord Charley.

the town. We started at sundown, and soon answering our last challenge from the British sentries, entered seriously on our enterprise. Picking our way through the debris of looted shops, stumbling here and there over dead bodies, we at last came into one of the streets debouching into the square. Night had now set in; but for the fitful glare of the burning houses darkness reigned. Presently a sharp turning revealed a blaze of light, and we found the street we were traversing ended in an incandescent mass of ruins which blocked our way. In the glare were visible several incendiaries and looters,

who, taking us for an advance guard, vanished in the many deep shadows on either side.

Not being able to continue our advance was unfortunate, for these scoundrels on seeing our dilemma might attack us. We hastily arranged some mode of defence in case of this eventuality, turned back, and, moving cautiously through a labyrinth of narrow passages, at last gained one of the streets running parallel to the square. The howls of starving dogs, the shrieks of frightened cats, made night hideous. At last we gained the square or Place of the Consuls. Never was sight more appallingly grand than this—one vast fiery furnace—a quadrangle of flame, the sky a canopy of smoke. In the centre of the square the avenue of trees stood out in bold relief from the flare around. We were for a moment spellbound. But what were those suspicious-looking objects crouching in the ever-changing shadows of the trees, lying about in skirmishing order, the only other individuals besides ourselves in this terrible place? They had not yet shown any aggressive signs, so Cameron and I resolved to quietly approach.

"Great heavens!" said Cameron, "look; what's that? Oh, horror! a headless body, and armless. Look, there's another!"

"Well," said I to Cameron, "here's local color for your telegrams for the British breakfast table tomorrow. What a stir this will make in the civilized world." We moved nearer, to take in the horrible details of this shocking affair. "Why, Cameron, look here," said I; "and there! What did you say? No! really!" Good gracious! our local color had faded. Those horrible atrocities were simply dressmakers' dummies looted from the clothier shops in the square, denuded of their finery and left to perish in the flames.

On our return from this little adventure we were always on the alert for an attack by some of Arabi's stragglers, for retiring is always dangerous. We had advanced a few hundred yards down the road by which we had entered the square, when we heard the tramp, tramp, of a body of men coming down a side street. In the shadow of a looted shop Cameron dropped on one knee and clutched his

Winchester repeating rifle and I stood up, cocking my revolver. I think we both at that moment intended to die hard. Presently we heard the word "Halt!" and then came a challenge in unmistakable English. In another moment we were fronting the American contingent of bluejackets which, by the courtesy of the United States admiral, had been landed to assist our small body of men to patrol the streets and suppress incendiarism. For one, I was never so delighted to meet the followers of the star-spangled banner as on that particular night in Alexandria. We informed the officer in command by which route to enter the square, and the contingent moved on. Eventually they occupied the Saint Mark's buildings, the only block, with the exception of the Tribunal, that was intact in the burning square. From this position the contingent did valuable service in suppressing looting and incendiarism by Bedouins and stragglers of Arabi's army.

In the pleasant though egotistical sensation of writing one's reminiscences for a magazine one is continually overcome with the feeling that the editor of the venturesome monthly to which the autobiography is contributed will occasionally say to himself: "Oh! why have I opened this floodgate of egotism on my suffering readers? When will he show signs of abating?" At this period of my article do I feel this possibility strong upon me, and I will simply finish my memoirs by briefly chronicling my further adventures. After being present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the review of the victorious troops in Cairo, I came back to England. I was in London a few weeks when I was invited to the coronation of the czar in Moscow. On my return I was arrested on the Russian frontier and detained four nights and five days in a small railway depot by the river Pruth, because my passport was not viséd. Shortly after my arrival in London I started for the eastern Soudan, was present at the battles of El-Teb and Tamasi. Hostilities ceasing for a time, I joined the British and Khedival mission to Abyssinia and visited the court of King John. Returning to Suakim I saw some of the desultory fighting from the trenches and sailed for England. I had only been home a few weeks when I joined the Nile expedition for the relief of

Khartoum, went up the river with Viscount Wolseley and crossed the desert with General Sir Herbert Stewart's column, being present at the battles of Abu Klea, Gubat and in the square of 1200 when it fought its way to the Nile. When Khartoum fell I returned to England. In the autumn of the same year I found myself marching with the Servian troops against the Bulgarians, was present at the fight at Pirot and in the retreat on Nisch. Peace having been proclaimed I hurried off to Burmah, where the British troops were fighting King Thebaw. In Mandalay I fell sick with fever and was compelled to return to Europe. Arriving at Suez I felt

so much recovered that I went on to Constantinople, for hostilities seemed to threaten between the Greeks and the Turks. I eventually went on to Athens to join the Athenian army in case of an invasion of Turkey, and remained in that country during the international blockade of the Greek ports. The war cloud passing away I returned once more to England. Having nothing better to do I began lecturing on my past experiences of war and travel, Lord Wolseley kindly presiding at my first lecture, and it is my intention to go on talking as long as an amiable public will listen to the story of my vagrant life.



DANCING A REEL ROUND THE STAGS, AT MAR LODGE.

FARM LIFE,

With suggestions by a farmer's daughter as to the methods of making it attractive and happy.

BY JENNIE H. HOOKER, OF MCCUTCHANVILLE, INDIANA.

Some months since the *Cosmopolitan* offered two prizes amounting to \$400—one for the best essay by a farmer's daughter "descriptive of farm life, with suggestions as to ways of making farm life attractive and happy;" the other for the best article by a farmer on "The needs of the farmer, his hours of labor, and the national legislation necessary for his prosperity." In the competition for the first of these nearly 300 manuscripts were received, making the task of decision long and difficult. That finally accepted by the committee, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is by the writer whose name is given above. The decision as to the second will be announced in the next issue of the *Cosmopolitan*. The subject is a most interesting one, and of vital importance to the welfare of the country. A remarkably large number of ably written articles were received, and it is a source of regret that more than one of them cannot be here given.—Ed.

THAT man is a social being is a fact conceded by all.

That his social wants must be attended to, as well as those of a religious and political nature, is also a fact which none dispute. Especially is this true of the young, in whom we find all the faculties strong and vigorous. In this age of rapid progress and advancement in all the departments of life, when men live a whole lifetime within the space of a few years, the tendency of our people, especially of the young, is to leave the rural districts, with their many advantages (and it must be confessed, disadvantages), and, looking forward to "pastures new," flock to our towns and cities.

The question naturally arises, Why is this? Why do so many people become dissatisfied with farm life, and leave the parental nest, many of them before their untrod pinions are strong enough to bear them safely through the various whirlwinds which arise in their way, as they attempt to do battle with the world, in their search for a livelihood?

We feel safe in saying that were it possible to make a canvass of the rural districts and put the question to our young people: "Why are you dissatisfied with country life?" the answer, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would be, Because of the lack of home attractions, social and educational privileges. It is a sad but true fact, that many an ambitious youth who has had a desire to achieve some great and noble work, has had that hope crushed by the monotonous, dull routine of a farm life. Often the youth has been driven to a point of despising the life that should be, to him, the most beloved and cherished of all others.

The beautiful country, where God,

through nature, speaks with a thousand tongues, loses its beauty for him, and the green fields look dull in comparison with the allurements of the city, which the imaginative youth pictures to himself as a "haven of rest," where he will make for himself a home which shall be filled with music, pictures, books and social companions. He leaves the home which he has learned to dislike, because of its needless monotony and drudgery, and seeks the city to satisfy his social nature.

Here, he is often unable to resist the seeming pleasures which he drinks in with unquenched thirst, till at last he realizes that they are only a delusion, and that what at first appeared to be "apples of Paradise" are in reality "Dead sea fruit," which crumble under his touch. The contrast from the quiet, peaceful country was too great, and having never been taught the true source of pleasure, he sees too late his fatal mistake. Such has been the fate of many a bright boy, simply because his advantages had not been of the proper kind, and he was allowed to drift out into the world with false ideas of true happiness and pleasure. And what is true of the boy is also true of the girl. She, too, longs for the excitement and pleasure which she firmly believes to lie within the city limits, and gladly exchanges the music of running brooks for the hum of machinery. The average girl longs for a practical education; and where the advantages for such have been denied her, and she feels the necessity for a change from the dulness of a life which has become unendurable, and an absolute want of pocket money, which has been grudgingly and sparingly doled out to her, she eagerly turns to the various stores for employment, or, failing

there, enters one of the many factories whose wheels are never idle, and whose doors are always open to the buxom country maiden. A few years of that sort of life and she is a physical wreck, and struggles back to the old home, willing to take any kind of work she may be able to do.

It is true there are many exceptions to this rule. But those persons were endowed with a larger amount of pluck and common sense than the average mortal receives, or else they had had superior advantages in the way of education and home training.

While the question, "Why dissatisfied with country life?" may not be difficult to answer, we fear the problem: "How to make farm life attractive?" is not so easy of solution. And yet, while it is true that there are some who can never be satisfied with country life, it is possible for the great mass of people who may find themselves surrounded by "fields and hedges" to make that life one of enjoyment, peace and prosperity. While we do not deny the fact that

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,"

it does not follow that the farmer should have any more of the proverbial "rainy day" than any other class of persons. Of all occupations that of agriculture is the most independent. No profession is more honorable, and no calling so conducive to health, peace and happiness. If the farm life is to be made thoroughly attractive, if it is to be raised to the exalted position it merits, it will be necessary, first, to lessen the task work of farming; second, "to raise maximum crops and profits;" third, to surround the work with intellectual progress, not forgetting for a single moment to properly appreciate the honorable position of the farmer in the community; and last, but by no means least, make the home not only attractive in appearance, but a place wherein dwells the spirit of harmony.

It is not the intention of this article to attempt to show how a farm may be "run" successfully. Many valuable papers on agriculture are devoting their entire time to that subject, giving the farmer all the hints he needs (and more than he can follow), from the making of a coalbox to the

use of the most intricate piece of farm machinery. In the present age Yankee ingenuity has lightened labor, and not only caused the "wilderness to blossom as the rose," but has made farming an occupation which may be made a constant source of pleasure and profit. The old-fashioned well sweep, to which hung "the old oaken bucket," and which we, in childhood, looked upon with pride and veneration, has given place to the force pump or wind-mill. The weary laborer need no longer walk behind the plough; instead, he sits in a comfortable seat on the latest improved riding plough, and with very little fatigue to himself does in one day the work formerly done in three. The same is true of that busiest season of the year (harvesting), when the cheerful "click" of the self-binder is heard doing the laborious work which the primitive farmer did by means of the "cradle," freely interspersed with "the sweat of his brow."

And so it is on through the long list of labor-saving inventions. When the great barn doors of the large structure on a prosperous farm close for the night, they not only protect the well-fed horses and cattle which a careful and humane owner will see are under shelter, but they protect from damp and rust the many improvements in farm machinery, all of which have contributed to lessening the toil and increasing the products of the farm.

But how is it with the women of the household? Too often the wife and mother is a poor, overworked creature, whose line of vision seldom extends beyond the four walls of her home, vainly endeavoring to furnish the table and cover other necessary expenses of the house with the price of butter, eggs and poultry. If there is one kind of labor harder than any other it is the attempt to compete with the modern conveniences of a regular dairy when the only "stock" in trade is one or two cows; and the woman who attempts the work of this kind will find her chances of a release from the cares of this world increasing much more rapidly than her bank account. All this need not be; there are ways and ways by which the careful housewife may earn "pin" money (if her liege lord does not see fit to give it to her) and not be broken down in health or spirits either. In these days, when sewing machines, knitting machines,

patent churns, washing machines, etc., are within the reach of almost everyone, woman need not be the drudge she is generally supposed to be.

The raising of poultry may be made quite valuable, and the work is easier and more pleasant than the care of milk and butter, or even market gardening, in which so many women engage. Girls should be taught that there is a place on the farm for them. If girls were paid for the work they do and thus given an inducement to put forth extra effort, there would be less "fancy work" done while the garden is overrun with weeds. Teach the girls that the money they receive for work is to be used in paying for their clothes and schooling, and they will be just as saving, and you will have planted in their minds a sense of usefulness and independence which is only equalled by the knowledge that they are in possession of the means of earning a livelihood without seeking employment in the city.

Much has been said about the sameness of the life of women whose entire time is spent in the country, and while it is one thing to see the wrong, it is quite another to suggest a remedy. Perhaps none better can be given than the suggestion offered in the words of a noted writer, who said: "She who establishes a woman's reading club, in an agricultural district, does more to check the deadly progress of farmers' wives to the insane asylum than all the doctors and medical journals in the land."

Good books are almost as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. They come in good print but cheap binding, thereby placing them within the reach of all. An hour each day, spent in reading some of the standard works, will lift the toiling creature's thoughts out of the rut into which she has gradually but steadily drifted.

The inspiration which comes from the changed currents of thought and feeling will lead the wondering knowledge seeker on to heights she had never deemed it possible for her to climb. Books and periodicals may be considered the foundation of her happiness. From one she gets various hints on home decorations, and the cheerless rooms, under her skilful fingers, change into bowers of beauty. The glaring white walls of the "best room," which had long been guiltless of ornament, are relieved by the addition of a few good pictures

from a favorite magazine. The farm and the adjoining woods yield treasures in the way of material for winter bouquets, to take the place of the blooming plants which filled the rooms with their perfume in the warmer months. The drop-leaf table which had stood primly against the wall and held for years an unused copy of the family Bible and Harvey's Meditations Among the Tombs or Pilgrim's Progress, is now lifted to the centre of the room, and of an evening its polished leaves are lifted to accommodate the various members of the household, who gather there to talk over the events of the day, or spend an hour or two in social pleasures. In the country, better than in any other place, can the home circle be made attractive. There are fewer places to spend an evening, and for this reason the members of the family are better acquainted and know more of each other's tastes and desires.

Parents who have sons and daughters growing up do not always realize as they should the great necessity of having a home; not merely a place in which their children eat, sleep and are clothed, but one in which they find real happiness and enjoyment—a true home in every sense of the word.

It has been estimated that in nine cases out of ten where you see a wild youth or a giddy girl and go to their homes, you will find them cheerless and unattractive. Youth longs for action and excitement, and by repressing these natural instincts you will be sure to throw them into any society which will, even in a small degree, gratify their desires. The best safeguard against the allurements, but poorly concealed by the latticed screens, of a barroom are found right in the home circle. And in no place can the home life reach its ideal of perfection so perfectly as in the country.

Boys do not at first go to the barroom for the taste of the liquor; they have not yet acquired the love for it. Neither do they first go to the gambling den because of the money they hope to gain, but for the simple reason that at those places are gay companions, and the time, which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands, is quickly and pleasantly passed off amidst music, jest and games. Have games then at home, throw open the best room of an evening, and let the children know that they are welcome to invite their less fortunate

friends, who may not be so happily situated as themselves, to join them in their simple pleasures. In those parts of the country where the weekly prayer meeting and an occasional spelling school or "play party" are the only things that break the monotony of long evenings, it is especially needful to put forth extra effort to make the hours between dark and bed time something which may be looked back upon with pleasure. Subscribe for one or two good magazines; buy one or two good books each month; attend a concert or lecture in the nearest town occasionally; and if, in consequence of this outlay, there be less family wealth accumulated, there will be what is far better, the foundation of a practical education.

It cannot be denied that the educational advantages in the country are not so complete as in the city, but that fact may be remedied by the careful and far-seeing parent giving his children the advantage of a year (or more, if his means will allow) at some of the many excellent, higher institutions of learning. Or if that cannot be done, there still remain many opportunities for self-improvement, and though every boy may not rise from an humble position on the farm to a world-renowned writer, as did the Scottish poet, Burns, or become president, as did our own Lincoln, he may be just as useful and honorable in the walk of life which he pursues as they were in theirs.

Next in the list of attractions and means of making country life pleasanter may be mentioned music. If there be a member of the family who has any talent for this great art, provide as good a musical instrument as your means will allow, and you will have gone a long way toward making your home a "heaven on earth."

Music is an accomplishment especially valuable as a home enjoyment, and if the financial condition of the head of the firm makes it impossible to buy an instrument of any kind, there still remains that most perfect of all musical instruments, the human voice, whose skilful Maker receives praise from every song which ascends from the fireside circle. One of the chief attractions for old and young, when visiting in the city, is the music that may be heard there.

Why should not the farmer's household be as cheerful as that of the merchant or

professional man? What can be more pleasant than to hear the whole family joining in a hymn or song? Music is a luxury and an economy which no family can afford to do without. It is an escape valve for all the emotions of the soul, whether it find vent in the sad minor key, telling of sorrow and adversity, or whether it be in soul-stirring notes, proclaiming joy and gladness. The familiar words of "Home, Sweet Home," which were sung at the family hearthstone when the little boy was too young to realize the meaning of those beautiful words, come back to him in after years; and as his mind is filled with recollections of his own happy childhood, his heart overflows with pity for the author of that song, who lived and died without a home. Oh, ye tillers of the soil who wish to make farm life attractive, fail not to provide for your family that unfailing source of pleasure—music. Books and music may be had by the humblest farmer who ever walked between the plough handles, and combined with those two blessings is the home influence, which cannot occupy neutral ground, but must be either a blessing or a curse. Many a man who has passed safely through the temptations of youth owes his escape from many dangers to the companionship of pure-minded, loving sisters. The wine cup, the card table and the company which frequent it cannot compete with the gentle home influence, and the pleasure of games at home.

By all means, then, let there be domestic amusements, fireside pleasures, which, even though they be quiet and simple, shall make our rural home happy and not leave it an unpleasant place which will oblige the youthful spirit to look elsewhere for joy.

There are a thousand ways by which we may add to the beauty and cheerfulness of our surroundings, but in no better way, perhaps, than in the careful consideration of the feelings of our companions. What a pleasure it is to see one of those well-regulated farms, where everything moves along quietly, where the rights of each individual are recognized, from the head of the family down to the chore boy; where perfect harmony exists, and where the return of an absent member calls forth a hearty and expressed welcome. But, on the other hand, how often do we

find persons who can be the life of any crowd in which they may chance to be, at their own homes, silent and uncommunicative. The father never unbends, the mother never feels well enough to enjoy any pleasures, however simple and innocent they may be; and the result is, that at the first chance the younger members of that household will break away, and demonstrate to the wondering parents, who have been giving large doses of "Ten Commandments," "Catechism," and various lectures on the general sinfulness of man, that well-known truth that "too high a dam will overflow all the meadows." There is too much fault finding and not enough praise for work well done.

When the boy has learned to plough a straight furrow or the girl to make a pie they should be commended for that work and not simply ignored, or at best, given to understand that it was just what they should have done. There is too much giving way at trifles and disappointments, there are too many cruel and unkind words said to those who are nearest and dearest.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for 'our own' the bitter tone,
Though we love 'our own' the best."

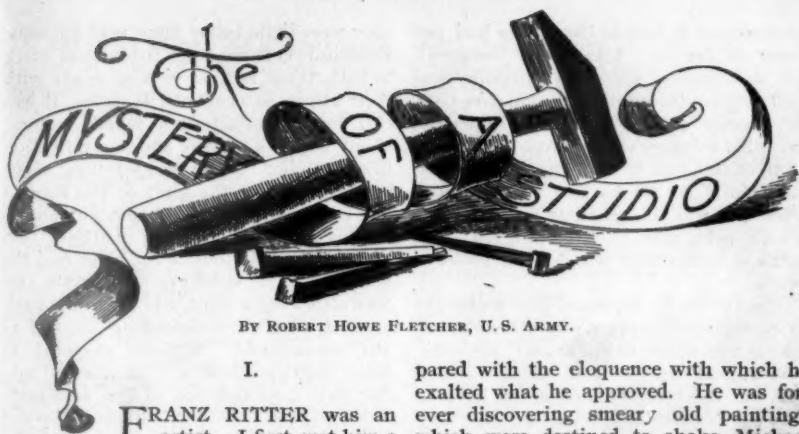
No wonder the inhabitants of such a home become dissatisfied and long for a change from that atmosphere of gloom and discontent.

So much has been said about keeping boys on a farm that it is a wonder more is not done to induce them to remain there. "Many a boy has been driven from the farm by being compelled to do chores while the men were nooning under the trees," and the greatest enjoyment he was expected to find was in running useful but tiresome errands. The fact is, a boy on a farm has a pretty hard time; he is called hither and sent yonder, and thus kept on the go till he has hardly a minute to call his own. He is pressed into the service before he is old enough and kept at it till he is thoroughly disgusted, and comes to the conclusion that come what may he will never be a farmer. And when a boy reaches this decisive moment he has just arrived at the dangerous period, and

though the remedy is simple it is none the less hard to apply. He should be "trusted" with light tasks suited to his ability, and though his work may not be well done, if he has made an honest effort he should be rewarded with encouraging words, and shown how to do his work properly. At an early age he should be taught the use of money, and under the careful guidance of an older head have little speculations of his own. If he has a small share of the crops or a little patch of ground which he can call his own, the work he is expected to do will not seem one-half so irksome, and he will gradually but surely realize that he is living a useful and pleasant life, and the freckles and stonebruises which seem to make up a part of his existence are no heavier burdens than he would carry in any other walk of life. If he may have a small room, plainly but comfortably furnished, in which he may store the treasures dear to his boyish heart, and not have them considered as "trash" which "that horrid boy has collected;" if he may be the happy possessor of a pony and thus early taught that a horse must receive humane treatment, then, indeed, is happiness complete and his disgust for farming and its attendant cares completely gone. The time is set for the closing act in the lamentable stampede that empties the choicest portions of the world of its youth and casts them upon the altars of our cities. The general uplifting of farm life is seen in many directions—the more commodious and artistic dwellings, the greatly improved stock, the excellent dairies, the culture of choice fruits and berries, the almost universal growing of window plants, the lengthened school term and improved schools, the "literary societies" and "debating clubs," all these and many more point to the "beautifying and enriching of the country, and to the refining and ennobling of the country's children."

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,
Who sows a field or trains a flower
Or plants a tree is more than all.

"For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth."



BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER, U. S. ARMY.

I.

FRANZ RITTER was an artist. I first met him a good many years ago in Rome. A great, broad-shouldered young fellow, with long yellow hair, a newly sprouted curly beard, blue eyes and a meerschauum pipe. He seemed like one of Jean Paul's characters who had strayed away from his creator's pen but was continuing right on with the romance. Twenty-four years old, an artist, brimming over with life and enthusiasm, he was as delightful as an unexpected burst of music. To hear him talk one would think that before the year was out he was going to right every wrong, repair every injustice, and demolish all the meannesses, deceptions and false doctrines in the world. He had pronounced ideas, or rather convictions, of his own on every subject and a new set every day. In our afternoon walks through the park near the Piazza del Popolo or the Villa Borghese gardens he would develop the most blood-thirsty anarchist sentiments. Then, like as not, while declaring himself a ruthless destroyer of existing law and order, he would stop midway in his impetuous career to pick up a crying child, and with soft German mother words of pity and endearment console it and return it to earth again with a coin, possibly his last, in its dirty little hand. After which Master Franz would stalk on placidly puffing his pipe as though he had consistently blown up an emperor instead of comforted a child.

He loved his art and talked of it grandly. His scorn of what he deemed false was so fine, his denunciations so withering—it was an irresistible torrent of gutturals and tobacco smoke, only to be com-

pared with the eloquence with which he exalted what he approved. He was forever discovering smears, old paintings which were destined to shake Michael Angelo's reputation, and we never took a day in the Campagna or an excursion to Albano that we did not find broken-nosed marbles which were superior to anything Canova had ever done—yes, or anything in the Capitol or the Vatican!

We had a studio in common in an old palace not far from the church of Trinita del Monte. It was a cold, cheerless barrack of a place, requiring an immense amount of drapery and rugs to make it habitable. But it was cheap and that was its recommendation, for our allowances from home were limited and our earnings were meagre, not to say mythical. I did not pretend to do more than study, sketching and copying just to catch the trick of a color or a clever bit of modelling; while as for Franz, although he was constantly having the most marvellous conceptions of subjects for what was to be his masterpiece, he seldom got as far as setting his palette. He would sometimes sketch out an idea on the wall with a piece of charcoal, but mostly he painted his pictures in the air, the broad effects done with sweeps of his hand, and the high lights touched in with daubs of his thumb. After which efforts he would seat himself on the edge of the table, one fist holding his big pipe and the other waving aloft a huge tankard of beer, and triumphantly thunder forth his favorite song, "Hurrah! der Eisenbraut! Hurrah!" the last breath firing the foam from off the mug, which the next instant was capsize over his capacious mouth.

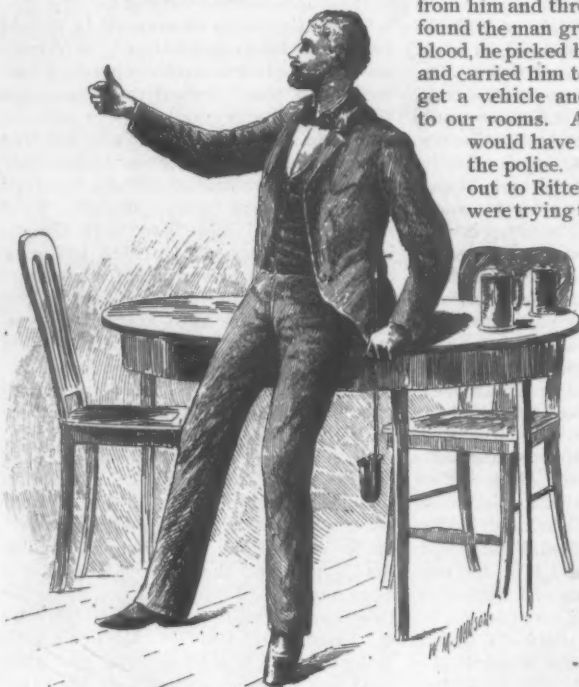
At the same time these aerial pictures

were as real to him as though he had put them on canvas. Like many Germans, his mind was of a dreamy, metaphysical cast, with extraordinary imaginative power. Scenes and figures once impressed upon his memory were retained so vividly as to enable him to reproduce their slightest details for weeks and months afterward. It was this peculiar faculty of his which, being unduly developed, led to the strange occurrences which I am about to relate.

It may well be supposed that under the circumstances a servant was rather a superfluous appendage to our studio; nevertheless we had one. A very peculiar fellow, too, was this retainer of ours, and he came into our possession in a very peculiar way. Beppo—his name was Beppo—belonged to a low order of Italians, who, in the days of popish rule, had nothing to do but eat, sleep and rear their children the best way they could, the priests managing all else in their lives. Ignorant and superstitious,

they were little better than wild animals. Beautiful yet fierce, quick to love and quick to hate, these natives were as ready with their knives as a cat with its claws. It was this latter characteristic which brought about Beppo's capture and domestication in our studio. Ritter was strolling alone somewhere near the quay of the Ripetta late one moonlight night, placidly smoking his pipe and indulging in artistic reveries, wholly oblivious of the place and the hour, when he suddenly came upon two men attacking a third, who, with his back against a wall, was defending himself as well as he could. Without stopping to make inquiries, Master Franz dashed into the fray, knocked one of the assailants down and put the other to flight. But not before the third man had sunk to the ground with two ugly knife wounds in his body. This was Beppo. When Ritter stooped over him to examine his wounds Beppo eyed him askance and tried to raise his knife. Ritter quietly took the weapon from him and threw it away. Then, as he found the man growing weak from loss of blood, he picked him up in his strong arms and carried him to a street where he could get a vehicle and brought him directly to our rooms. Anybody else, of course, would have turned the fellow over to the police. But when I pointed this out to Ritter and suggested that we were trying to run a studio and not an

hospital, he rumbled up his hair and glared at me, and swore by all his German ancestors that I was the most unreasonable man he ever saw. Had I not, no more than ten days ago, brought a dog up to the studio, with a broken leg! And, Gottes Thron! was not his man as good as my dog! I doubted it. Nevertheless, Franz went on nursing his man as tenderly as though he had been his own brother, until he finally got him upon his feet once more.



MOSTLY HE PAINTED HIS PICTURES IN THE AIR.

It was rather interesting to observe the conduct of this neglected human animal undergoing the novel experience of kindness. At first he watched every movement of Ritter's with a vigilant, suspicious glance which seemed apprehensive of poison or the stiletto. Then, as he began to understand that this big man, with his firm yet gentle touch, was unweariedly ministering to his comfort and his cure, his bright black eyes would follow Ritter about with a bewildered, inquiring gaze. Finally, one day, I think the meaning of it all must have suddenly come to him; for entering the room where he lay, on my way into the studio, Beppo poked his head up out of the blankets to look at me, and I am quite sure he had been crying. After all, he was not much more than a boy. At any rate, after that his eyes lost their restlessness and grew soft and submissive. When he became well enough to walk, he would watch us at work and was quick to see what he could do to relieve us of studio drudgery. In fact, I must confess that in his dumb, submissive way he showed himself very grateful to Ritter, as grateful as my dog was to me. When he became entirely well Beppo disappeared, which seeming ingratitude I did not fail to comment on for Franz's benefit; but he minded it no more than a puff of smoke. When, however, at the end of a week the Italian turned up again, one would have supposed from Ritter's triumphant eulogium that he was a perfect marvel of virtue. Then Beppo disappeared and reappeared at varying intervals, until he finally remained with us altogether as a studio vassal, taking lessons in painting, for which he showed considerable talent, and acting as a household servant. Whoever or whatever he was, he certainly displayed a profound knowledge of all the knavery going on in Rome, while his ingenuous ignorance of the ordinary standards of morality was really quite startling.

Well, Beppo had been with us about a year when Ritter began his famous painting of the Assassination of Francesco Cenci. This was a subject which had fascinated my comrade ever since our arrival in Rome. He would go and stand in front of Guido's picture of Beatrice in the Palazzo Barberini, and with a mighty sigh apostrophize it in his queer German

way: "Ach, Liebchen," he would say, "poor lost spirit! What angel land hadst thou drifted from and whither wert thou going, when thou wast trapped into life in this world by that devil's head of a Cenci? What didst thou in that hell-world of Rome, with its Cencis and its Pope Clements? Vampyre und Lindenwürm!"—and here would follow an explosion of expletives in awful-sounding German. Or sometimes he would stop in front of the sin-begrimed palace of the Cencis, and, gazing up at its black windows, would maunder on in his sentimental way about the innocent flower, "der Unschuld-blume," which blossomed from its dark corruption. He would fancy that he saw the beautiful, pale young face, with its halo of dishevelled sunny hair, flitting through the gloom within; or saw her wild, sad eyes, "Die Augen sanft und wilde," gazing appealingly at him from the barred casements. And he would wander on, quoting a verse from Heine's Loreley: "Ich weiss nicht"—I have forgotten it all except the meaning, which was that this tale of long ago weighed heavily on his spirits.

I did not encourage Franz in his sentimental toying with this uncomfortable bit of Italian history; not that I feared his brooding over it, but because it was the fashion of all of us art students in Rome to combat any idea advanced by anyone. In fact, I did not realize the strength of the impression made by Beatrice's face upon the artistic, sympathetic nature of my friend until long afterward. When Guido's portrait was discussed by our little coterie of painters, the discussion nearly always pivoted upon its technical merits; although, occasionally, an argument would arise over the well-known story, which, being attacked as a fraud by sceptics, would be warmly defended by believers like Ritter.

It was on one of these occasions of clashing opinion, one night when much tobacco was being smoked and beer drunk over the argument, which, as usual, had extended and ramified through every sort of artistic vagary, that Ritter, pounding the table with his glass, announced in his usual magnificent way that we were all a pack of lunatics. Was not Guido Reni an artist? Did he not see with his own eyes the face of that poor, lonely child

borne to her death above the sweating, struggling mob of pope's devils and hell cats? Remember it? Dear God! How could he ever forget it! Not paint it? He could not help but paint it! Why, he, Franz Ritter, himself, could go home now and, without looking at the picture, could paint it with the same meaning that Guido had put in it.

This declaration was very naturally received with a derisive shout, and suggestions that he had better run quickly and set about it.

"You think I cannot?" said Franz, glaring at them. "Very well, I will show you!"

With that he flung his beer glass across the room, where it smashed against the opposite wall, and strode out of the door.

A silence ensued on Ritter's dramatic departure. I do not know why, for we were used to such gusty scenes, and were an irrepressible, irreverent lot at the best. Perhaps we had passed the height of our hilarity, and the murder of a father and the beheading of the rest of the family was not a subject calculated to keep up a spirit of cheerfulness. At any rate, the party soon broke up. As for me, I returned to that empty old rat-hole of a palace where we had our lodging as well as our studio, and went to bed and dreamed of committing every crime known to Rome.

When I arose in the morning, to my surprise I found Franz at work in the studio. He had a new canvas on his easel, and on this was blocked in the head of Beatrice Cenci. He was still in the queer mood of last night, and though, judging from what he had already accomplished, he must have been at work since dawn, he refused to stop even for breakfast. I made Beppo prepare him some coffee and then, finding that I could not persuade him to join me in my plans for the day, I left him.

When I returned late in the afternoon I found Ritter still at his easel. He had laid aside his brushes, and with his hands clasped behind his unkempt yellow head, and his pipe in his mouth, he was leaning back gazing at his picture. And what a picture that was! I stared at it in astonishment. Unlike the original, it was done in a sketchy way, which added to its strength. While as for its power to excite those troubled emotions in the be-

holder, I thought then and still think it more marvellous than the original.

"Great Scott! Franz," I burst out, slapping him enthusiastically on the back, "that is capital! immense! By the beard of the emperor! I had no idea that you were such a genius. I wonder what the fellows will say to that when they see it," and much more to the same purpose.

But Ritter, contrary to his habit, was entirely unresponsive to my ardor. He waited silently until my enthusiasm had dwindled out for lack of sympathy, and then calmly announced that he did not intend to show the picture to the fellows or anyone else. I instantly rebelled at being defrauded of such a triumph, but Franz took the matter so seriously as to make me promise that I would not even speak of it outside the studio. So the sketch was turned with its face to the wall.

From that day I noticed a change in my friend. He began to lose his tremendous appetite and went off by himself on solitary excursions, and when I insisted on accompanying him he was moody and preoccupied. When, in the freedom of our student life, I taxed him with this change, he parried my questions by general denials or a forced resumption of something of his old careless manner. But these manœuvres, so far from dispelling my doubts, only heightened my curiosity and made me more assiduous in plying him with questions. The fact was, I suspected him of being in love; and naturally enough too, for I knew of nothing else that could produce these queer symptoms. Finally one day, after I had charged him with this, and was painting his inamorata in various colors and teasing him with speculations as to whether she was the daughter of the cobbler over the way or one of the models who frequented the corner of the Via Sistina and Via Capo le Case, he suddenly burst out upon me in something of his old style.

"My poor Claude," he exclaimed, "your ears grow longer every day. Soon they will put panniers on your back and trot you in the Campagna. Thousand devils! A man cannot be quiet and think a little, without every donkey braying out, 'Ach Gott! he is in love.' Simpleton! If you must know the reason why I no longer play the fool with your beer-

drinking, guitar-twiddling, empty-headed spoilers of good canvas yonder, it is that I have been working out in my brain the subject for a picture. Is that such a wonderful thing that it must set every goose tongue in Rome clacking at me?"

Now this explanation, that he was in a creative fever, had never occurred to me; but it was so natural that I accepted it at once.

"Only," I exclaimed, "why, in the name of your genius-inspiring, sauerkraut eating, double-barrelled-adjective-making Vaterland, didn't you say so in the first place?"

Contrary to our custom this mocking reply did not end in a scuffle or a set-to with maulsticks. Franz merely said in a tame way, "Because, my dear, I had not yet decided upon painting this picture. But now I think I shall." Here he took a long pull at his pipe, and fixing his eyes dreamily on vacancy he slowly puffed the smoke from his lips and repeated, "Now I think I shall."

"And may I ask," I said, "what this subject is that your mighty brain has been wrestling with so long?"

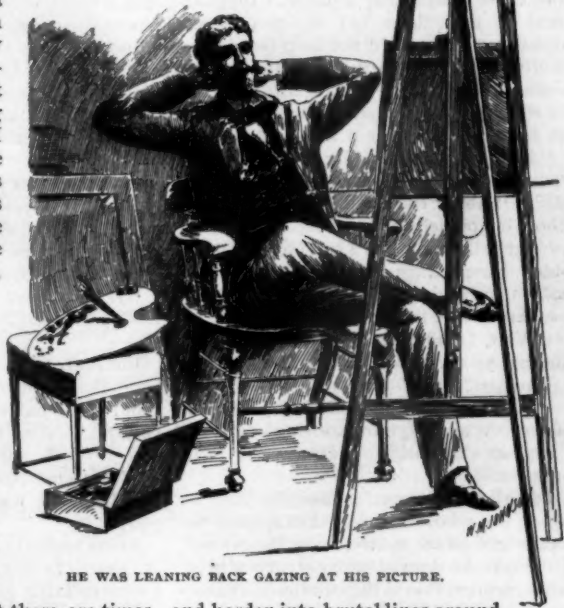
"Did I say that I had been wrestling with it?" he replied, looking at me curiously. "No? Well, but I have. For, do you see, it is not what you would call a cheerful subject, and I confess to you, Claude, that there are times when I do not altogether fancy it. But I shall paint it. Gottes Thron! I must paint it!"

And he got up from his seat and paced up and down the room in a disordered way.

"But," I said, "that is not telling me what the subject is."

"The subject?" replied Ritter, stopping suddenly. "No! Well, then, this is what it is, the Assassination of Francesco Cenci. Here is the bed," he continued, pointing with his finger instead of his usual

method of painting on the air with his thumb—"here is the bed, with four posts and a canopy—large, sombre—of carved oak and dark crimson silk; and in it, in the shadow, lies the old man, asleep under the influence of an opiate. One arm is thrown back over his head, the other is extended across the bed. His scanty gray hairs are scattered on the pillow; his were-wolf face is undisturbed, so that the marks which ungoverned lust for crime has put upon it pucker in withered folds about his closed eyes



HE WAS LEANING BACK GAZING AT HIS PICTURE.

and harden into brutal lines around his sensuous lips. Abscheulicher! And there," continued Ritter, waving his hand with rather startling effect, "stands his daughter, Beatrice. Do you see her?"

He spoke as though he saw her himself so plainly that it gave me an unpleasant sensation.

"She is standing," he continued, "here, before the bed, near the foot, pointing out their victim to the assassins Olympio and Marzio, who are dimly seen in the shadow of a half-open door in the left foreground. Her right hand bears aloft a silver lamp,

the light from which brings out the aged sleeper's face, a bit of oak carving here and there, a touch of crimson drapery, her own wan features and white robe. With the other hand she points to the sleeping criminal, her father. Her child face, so delicately moulded, white, set in her curly golden hair, is turned toward the door. Her big eyes, swollen and lustreless with weeping, no longer filled with the mad loathing of herself and horror of him, but serene now with a strange serenity. Her fate has set her above humanity. Calmly she points the way to her avengers, who stealthily approach, almost indistinguishable in the shadows. They faltered at first," continued Franz, after a pause, "they faltered at first, those old servants of her house, but they could not help but do her bidding. They drove a nail into his false, black brain! They could not help but do it. Dear God! had she looked at me so, I would have done it myself."

"It is a good thing for you, then, that you were not around just at that time," I said. "As for the picture, I don't like it. Those old popish days had the dry-rot, and were as full of crime as a bad nut is of maggots. Even talking about them leaves a nasty taste in my mouth. Bah! Let us go and have some beer."

"Wait," said Franz, "I want you to tell me that you will not say anything of this to anyone."

"It strikes me that there is a good deal of secrecy about your paintings lately," I replied carelessly. "However, I will promise."

For the truth was, I thought that, as usual, the whole idea would evaporate before he got as far as stretching the canvas. To be sure, he showed unusual earnestness, but I credited this to the emotional character of his artistic nature, aided to a great extent by his brooding over the wrongs of this beautiful girl. He was ever a fiery partisan of the weak and oppressed.

But I was mistaken in my judgment. The next day he went away by himself and I saw nothing of him until late in the afternoon. I was sitting in a little wineshop near the Fontana di Trevi, a resort of artists, smoking and chatting with some comrades, when Ritter came in. He was greeted with a shout, for his company was always welcome, and while I filled his glass he was plied with questions and comments in re-

gard to his recent seclusive habits. But he did not respond, and after sitting silently for a while he beckoned to me and got up and went out. When I joined him outside he said:

"Claude, mein lieber, you must let me have some money. I have given all mine to that greedy, gold-grasping fellow who has charge of the Cenci palace. I have set up my easel there and am going to begin my picture tomorrow. I must have something for the model."

"But," I objected, "what is the reason that you cannot paint this precious picture in your own studio?"

"Well," he replied, "I heard that there was some sixteenth-century furniture in one of the rooms of the Palazzo Cenci and I find that it is just suited to my purpose. In fact," he added, with some hesitation, "strangely enough, a bed is there such as I described to you. Odd! was it not?" and he looked at me curiously. "Then," he exclaimed, "it is just as well that I should paint the picture in those historical rooms. It is just the atmosphere for it."

"The devil fly away with the Cencis and their atmosphere!" I said irritably. "I don't like all this."

"If you have not got the money to lend me," said Franz gently, "of course, I—"

But I interrupted him, exclaiming warmly, "You know me too well to talk like that! The money is yours as much as it is mine." And I handed him all that I had. "Will you find it necessary to sleep in your Cenci atmosphere, or may I expect you home at night?" I added sarcastically.

Franz replied mildly that he would sleep at home. In fact, I found him there when I returned that night, although he might as well have stayed away for all the companionship he afforded.

He disappeared again the next day, but I heard from Beppo that he had rigged up a room in the Cenci palace with his sixteenth-century furniture, and that he had secured a model for Francesco—that is, for the figure of the old man; Beatrice he was going to paint from his knowledge of the face and figure.

Beppo was washing some of my brushes when he told me of what had occurred, and I could see that he disapproved of Ritter's proceedings by the way he broke down



SOMETIMES HE WOULD STOP IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AND GAZE AT ITS WINDOWS.

some of my pet bristles. As I expressed no opinion, except that he had better be more careful of my tools, he finally, after a silence, extended his hands in what would have been a very dramatic attitude but for the fact that in one hand he held a bunch of wet brushes and in the other a chunk of yellow soap, and exclaimed in his native tongue:

"Why does Meinherr Ritter take his easel away from here, Meestare Clifford? Here there is plenty of room and good light. It is a grand place for pictures. Why does he not do his painting here?"

In explanation of Beppo's methods of speaking, it may be as well to state that although both Franz and I understood Italian fairly well, Ritter, in his autocratic way, had decided shortly after Beppo's installation in our studio that he must speak nothing but German. Whereupon I naturally declared that if he ever spoke anything but English I would throw him out of the window. After a week of active rivalry in educating him we found that Beppo's brain was unequal to the emergency. So we finally agreed to a com-

promise whereby he was allowed to speak his own language, only giving each of us our national titles of "Mister" and "Meinherr." On occasions, however, when he specially wished to win the attention or favor of Franz or myself, Beppo would air his few words of English or German, as the case might be. So, now, when I did not answer him immediately, he said with painful hesitancy:

"What ees the mattare here, Meestare Clifford, sare, eef a you please?"

"There is nothing the matter here," I said. "Is there anything the matter there?" And I indicated the Piazza delle Scuole with a nod.

"Dio mio, signore!" he answered, much relieved at my replying in Italian; "that is no place for a Christian to sit alone, that Palazzo Cenci."

"He is a heretic," I said; "the ghosts won't touch him."

"Ah, Meestare Clifford," exclaimed Beppo, crossing himself with the soap, "you are a foreigner, you do not know about these things, neither you nor Meinherr Ritter. But the good fathers will tell

you; they know that it is not well for a man to talk so, nor to tempt the Evil One by being alone in that place. Meestare Clifford," and Beppo put down his brushes and soap and approached me with clasped hands and another conciliatory attempt at English, "Meestare Clifford, Io no like a Meinherr Ritter go alone; eef a you please, sare, go too."

"Go to! Thou saucy varlet!" I exclaimed theatrically. "Dost tell me to 'go to'?"

"Eccellenza?" said Beppo.

"I say, Beppo, if you are so unhappy about your dear master, why don't you go and stay with him yourself? You are not afraid. You are a good Catholic and a fighter."

"Si, signore," protested Beppo, "I will fight—yes, per Bacco! I will fight any day for his excellency. I will fight men! But—"

Here Beppo shrugged his shoulders, inclined his head to one side and extended his hands to indicate that when it came to ghosts he was not to be relied upon.

In fact, Beppo's distraction between his desire to keep near his master in what he believed to be his perilous situation, and his own superstitious fear of the Cenci ghosts, would have been amusing, if I had been in the humor to be amused. But I was not. Whether it was loneliness—for I saw very little of my friend now—or Ritter's unnatural moodiness when I did see him, or for what cause, I cannot say, but I certainly was depressed. I found myself taking a sort of relief in talking to Beppo about his master. On his return from his frequent visits to the Palazzo Cenci, I would ask as anxiously about the progress of the picture as though Ritter were really in some sort of peril. Whereupon Beppo never failed, in one way or another, to give my thoughts some new bit of superstitious devilry to feed on. For instance, after I had been to the Cenci studio myself, I asked him if he knew anything of the man Ritter was using as a model, for although I did not say so, I secretly thought him as villanous a looking scoundrel as I had ever seen.

"Ah, si, signore," said Beppo, readily, "I know him very well. He is a very bad man, that."

"Worse than you?" I said.

"Ah, si, signore, Meestare Clifford,"

protested Beppo, "he is a very much worse man than I am. Yes, sare. He is just the same as Francesco Cenci."

"I suppose the next thing you will tell me he belongs to the family," I said sarcastically.

"Si, signore," said Beppo, calmly.

"Oh, come now, Beppo," I said, "what is the use of lying to me like that? I happen to know that the only one of the family left is Count Cenci-Bolognetti."

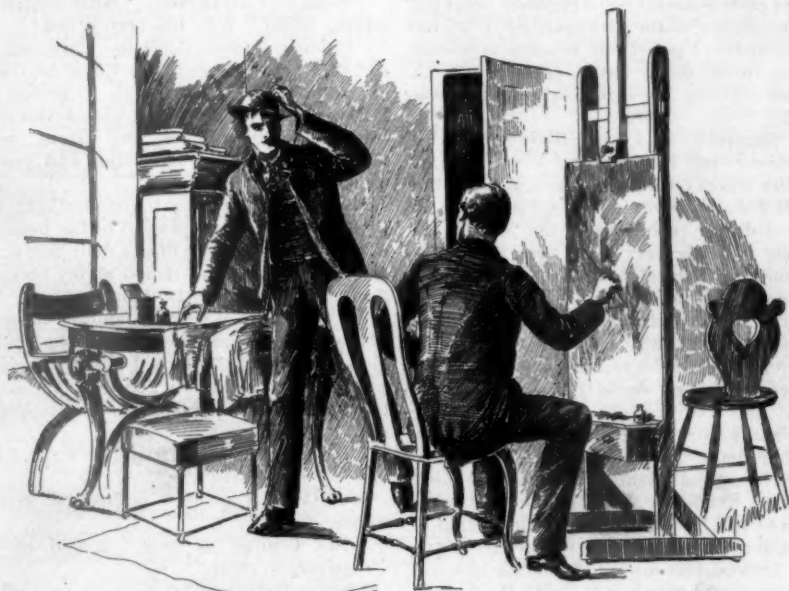
"Ah, signore," answered Beppo, shrugging his shoulders, "I do not mean that he is of the family that way. Francesco Cenci was a very bad man. He had many children that nobody knows or cares about, except the priests. The priests can tell you, they know. But these descendants on the wrong side, they have all gone quickly. This man Girolamo's father died so"—here Beppo made a significant movement about his neck—"and Girolamo, who, they say, is the last one, laughs and declares he will go the same road. Per Dio, he is likely to keep his word! You see, signore, he is proud of his illustrious descent. I have heard the priests say that he looks like the pictures of Francesco Cenci. It was I who told Meinherr Ritter of that," continued Beppo, gravely; "and he bade me go get him. And when he saw him he said, 'Good! It is the devil himself!' Not that Il Cenci, for that is what they call him, signore, is a model, you understand; though he will take pay for it, he is not a model. It is only because he will be painted as Francesco. He heard that Meinherr Ritter was going to paint this picture and he made me—that is, he asked me to talk to his excellency about him. As I tell you, this illustrious ancestor is his pride and he does every wickedness he can to make people say, 'It is Francesco himself!' Per Bacco! That pleases him. He has killed men. Si, signore, Meestare Clifford," continued Beppo, excitedly, "I tell you, who know. But—a malediction on my tongue!"—and here Beppo lowered his voice and with his finger on his lips glanced around apprehensively—"this is not a thing to be talked about. He belongs to those who hear everything—and the nights are dark. It is better not to talk, signore mio, credete mi."

Now Beppo, like many of his countrymen, was such a clever actor that I could

not tell whether he was romancing or not. I believed he was telling the truth, however, because when I referred to the matter again he professed not to understand my Italian. Being forced out of this position, he unblushingly denied that he had ever opened his mouth about Ritter's model, and, in fact, declared that he had never seen Girolamo before the day he appeared in Ritter's studio. This information he delivered with a mien which would have enabled him to pose

body. Sooner or later he will come to the same end, and that will be well."

Ritter had been at work in the Piazza delle Scuole now for two weeks and every day he grew gloomier and more abstracted. I never saw a man so changed in that space of time. He spent all of his daylight in the Palazzo Cenci, and at night he sat brooding in his room. He isolated himself almost entirely from his former companions, and went nowhere and saw no one. Very early in the beginning of



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING IN LIKE THIS?"

for a picture of innocence. However, the more I thought of it the more I was convinced that our retainer had himself belonged to a band of cut-throats, very possibly belonged to one still, and was using his studio duties as a blind. Very evidently he was in the power of this fellow Girolamo, their leader, like as not.

Of course, I told Franz what I had heard about this precious model of his. To my surprise he replied, moodily, "Donner Wetter, do I not know all that! It is the soul of that old hell-hound, Cenci, come to life again in this scoundrel's

his undertaking he had given me to understand that he preferred to be alone at his painting, and as my only reason for entering the lowering old sin-stained pile was to cheer him with my company, I did not wait for a second hint to stay away. More than once in the evening, after he had come from his work, I would hear his voice as though talking to someone in his room, and on going in find him alone. On these occasions, when I would ask him what he meant by maundering on to himself in that uncanny sort of way, he would try to laugh it off or else

get up and walk out. He was very restless at night and would be up at all hours, sometimes coming into my room and sitting there till morning. It was not pleasant for me, this nocturnal companionship, but I encouraged him in it, thinking it was better for him. I finally induced him to bring his bed into my room. That night, when I lay as though asleep, I heard him cry out, "Ach Gott! Why do you follow me so? Why do you never give me any peace?" This woful appeal to some invisible presence, breaking the silence of the darkness, fairly stirred my hair. I called out to know if anyone was in the room, but he answered that it was nothing; he was dreaming, that was all.

Naturally, as I say, all this made me uneasy, and I did not fail to remonstrate with Franz on his imbecile conduct. But all I could extort from him was that he was deeply interested in his picture and was working very hard over it, and no doubt the mental strain and unusual confinement were telling on his nerves. I urged him to relinquish his work, at least for a time, but this he would not listen to, declaring that he would finish the picture very soon, and would then go to the country and rest.

But Ritter's great picture of the Assassination of Francesco Cenci—and it was truly a great picture—was destined never to be finished. I am not superstitious, in fact, I have always been intolerant of such notions in others, but in this matter I fully confess my belief that the shadows of those old crimes still blight the lives of men who wilfully turn their backs on God's pure air and sunshine to gratify a morbid taste for exploring their dark secrets. The beauty and the sad, romantic history of Beatrice Cenci was in very truth as the song of the Loreley for Franz Ritter, and it drew him into those shadows.

II.

I was sitting in my studio one afternoon painting in a half-hearted way. Everything was intensely still. Suddenly I heard footsteps running along the passage to my room. I was so nervous that I started violently enough to slop the oil out of my palette cups. Angry with myself and the intruder, I wheeled around

just as the door was flung violently open. There stood Beppo, his olive complexion of an ashen color, the perspiration on his forehead and his eyes staring, while he panted like a hunted man. My heart sank at the sight of him. Nevertheless, to keep my courage up, I said roughly: "What do you mean by coming in here like that? Are you drunk or crazy?"

"Signore, per l'amor di Dio," he cried, "come quickly. Il Cenci has been killed in Herr Ritter's studio."

"What!" I exclaimed; "what are you talking about? Who has been killed?"

"Il Cenci, signore, Girolamo, the model, and they have arrested Herr Ritter for the murder and are taking him to prison! Madonna mia! I knew that trouble would come to him in that accursed place," he continued, wringing his hands and gesticulating despairingly.

Without waiting to listen further, I grabbed my hat and ran out of the house in the direction of the Piazza delle Scuole. As I ran I could hear Beppo at my heels. Arrived in front of the Palazzo Cenci, I saw a little knot of people standing at one of the gates. I made for the crowd, and forcing my way through, I found myself confronting a gendarme guarding the entrance. I tried to pass him, but he stopped me.

"Signore Ritter is a friend of mine," I said. "I must see him."

"You cannot go in," replied the gendarme.

"But I must see him," I said, still struggling to enter.

The gendarme pushed me aside and said, "If you do not get back I will arrest you."

He was a pompous little fellow and I could have knocked him down with ease and satisfaction. But while I was thinking whether I had better try it or not, I felt a pull at my sleeve. Turning I saw Beppo at my elbow, but so muffled up in his hat and cloak that I should not have recognized him if he had not spoken.

"Come with me, signore, quick," he said; "I have found out where they have taken him."

Not knowing what else to do, I turned and made my way out of the crowd as fast as I had gone in, and all the time Beppo, with his hat drawn still further over his eyes, was at my elbow talking rapidly in a low voice.

"Do not speak to me, signore, or let anyone see that you know me. Follow me so as not to attract attention."

"But—" I said, stopping short.

"Per Dio, signore," interrupted Beppo in a voice that was new to me, "do as I tell you. This is no time to talk."

Whereupon he left me and strolled off leisurely as one who had satisfied his curiosity in the crowd. He then turned down a byway, while I, scarcely knowing whether I was awake or dreaming, obediently followed him.

After winding through a maze of streets, some filled with slouching, ill-favored inhabitants, but most of them empty, with blind walls on either side—streets which were altogether strange to me—I at last saw Beppo stop before an old fountain in a small square and with studied indolence help himself to some water. Then, after glancing around sharply in every direction, he made a signal for me to join him. Whereupon I stopped at the fountain also and drank. As I did so Beppo said in a low voice:

"The prison to which they have taken him is in the next street, signore; I can go no further. Learn what you can. I will be at the studio at seven."

With that he went off in a different direction.

I had no difficulty in finding the prison, but I was positively refused admittance to the prisoner without a pass from the police magistrate. Argument and entreaty were unavailing. In fact the police captain, as they called him, was in half a mind to arrest me as a possible accomplice. Artists were not of much consequence in Rome, and I doubted my ability to succeed any better with the magistrate. In this emergency I suddenly thought of an old acquaintance who was attached to our legation, and who surely would be able to procure the necessary instructions for me. Taking a cab I sought him out and telling him what little I knew, we went together to the magistrate who, under such patronage, very readily gave me the order. But all this took time, and it was nearly dark when I again entered the prison and showing my paper was taken to Ritter's cell.

It was a small room with stone floor and walls and a narrow window high up and heavily grated. When my eye got accus-

tomed to the obscurity I saw my friend sitting on a small wooden bed, his head resting on his hands, his elbows on his knees. I could scarcely realize that it was my warm-hearted Franz there, in that cold, gloomy tank of a place, alone, and a prisoner charged with murder. It was like a nightmare. Going quickly to his side, for he had not moved at the clanking of the door, I laid my hand upon his shoulder and said:

"Franz, old man, what does all this mean?"

He raised his head and looked at me.

"Ach, mein lieber Claude," he said, "is it thou? I expected you sooner."

I quickly told him how I had been delayed. "And now," I said hurriedly, for I had been warned by the police captain, and not too graciously, that we could have but a few minutes together, "tell me what has happened. Beppo says that Girolamo has been killed. Is it so?"

Ritter had raised his head and was sitting in a dejected attitude. At my question he pressed his hands to his temples and exclaimed: "Ach Gott! Yes. It is awful. Do not let us talk about it."

"But we must, Franz," I said. "I must know about it, else how can I help you? How did it happen? Who killed him?"

Never for an instant had a doubt of the nature of Franz's connection with the tragedy entered my mind. It was some unfortunate complication which had involved him in suspicion, but which would admit of easy explanation. I was only afraid that so much delay in proving his innocence might result in his having to pass the night in that place.

"Tell me," I repeated impatiently, as Franz did not reply, "who killed him, do you know?"

Still he sat there in the deepening gloom, with his head between his hands, without answering me. Then, as the expected outburst of excited explanation, carrying all these horrid mysteries before it, failed to come, a cold, sickening feeling gradually crept into my heart.

"Franz," I whispered, and I knew that my voice had changed as I glanced backward at the jailer near the door, "who—how did it happen? For Heaven's sake, man," I added desperately, "say something!"

"He was lying on the bed," said Franz,

in a low voice, without lifting his eyes, "one arm thrown back over his head, the other extended; his gray hairs were scattered on the pillow; his face, marked with crime wrinkles, was undisturbed as if he slept; all as I was painting it—no, no, not all! The conspirators were gone from the door. She was gone. And the great nail had been driven through his eye into his brain, and he was dead! The hammer lay beside him. There was blood on the pillow—blood"—and Franz drew a long, shuddering breath through his teeth, and whispered, "It was an awful thing to look upon!"

"My God!" I murmured, as I recognized the description. And involuntarily I drew back, gazing down upon the crouching figure.

Then Franz suddenly raised his head.

"You think that I did it, my little Claude? Maybe so, I do not know. She has urged me to it for so long."

"She! who?" I said, tremulously, for tears were gathering in my eyes in the darkness.

"That poor, pale child, Beatrice," he answered. "She has never left my side since first I painted her lovely face. Always her wild, sad eyes were fastened imploringly on mine. She knew that I, at least, understood and sympathized with her unholy sin and sorrow. But I did not know why she would give me no peace during all the hours, until one day this fiend of a Cenci, of whose villainess many have told me, lay there to be painted. Then, like a flash, I knew. The vampyre soul that had been driven out of her accursed father's body, near 300 years ago, was on earth again in the shape of this were-wolf, and it must die as before. But all the time I told the poor, restless spirit, No; I could not do it. Dear Christ! I struggled against it always! But when I saw this morning that it had been done, I thought perhaps that she had led me to it while I slept, and my heart has grown white with fear! I may have done it, I do not know. But the good God knows that if I did, I did not mean it." He sighed deeply, and then added abruptly, "Donner Wetter! but my head feels badly." At the same time he sank back upon the bed.

Then the jailer, who had stood impatiently at the door all this time, peremptorily ordered me to come away. What could

I do? Taking off my overcoat, I threw it over Franz—he would need it in that cold place—and said, as bravely as I could:

"Franz, dear old friend, you did not do this thing. I know that. Cheer up! I will have you out of here before long."

And so I left him. I gave the fellow who had shown me to the cell what silver I had, and asked him to do all that he could for the comfort of the prisoner. Not that I believed it would serve poor Ritter. All the hope and energy with which I had entered the place had now deserted me. My brain was dazed and sluggish, and my heart was sick. Once outside, I leaned my hot head against the cold stone wall and gave way to the tears that were choking me.

III.

Of the days that followed prior to Ritter's trial there is little to be said. When I returned to our studio on that fatal night I found that the lamp had been lighted by Beppo, who was there waiting for me. He sat in an obscure corner, with his slouch hat and cloak muffling his face and figure, and as I saw him I hated him for his dark, mysterious appearance. I hated all these Italians, with their intrigues and vendettas; I hated Rome, with its secrets and crimes, and I wished that I had never seen the shores of Italy. I answered Beppo's eager questions shortly and sullenly. I had little to tell, and if he knew any more than I did he did not betray it. All that he told me was that he had not been with Ritter when the body of Girolamo was found, but going to the studio he had found the place in the possession of the police. Learning then, from some of the crowd, what had happened, he had come for me. This was all. I was not in the humor for discussing the affair with him, and I let him see plainly enough that I did not care to take him into my confidence. I simply told him that Mr. Ritter was in as bad a way as a man could be, and that if he knew any plan to help him he had better set about it, because I did not. Thereupon Beppo arose and, with a pale face and lowered eyes, threw his cloak across his shoulder and started out of the room. That was the last I saw of Beppo for many a troubled day to come.

As for myself, I did all that I could for my poor Franz, which was little enough. Through my friend at the legation I was

enabled to create a warm sympathy at the German embassy for their unfortunate countryman, although I soon saw that they believed him guilty. They sent Franz a doctor of his own nationality, for he was sick, and they obtained permission for me to visit him—that was something. Weeks of anxious suspense, apprehension and despondency dragged by. Nearly every day I was summoned before the magistrate to answer questions concerning Franz's habits of life prior to the murder. And

As for Ritter, he remained in much the same condition throughout these days as when I first saw him in jail. He grew paler and thinner each day, but his manner remained the same. He seemed dazed, confused, always dumbly striving to unravel the past. The hopeless yet patient way in which he would receive my passionate protests against his submission and inaction under the infamous charge which had been laid upon him, was pitiful. Apparently entirely forgetful of himself, his



"FRANZ, OLD MAN, WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?"

although I came home from these examinations worn out and exasperated by what seemed to me the irrelevancy, senseless repetition and weary delay of the whole legal process, I could not but feel each day that the fatal net was drawn closer about my poor friend. During this time, as I say, I was freely permitted to see Ritter, although I was secretly aware that it was under espionage. In fact, I knew that I was being constantly shadowed. The studio also was under surveillance, principally, I fancy, from a desire to get hold of Beppo, who had disappeared completely.

miserable plight and ultimate peril, of which I nevertheless knew him to be fully conscious, his only thought was to soothe and comfort me. But to that end all that he could say was, "My little Claude, I do not know; I may have done it—I do not know."

At last came the day of the trial. I have no heart, even at this lapse of time, to describe the scene. In fact, I retain a very vague recollection of it all. The principal memory that I have is of a witness, a young doctor, whose appearance and words seem to have impressed

themselves upon my mind, just as I have heard that one figure or event impresses itself on the mind of a man in battle, the rest being dim and confused. This doctor gave professional testimony at great length on the subject of what he termed "sensory apperception." He seemed to be greatly interested in his topic and talked learnedly of the "visualizing power in man." Some possessed it stronger than others, he said, and it could be developed in a marvellous degree, as in the case of chess players, who played while blindfolded, authors who saw the characters they created walk the streets, and so forth. "It can be easily understood," he continued, "that insanity is sometimes induced by the morbid development of the visualizing power. An artist painting an imaginary portrait and becoming absorbed in his work might, under such conditions, see the figure enter into his daily life, see it walk, move, and at length believe in its reality. When the figure had a history, dark and romantic, which had appealed previously to the sensitive sympathies of the artist, additional force and strength would be given to the mania. Furthermore, when such a morbidly fascinating figure is depicted in the act of inciting to a deed of violence, and all of the accessories to that deed are supplied, even to the victim, identical in almost every particular with the original, it is easily conceivable that at a critical moment the diseased brain of the artist might consummate in reality what he had begun only in fancy."

What more is it necessary for me to say? This was the keynote of the whole trial: that my poor Franz was a madman and a murderer. It availed nothing that I swore to his bravery and gentleness, his manly spirit and generosity; that he, who was all goodness and tenderness, and incapable of hurting any living creature, would not, could not, sane or insane, have done so foul a thing! The verdict was—guilty.

When I heard that fatal word I went back to our desolate studio and, throwing myself on a lounge, buried my head in my arms in despair. How long I remained there, prostrated by grief and weariness, I do not know. I was aroused at last by hearing some one call my name. Looking up I saw, Beppo.

"What do you want?" I said, staring at him stupidly.

"Is it all over, signore?" he asked in his soft, low Italian.

"Yes," I replied, "it is all over."

"What will they do with him?"

"How do I know?" I answered bitterly. "They may send him to the guillotine. If not, they will put him in prison for the rest of his life. They had better kill him and be done with it," and I turned my face away.

There was a long silence. Then Beppo spoke again.

"Signore," he said, "I have sworn an oath to Saint Giuseppe that if it came to the worst I would save him, and by the help of the Holy Virgin I will. Listen to me."

Then I turned my head once more and looked up at the man in wonder. He was very pale, but his manner was calm and dignified. It would have been almost melodramatic in anyone else.

"You must come with me," he continued, "but no one must see us leave here together. Go out and get a carriage and wait at the corner of the Via dei Condotti. Hold a handkerchief in your hand and let it rest by the window. I will join you presently."

Then, without stopping to answer the questions I eagerly began to put to him, he left as silently as he came. Scarcely realizing or believing in the possibility of help coming from such a source, and yet feverishly ready to grasp at the slightest chance, I was now effectually aroused. The mystery which had always surrounded Beppo, and his unexpected appearance at this moment, perhaps induced me to hope for more from his words than from any ordinary, common-sense proposition. Hurriedly arranging my dress I went out and procured a cab and drove, as he had directed, to the corner of the Via dei Condotti. It seemed so long that I waited there that my heart gradually sank and I had difficulty in persuading myself that I was not upon a fool's errand. Then at last, and most unexpectedly, the carriage door opened and Beppo, muffled as usual, took a seat at my side.

"Tell him to drive to the magistrate's," he said.

I gave the order to the coachman and again began to question Beppo. But he only answered, "Wait, signore, wait."

Arrived at the magistrate's residence, in accordance with Beppo's instructions I sent in my card, with an urgent request for an interview. After a little delay we were shown into a room where we were presently joined by the man whose face I had grown to detest. Then Beppo, dropping his cloak, stepped forward and said :

"Eccellenza, I am Giuseppe Tombini."

"Ah," exclaimed the magistrate, starting back with a gesture of surprise, "Giuseppe Tombini !"

"Si, signore ; and I have come here to give information in regard to the murder of Girolamo Siotto."

"Wait," said the magistrate, and going to the door of the room he had left, he spoke to someone inside.

Presently two men appeared, one a *gendarme*, the other a clerk provided with writing materials.

"Take down what is said," ordered the magistrate. Then, after a little bustle of preparation he seated himself, and looking at Beppo curiously, signed for him to speak. For a minute or two Beppo was silent, and then, very pale, but with the same dignity which had marked all of his actions, he began to speak. He spoke rapidly and I had some difficulty in following him, but this is practically what he said :

"Your excellency knows that Girolamo Siotto was foully murdered in the Palazzo Cenci on the morning of the 14th of November. He was found in a room that *Signore Ritter*, the artist, was using as a studio. He was serving as a model of *Francesco Cenci* for *Signore Ritter*, and when discovered was dressed in his costume and was lying on the bed as though he had been posing. *Signore Ritter* was arrested and found guilty of the murder. For the past year, your excellency, *Signore Ritter* has been teaching me to paint pictures and in return I waited upon him in his studio. How that came about does not signify. But *Signore Ritter* was a noble-hearted gentleman and was very good and kind to me. That is why I am here now. Perhaps your excellency has heard that I have not always painted pictures, and that is true. Before I went to live with *Signore Ritter* I knew *Girolamo*, or *Il Cenci*, as he was called, well. It was I who got his services for my master, *Signore Ritter* having heard of his likeness

to *Francesco Cenci*. When I learned that *Girolamo* had been found dead in the studio, I knew that my master had not killed him, although the hand of the good God had been laid heavily upon him for his impiety in daring to paint such a picture in that unholy place, so that he himself is unable to say that he did not do it. I knew that it was not in his power to do such a thing. And I knew that there were many men, and women too, who hated *Il Cenci*, and could and would kill him if they got the chance. So then, loving my master, as I say, I made up my mind to go back once more and live with those with whom I had lived before and learn the truth.

"At first I was looked upon with suspicion, but when it became known that the police wanted me and that I was hiding from them, I had no trouble. But it was only yesterday that I found out what I wanted to know, and that by chance. I would never have told," and here Beppo raised his head somewhat defiantly, "if my master had not been found guilty ; but to save him I will tell."

Here he paused for a moment while every eye was fixed upon him, and it seemed to me that I could hear my heart beating in the silence.

"The murderer of *Girolamo Siotto*," continued Beppo distinctly, but in a lower tone, "is a woman, and her name is *Agata Fiorentini*. She killed him because *Il Cenci* had betrayed her, and then abused and deserted her. She would not have killed him perhaps except that he took up with another woman and aroused her jealousy. The way she did it was this : *Girolamo*, as everyone knows, was proud of his ancestor, *Francesco Cenci*, and ambitious to be as wicked. As I have said, it was this pride that made him want to act as model for *Signore Ritter* and be painted in the picture of the assassination. He talked about the painting a great deal among his friends, and would take them to the studio in the *Palazzo Cenci* at night, where, dressed in his costume and almost believing that he was *Francesco Cenci*, he would carouse with them until daylight. There are many secret passages in the *Palazzo Cenci*, and of course *Signore Ritter* knew nothing of all this. The day before the murder was the *fête* day of *Girolamo's* patron saint, and that night he

invited his friends to a feast in the studio. Agata Fiorentini and the woman for whom he had deserted her were among the guests. Dear body of Christ, that was a wild night! It was as though Francesco Cenci himself had come back from the grave. And all through their revelling Il Cenci devoted himself to his new mistress, just as if he had asked Agata to come only that he might enjoy her unhappiness. But though she was secretly raving with jealousy she showed no sign of it, and that made Il Cenci angry, so that at last he openly taunted her with her love, and abused her. But still she said nothing, until toward morning Girolamo threw himself half drunk upon the bed, and the rest, one by one, went away and left him there. But when they had all gone, the woman Agata came back. She found Girolamo lying on the bed just as he was painted in the picture, heavily, stupidly sleeping. She had heard the story of the painting often enough, and now she uncovered the canvas and stood before it for a long time. Then she went to the side of the bed and gazed at Il Cenci. The hammer and nail which figured in the picture lay near him on the coverlet. She picked them up and leaned over him and whispered: "Let mine be the hand to finish the work, my beloved. No foreign artist can do it half so well." With that she kissed the nail and drove it into his brain."

Beppo ceased. The silence which ensued was only broken by my long-drawn breath. The magistrate arose from his chair and began to pace the room; at last he said:

"This story that you have told to save your master is very plausible. But it amounts to nothing unless you are prepared to prove it."

"I understand that, *eccellenza*, and I ask to be confronted with this woman, Agata Fiorentini."

"But where is she to be found?" said the magistrate, stopping short and eying Beppo severely.

"Your excellency," he replied, "there is an alley leading from the *Pescheria* to the *Via Rua*, not far from the *Palazzo Cenci*. In it there is a house kept by one Antonio Baldelli, a Jew. The police will know the place and here they will find the woman I spoke of. But, your excellency," continued Beppo, holding up his hand to check the magistrate, "I implore you for the love of the Virgin to have them use

caution and secrecy, because, if the woman's friends become suspicious, they will never find her, and all will be undone."

This was the first time that Beppo's voice had altered from the quiet though almost defiant tone which had characterized his words throughout the interview. The magistrate reassured him with a gesture, and, sitting down, wrote a few hurried lines which he gave to his clerk, who immediately left the room. Then turning to Beppo he said, "You will remain here for the present," and to me he said, "Signore, you also will oblige me by remaining." I bowed, and the magistrate, pausing to whisper a word to the *gendarme* at the door, withdrew, leaving us alone and evidently, from the increased alertness of the guard, prisoners.

I will not dwell upon the emotions which preyed upon me during the ensuing hours of waiting. Confidence and distrust, hope and despair, alternated in my heart with the swinging of the pendulum of the clock upon the wall. It was all so strange, so sudden, so unexpected, this revelation of Beppo's. And while I did not for a moment doubt his story, I was tormented by the fear that the police, in whose intelligence and efficiency I had no confidence, would prove miserably incompetent for such a delicate piece of work, and allow this woman, hidden as she was in a thieves' den, to escape. The chances for poor Ritter were raised once more from the depths to which they had plunged, but by a thread so slender that in unskilful or unfriendly hands it seemed almost impossible that it would hold. I paced the room continually, glancing every moment at the clock and starting at every sound that reached my ear. At first I tried to induce Beppo to talk, but my efforts were met always by the same reply, "*Aspetti, signore, aspetti.*" More than once I found myself wondering at the man as he stood there leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, pale and still, without betraying a sign of impatience or anxiety. And more than once my thoughts went back to the time when Ritter brought him to our studio; when, suspicious and untamed, he had wrapped himself in his blanket and endured the tortures of his wounds, day after day, with scarcely the movement of a muscle. Evidently, gratitude with this man was no idle word. How little I un-

derstood him even then, the end will show.

The time dragged on. Three hours had now elapsed since the clerk had left, when suddenly my wandering thoughts were thrown back upon their immediate surroundings by the stopping of a carriage in front of the door. There was a moment's bustle at the entrance, and then the magistrate, followed by his clerk, once more came into the room. With a beating heart I watched them take their seats and make preparations for writing. Finally, turning to Beppo, the magistrate said:

"Agata Fiorentini is here. Do you wish her to enter?"

"Eccellenza," said Beppo, drawing himself up, "it will be best."

In obedience to a signal the gendarme opened the door and a woman, supported by two police officers, slowly entered the room. She was young and had once been handsome, but depravity and sickness had destroyed her beauty. That she was sick was very evident; in fact, the officers had almost to carry her to a chair. Perhaps that was the reason they had succeeded in effecting her arrest. As she leaned back in her seat, very white and weak, she gave one glance around the apartment. It was the look of a caged animal, and, quick as it was, nothing evaded it. Then her eyes dropped.

"Agata Fiorentini," began the magistrate slowly, "you are charged with the murder of Girolamo Siotto on the morning of the 14th of November, in the Palazzo Cenci. What have you to say?"

For a moment the woman looked at him from under her long black lashes, and then, in a thin, high voice, replied:

"Eccellenza, who accuses me?"

The magistrate pointed to Beppo, who stood at a little distance from her, and said: "Giuseppe Tombini."

The woman flashed one glance from her black eyes upon Beppo, and then, after a pause, answered in a stolid way:

"Eccellenza, it is true. Why should I

deny it? I have already confessed it to the good father Anselmo, and he has bidden me, as I hope for absolution, to speak the truth. He tells me that I have not long to live, and that is well. I have nothing to live for and would rather be dead than alive. So why should I fear what the law can do? Yes, I loved Girolamo and I killed him. Let it be written down."

But the next instant, with startling rapidity, as darkness is dispelled by a glare of lightning, her stolidity was replaced by fiery passion. Sitting erect she turned



BEPPLO, MUFFLED AS USUAL, TOOK A SEAT AT MY SIDE.

upon Beppo, and shaking her hand threateningly at him, she cried:

"But as for you, Giuseppe Tombini, foreigner's dog that you are! you have broken your oath by betraying me. Remember Il Falcon! Make your peace with God, if you can, for a black cross has been set against your name. Remember your oath! Remember the Monachetti! Remember the black cross! It is I, Agata Fiorentini, who bids you remember!"

With that she fell back in her chair exhausted. While Beppo, apparently unmoved except for a slight twitching around his mouth, answered not a word.

The silence was broken by the magistrate, who, after asking a few comparatively unimportant questions, to which the woman replied with sullen brevity, committed her to prison. To my surprise, Beppo was also taken in charge by the police. He seemed to anticipate this action, however, for when I was about to intercede for his liberty he checked me, and said it was necessary that he should remain with the gendarmes. When they took him away I shook hands with him and tried to tell him how grateful I was for all he had done. But he waved aside my protestations and said simply: "It is not for you, it is for Signore Ritter," and so departed.

As soon as my own liberty of action was restored to me, I hurried to the German embassy and related what had occurred. Beneath the surface of official manner I could see that the news created great astonishment. I was earnestly assured that steps would immediately be taken to secure for Ritter the full benefit of the real criminal's confession. Not content with this, however, I worked day and night, incessantly and feverishly, helping to accumulate circumstantial evidence to corroborate the woman's own admission, spurring on Ritter's influential advocates to demand his release, insisting on prompt action and protesting against delay. The result was that within four days of Beppo's unexpected appearance in my studio, Franz Ritter, thank God! was once more a free man.

My joy was great, but it was not unalloyed. For my friend was very ill, so ill that he had to be carried from the prison; so ill that he did not realize his freedom, or recognize me when I brought him the news. The doctors said that he was suffering from an attack of brain fever which had been coming on for some time, and urged me to remove him immediately from Rome and its associations. I needed no urging, for the place had become hateful to me. With the assistance of some of our artist friends, most of whom had shown sympathy in their own careless way throughout our troubles, I made arrangements for carrying Franz away to Civita Vecchia the very next day.

I had not been unmindful all of this time of the man who had befriended us, but my days were so occupied that I had been able to see him but once. The afternoon before our departure I called to see

him again, to wish him good-by. They had placed him in a sort of prison in a part of the city remote from where Ritter had been confined. While practically he was a prisoner it was as an important witness, and his treatment was not harsh, nor did I have any difficulty in obtaining access to him. On the previous occasion when I had visited him Beppo was taciturn and moody, but now, when I announced to him that Ritter was free he brightened up. His first question was whether he might not see him. And when I told him how sick Franz was and how he was unable to recognize any one, his disappointment was painful to witness. I tried to comfort him as well as I could. I pointed out that the trial of the Fiorentini woman would in all likelihood last but a few days, and that then he would be at liberty to join Franz and me at Civita Vecchia, and help nurse his master back to health. I dwelt upon how grateful Ritter would be when he knew all, and how we would always regard him as our friend.

At all of which Beppo shook his head and answered gloomily: "Signore, you do not understand. I owed my life to Signore Ritter, and I have given him mine in return."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I confess I do not understand. Surely they will set you free when the trial is ended, unless," I added, my old suspicions recurring to me, "unless the police have something against you of which you have not told me."

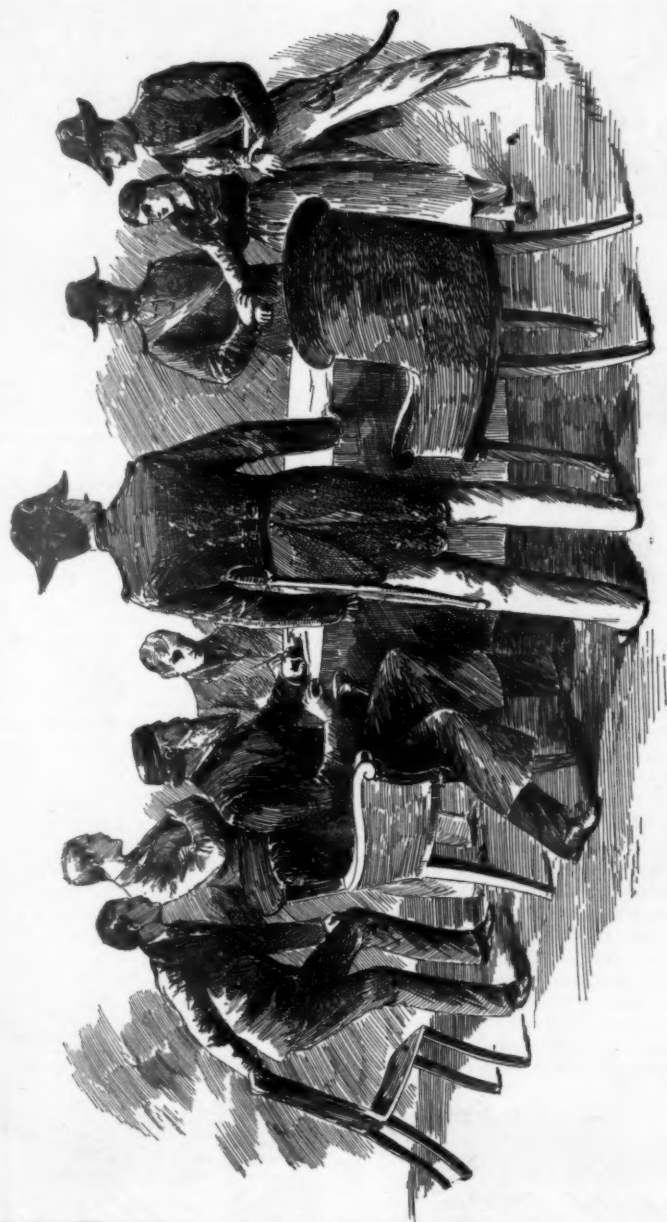
But Beppo dismissed this idea with a gesture of dissent, while he moodily repeated: "You do not understand."

Then suddenly the threatening language of the murderess in the magistrate's office flashed across my mind.

"Listen to me, Beppo," I said. "I think I know now what you are referring to. You belong to some infernal secret society or other, and you are afraid that some of the precious brotherhood are going to kill you for testifying against this woman. Isn't that so?"

"S—st, signore," exclaimed Beppo, putting his finger on his lips; "you had better not talk like that."

"Nonsense," I said. "All this mystery is simply ridiculous. If this woman's friends are going to revenge themselves on you, the most sensible thing you can do



A WOMAN, SUPPORTED BY TWO POLICE OFFICERS, SLOWLY ENTERED THE ROOM.

is to tell me all, and it will go devilish hard with me and my friends if we can't stand off all the macaroni-eating cut-throats in Rome, before we let them do you any harm."

I spoke warmly because my anger was aroused, partly by the menaces of such a cowardly, treacherous thing as this secret society, and partly by Beppo's tame acquiescence in them. But it was useless. Beppo's only reply to my argument was a gloomy shake of the head. He seemed to have resigned himself to a fatal apprehension in a stolid, stoical way that no reasoning could affect. Only once, when I offered to send him to the United States, did he seem to take courage, but instantly his head drooped, and he said:

"Signore, it is of no use. Rome or America, it is all the same. It is only a question of time. What does it matter whether the end comes today in Rome or a month from now in America? It will surely come." He drew a long breath and then, giving me his hand, he continued with some emotion: "All that you can do for me is to tell Signore Ritter, when he is well enough to understand, that it was I, Giuseppe Tombini, who saved him."

With that he turned away and, muffling himself in his cloak, he lay down upon a bench, once more impassive and apparently indifferent to my presence. I left him there, but with the determination that when the trial was ended I would return and take him away with me to Civita Vecchia, whether he would or no, and, if necessary, get him off to America.

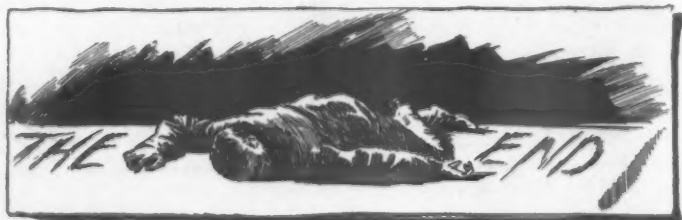
As I say, the next morning Franz and I left Rome for the seacoast. For two weeks my comrade drifted slowly toward death. But, thank Heaven! his strong young constitution stood him in good stead and at the turning of the tide he came back to life.

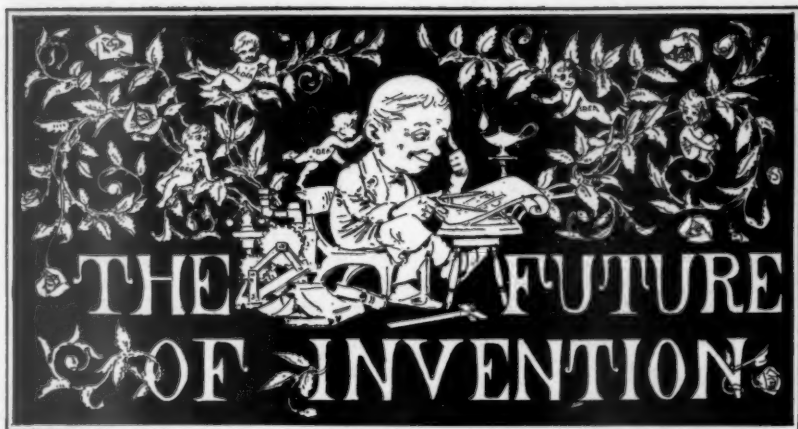
It was at the end of the second week, when Franz was declared out of danger, that I received a letter from my friend at the legation. I had enlisted his sympathies for Beppo before leaving, and he had promised to keep me informed of the trial of Agata Fiorentini. This letter announced that the trial had virtually ended and that Beppo had been set at liberty. I cared nothing what the finding of the court might be, or what the sentence. My only desire was to go back to Rome and look after Beppo. I was anxious about him, and when I found by the date of my letter that it had, as usual, been delayed somewhere for a couple of days, I became still more uneasy.

Saying nothing to Franz of the object of my trip, I took the first train for Rome. It was in the early morning that I started, and after making myself comfortable in the carriage with rugs and shawls, for the weather was cold, I proceeded to amuse myself with the magazines and papers which had formed part of my morning's mail. Some one writing a villanous hand had sent me from the city a copy of yesterday's *Voce del Popolo*. With idle curiosity I opened it, and almost instantly my eyes fell on a paragraph marked heavily in ink with a black cross. It was this:

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREETS OF ROME.

At an early hour this morning the body of a man was found in the Via Rua. When discovered the corpse was lying upon its face with a knife thrust in the back. Evidently a case of assassination. The only clue to the murder was the poniard with which the deed had been committed and which was still buried in the wound. On the handle was roughly scratched the word "*Monachetti*." At the morgue the remains were identified by the police as those of Giuseppe Tombini.





BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

WE are in the midst of an important economic transition era; one of those sharply accented passages in the track of the centuries where the features of the road undergo a marked change. As in a journey from one climatic zone to another, we have been slowly leading up to the new conditions; but the changes, like the movement of a clock's hour hand, are so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. Suddenly we are aware that circumstances have become quite different from those we remember well back in our way, and we begin to perceive the necessity of adapting ourselves to them. When we awake on a railway train and find ourselves in the tropics we feel the need of lighter, easier garments than those we wore yesterday where there was frost. If we do not make the change, but cling with conservative fondness to the clothing that has been so comfortable, we suffer.

On every hand we see marks of the changes; there is a handwriting on the wall that tells those who can read that the day of commercial competition is nearing its end. There are many, to be sure, who cannot read; like the ancient inhabitant who refused to draw conclusions from the evidence surrounding him, they admit there is something of a flood, but they think it is not going to last, and so they

decline to enter the ark and decide to trust to their umbrellas. To be sure, great combinations and business consolidations are increasing with alarming rapidity they say, but they also maintain there is nothing to indicate that they are going to become permanent; and that great remedy, restrictive or prohibitive legislation, is looked to to make these monster enterprises impossible, and revive with its dictum the feasibility of "healthy competition."

But the laws of nature rise superior to parliamentary mandates; it takes something more than paper enactments to direct and change their operation. In these new conditions that confront us we have the working of a natural law. When modern science has enabled us to produce on a large scale, when rapid communication has brought all parts of the world near together, enabling quick and cheap distribution of these products, when the same communication practically annihilates distance in the transmission of messages, then it is no more possible to prevent men from uniting their powers of capital and energy for the accomplishment of vast undertakings than it is to prevent the coalescence of sympathetic chemical elements when brought into conjunction. Men do not oppose each other in business for the sake of opposition, but in the hope of gaining an advantage; and when they once see that profit lies in the direction of



THE MAN WHO DESIGNED THE BOW AND ARROW.

acting together instead of in competition, it would be the height of folly for them to refuse to act in the way where their interest evidently lies.

If to this it be replied that man is slow to learn, it may be allowed that he is, so far as theory alone is concerned; but when theory's lesson is enforced by example, then the case is quite different. Circumstances are compelling us into relations that require us to change our lines of action. Man is the most imitative of creatures, and when he sees others succeed by adopting a certain course, he is quick to take the hint. In the modern business world this is particularly true. From the moral standpoint it may be pointed out that competition is wrong. While the cut-throat principle rules the world, men must strive for success at the cost of their neighbors, and under that principle it is absolutely impracticable to carry out or live up to the religious or ethical precepts which all right-thinking people acknowledge to be the true guides of conduct. It is not this, however, that is working the change, but the "logic of events," the evolution of new conditions, that are making it easier and more desirable for men to work in unison toward a common end than against each other, each for his own assumed interest. It is easy to perceive that, in working only for himself and therefore against everybody else, the individual is really working against him-

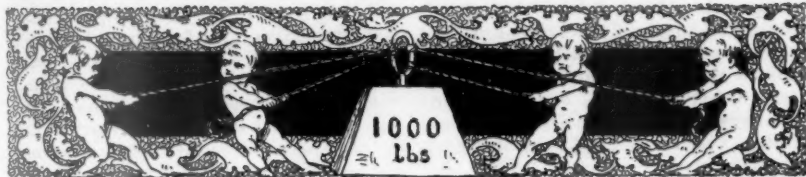
self, for he brings into opposition the powers of all other individuals who are also striving only for themselves and thereby against him. It will be a perception of the practical aspect of the question that will induce, or rather compel, men to the adoption of the sounder principle; a realization of the unspeakable wastefulness resulting from competition and of the corresponding gain from working coöperatively.

But what effect will the new economic order have on the development of inventive skill? Will not the absence of competition remove what is perhaps the greatest incentive to invention—the demand for means of accomplishing certain things better and more cheaply, and thereby gaining a profit? This is a very serious question, and if it can be shown that inventive progress would thereby be discouraged, it would make the change a most undesirable one. The subject can only be rightly considered by looking at the history of invention and the motives that cause it.

While this is known as peculiarly the age of invention—and there has, indeed, so far as history relates, been nothing in the past comparable to the achievements of the nineteenth century in the inventive field—it would be wrong to assume, as



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.



many of us seem disposed to, that the inventive faculty is in itself something new, like some of the great powers it has placed in the hands of man. It is evident that this faculty has been at the base of all human progress. Looking back into the past we can find no time when it has not, in some degree, been operative. Even among savage and primitive peoples we encounter it; all the devices whose employment distinguishes man from the lower animals are due to it. The man who, myriads of years ago, first designed the bow and arrow, and his predecessor of perhaps millions of years before, who first learned how to make and maintain a fire, must have felt the same keen and supreme exaltation that has thrilled the soul of a Gutenberg, a Newton, a Watts or an Edison, when the light of their discoveries flashed upon their minds.

We can trace the working of this faculty as far back as we can trace man's existence, and ethnology has before it one of the most fascinating of problems in the study of the development of invention among primitive peoples. For, fixed as the ways of the savage may seem to be, the close observer who lives with him will be likely to trace it in little things, like the making of some slight improvement over the customary process of shaping a tool or utensil, and observe how its adoption slowly spreads. Comparatively few, however, are the moments of inventive manifestation that we can fix or assign to any particular period of remote history, like the invention of printing or of gunpowder in our own modern civiliza-

tion. There is one precious example of such a moment occurring among a primitive people, so recently and so near at hand as to offer an invaluable opportunity for the student who seeks data for arriving at the conditions of similar moments in the development of peoples or cultures that long since may have vanished. This example is the astonishing invention of the Cherokee alphabet by Sequoyah, the Indian Cadmus, moved by the observation of the employment of writing and printing by the whites with whom he had come into contact; actuated by his appreciation of the increased range of action and power attainable from the "talking leaves," but ignorant of the method of operation and arriving at his results by independent mental processes and distinct devices.

So far as we can see, every invention or discovery has grown out of preceding and surrounding conditions, has met some necessity of its time or place, and could not appear until circumstances were ripe for it, being as thoroughly a step in natural evolution as any stage in the development of species or in the geological building of the continents. "When the materials are all prepared and ready, the architects shall appear," writes Whitman. A real invention marks a moment for which all that has gone before has been slowly preparing, as the slow growth of the plant has been leading up to the moment when the bloom breaks out; the individual who produces the invention is as the bud in which the vital energies of the plant are focussed for the blossoming.

We are accustomed to look at China as



a stagnant nation, a land that stands upon a well-advanced level of culture, but unprogressive and petrified. But to have attained that level it must have passed through very active eras, and the birth of some of its great arts, like that of porcelain making, may be assigned to periods comparatively recent in relation to the high antiquity of the country. China still possesses the accumulations of its vast experiences in literature, art and mechanical discoveries, and its influence upon other peoples in the East is comparable to that of Greece and Rome in the West. These accumulations have all been acquired to meet some need of the country. Though the nation seems to be at a standstill, it is likely that the great force still resides within it; its operation imperceptible, like the movement of a glacier or the upheaval of continents. Unless that folk really be decadent, and destined to disintegration before the advance of the Aryan race, it is not improbable that the influence of the West may quicken the pulse of China into the activity that it must have exhibited in former

ages, and the keen perceptiveness that is today a leading trait of that vastest of peoples—manifest in their remarkable talents for imitating and utilizing the devices of others—may once more be complemented by an originaive faculty that, while it now seems to be dead, is perhaps but dormant. Let there but occur necessities within that cannot be satisfied from without, and the means for meeting them would probably again be developed as in former times.

At the other end of the scale stands America, where inventive skill has reached an activity unequalled elsewhere. Yet it would be a mistake for us to arrogate this fact to any racial superiority of our people. The high plane occupied by invention here is due rather to the favorable conditions that surround us. This is indicated by the

fact that some of the most important of American inventions have been the work of foreigners. Ericsson may be mentioned as an instance, while Alexander Graham Bell, when he invented the telephone, had been but a comparatively few years in our country, and, indeed, had not then become an American citizen. Nor must we forget that the attainments in this field have been very great in Europe; some of the most important of modern inventions and discoveries have been made in England, France and Germany, and our fertility in originating and promptness in utilizing new ideas is matched by the readiness of Germany to accept them and by the thoroughness with which they are applied in that country.

We enjoy here the advantage of a ground

encumbered with less of the dead wood of old methods and devices to be cleared away, and, in general, we are less hampered by restrictions to the free play and realization of our ideas. Our comparative sparseness of population, our vast area to be developed, and our great distances to be covered, have all correspondingly encouraged the

creation of labor-saving and distance-annihilating instrumentalities. The demand for these has quickened the faculties to supply it, in accordance with the evolutionary law that demands growth through effort in the direction of applied stimulus.

Our advantage over Europe in this encouragement of invention by environment may be illustrated by imagining a condition which should still further promote it in our country. Suppose that some epidemic should sweep through the land and cause that useful animal, the horse, to take its place in the numerous ranks of extinct species. In the epizootic that prevailed in the autumn of 1872 in many parts of the country, and which occasioned, among other serious losses, the great fire in Boston, with its destruction of something like \$80,000,000 of property, we



THE SCEPTIC.



THE ATTITUDE OF CHINA.

cause of wear and tear on roadways at present—the cost of their maintenance would be slight. The most effective form of motive power would be adopted. Existing water ways would be availed of and improved, and new ones would be created where practicable. It is also likely that

had a suggestion of the immediate consequences that might follow. The results would be terribly disastrous at first; there would be widespread suffering, a crippling of transportation facilities and immense losses in all directions. But, fearful though the price, would the affliction not finally prove a benefit? Consider how inventive talent would be stimulated to make up the loss! The possession of facilities of an inferior kind, indispensable though they have been to our progress, retards our attainment of superior facilities in the same field, and so prevents an accelerated progress. With the horse removed entirely, we should be likely to gain in a decade the advantages which otherwise might demand a century for their realization. Means of transportation by mechanical devices would be vastly increased, improved, cheapened and quickened. The comfort of city life would be inestimably enhanced; the streets would be smoothly paved, and free from dust, mud and animal filth, thus improving sanitary conditions and, by reducing to a minimum the noise and confusion of the town, removing one of the chief draughts upon the nervous energy of the inhabitants. In all parts of the country good roads would become universal, paved with some smooth material like asphalt, and, relieved from the destructive action of horses' hoofs—the chief

the coming of the era of practical aerial navigation would be hastened. We should thus see a universal, but temporary, calamity become one of the greatest factors in the material advancement of civilization.

What are the chief discouragements to inventive progress? We have seen that one of these is the hinderance imposed by the existence of inferior methods for accomplishing work of the same class to which improved means would apply. To this is allied the suppression of valuable patented devices in the interest of monopolies, their suppression in the interest of labor, and the competition among inventions themselves. Great as the influence of the patent system has been and is, in the encouragement of invention, it has nevertheless been very considerably abused in enabling the purchase and suppression of valuable inventions by parties interested in maintaining methods that the new means would otherwise supplant. Persons controlling corporations, or exerting, either directly or through connections, a powerful influence therein, are often enabled to secure a preference for one device over something that may be far superior. Great corporations enjoying monopolies of their business are likely to be indifferent to the improvement of their service in the interest of their patrons and the employment of

better means for the convenience of the latter, unless they have been thoroughly taught that it is for their interest to do so. The telegraph and telephone monopolies in this country are instances of this; the former resting upon the assimilating capacity of a large accumulation of capital in one enterprise, and the latter upon the proprietorship of a basic invention. The practical adoption of any improvement in the telegraph or telephone would not at present be possible without the consent of these companies.

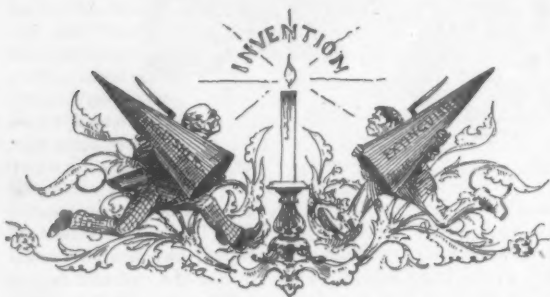
In the same way the sleeping and draw-

whelling in the way of economy or convenience as to make it profitable to adopt it universally.

The supplanting of one form of machinery by an improved form, and the injury or destruction of enterprises with their capital invested in the old, is one of the greatest elements of cost or waste in modern production, and manufacturers are obliged often to figure very closely to see whether it would profit them to adopt some improved method. It frequently happens that no sooner has a new way of doing something been perfected and set in operation than someone else comes forward with still another means of reaching the same result, and either by his competition prevents the other from reaping fully the anticipated harvest of his skill, or supersedes the former method entirely and ruins the enterprise.

The opposition of labor to the introduction of new inventions is very old.

From the early days of the



ing-room car business in this country operates against the adoption of improvements in that field. It is chiefly in the hands of two great companies, and by reason of their contracts with railway corporations it is impracticable for new enterprises in the same line to gain foothold. Although greatly improved facilities may be devised, yet, if they involved a radical change in existing methods, even should the present companies be inclined to adopt them, it would be difficult to do so on account of the enormous capital invested in their present cars and the cost of a change.

The advantage of uniformity in a mechanical system largely operates against the practicability of improvement. One form of power brake, for instance, is used on nearly all the railways in the country; it is essential that only one style should be used, owing to the necessity for connections between the various lines. The same holds true in regard to couplings, methods of heating from the locomotive, etc.; it would be difficult for any improvement to gain favor unless it could be used in combination with existing devices, except that its advantages should prove so over-

power loom and the railway down to the present time the story has been the same—on the part of the workers the most strenuous opposition to the employment of labor-saving devices, for fear of being thrown out of work. Experience has shown us that, on the whole, there has been no loss of occupation for the working classes from this cause, since the increased production attendant upon the use of labor-saving machinery and the creation of new industries causes a demand for labor under the new conditions at least equal to that existing before. Yet nearly every mechanical device that does the work formerly performed by several persons can hardly fail to effect great injury to many individuals, and even to large classes of workmen, by reducing them from the rank of skilled to unskilled laborers, and disturbing the equilibrium of industry. The progress of invention would be, doubtless, very much more rapid were it not for this opposition on the part of labor, and production would be correspondingly cheapened. Organized labor has of late years exerted a powerful influence against the substitution of mechanical processes for the more slow and costly

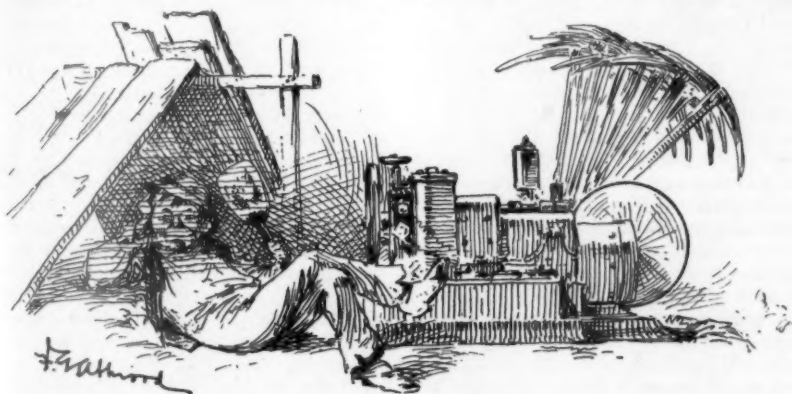
hand work. That strong organization in the boot and shoe industry, for instance, the Lasters' Union, forbids the employment of machinery to do any part of the work within its province, and, in consequence, some very costly devices in shoe shops have been compelled to stand idle. Owing to the objection of the Knights of Labor, the use of power presses in the engraving department of the National Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington is not allowed, although the cost of production is enormously increased to the government by the employment of hand presses. Labor cannot be blamed for this opposition in its own behalf, any more than capital can be blamed for combating any measures that tend to limit its liberty of action, even though those measures may be really to the advantage of the public as a whole. And it may be doubted if the condition of the factory laborer of today, who is a mere tender of machinery, and subordinate to the instrument, is so favorable as was that of the skilled all-round hand workman, the intelligent master of his tools, whom he has replaced. Yet every improvement that lightens physical toil ought to prove a benefit to the toiler. Is it not possible that conditions favorable to this end may be realized?

Let us suppose the present manifest economic tendencies of the world carried out to their logical conclusion in the complete overthrow of the competitive principle of trade, and the full development of methods of combination and consolidation of industry. Let us go still farther, and

suppose the aims of social reformers, particularly the nationalists, realized, and all industry carried on by the state directly in the service of the people, abolishing the numerous successive stages of profit-slicing that attend each handling of a product, as well as the unspeakable wastes that unavoidably attend the competitive system. This would necessitate a vast industrial army in the service of the nation; an army comprising substantially the entire population and thus itself constituting the nation. Visionary though such a consummation may appear, let us suppose its practicability. What would be the result? What effect would it have on the future of inventive development?

But first, it is necessary for us to ascertain just what are the incentives to invention. If the inventor is simply spurred on by the pursuit of profit, then hope for further improvement would be vain. With all transactions limited solely to those between the nation, on the one hand, as the collective producer and the distributor, and the individuals composing the nation, on the other hand, as the consumers, there would be no opportunity for personal pecuniary profit. Therefore there would be no use for patent laws, since there would be no profit to be guaranteed the inventor. But, after all, the hope of profit is but a minor consideration with the inventor.

While to those who purchase his patent rights and who too often contrive to defraud him of the fruits of his skill, the controlling motive is that of pecuniary gain—usually derived through high capitaliza-



THE LABORER OF THE FUTURE.



tion, speculation and the making of the new benefit to the world as costly to individuals as possible—such is not the case with the inventor. The man of genuine inventive talent or genius only cares for profit because the return which it gives him will enable him to continue the work for the sake of doing which he exists.

The inventor lives in the same realm as the poet, the painter, the composer of music. His mind has touch with the unseen; with the hands of his soul he grasps the formless, and that which takes shape in his imagination he endows with substance for his fellow men. The doing of this is the great motive that controls him. Would he not have the same incentive, and even a greater one, under the new conditions? All sordid considerations would disappear. A valuable invention may now lie unutilized because of the expense involved in bringing it out, or because unimaginative profit seekers cannot perceive its scope. With the contingency of personal aggrandizement removed, and with simply utility, in its largest sense, as the main consideration, it would seem that the incentive to the inventor would become greater than ever. With the affairs of the nation administered in behalf of the entire people, and not in the interest of a class, invention would naturally receive the greatest encouragement. Even at present we see in those industrial activities that have become nationalized an impulse to-

ward the improvement of their operation by the adoption of the best devices; an impulse fully as great as in private enterprises. The German postal service, the best and most completely equipped in the world, is always on the lookout for any new method that will enhance its effectiveness, and it was in the municipal gasworks of English cities that the great improvements in the utilization of residues were made.

The chief services of invention are the lifting of the world's culture into higher planes through the enlargement of human activities and the expansion of human faculties by the creation of new fields of effort and new agencies for work. One of its greatest values is the saving of labor to men, relieving them from the arduous and incessant toil that deadens the higher faculties and keeps the individual upon the lower physical and intellectual levels. Under present conditions the labor-saving potentialities of invention are limited and hampered, both by the interests of the toilers and the indifference of capitalists. The former fear to be deprived of their scanty subsistence through the substitution of mechanical contrivances for their own muscular power, thus making their struggle against each other for bread still fiercer. And so long as laborers are abundant and cheap, capital is indifferent to lightening their toil, wherever its own interests are not immediately promoted thereby.

But, under conditions where all labor would be performed in the direct service of the nation, and therefore for its own sake, instead of in the service of capital, its interests would lie wholly in the direction of the lightening of its burdens. For there would be no fear of loss to the workers even with the greatest possible multiplication of their productive capacity through machinery. On the contrary, the result would be the increased recompense for work in consequence of the enormously increased production, together with such a shortening of the hours of toil that all would have abundant leisure for the enjoyment of life and for self-improvement. With the increased production thus brought about, there would be no danger of the crises and suspensions of industry caused by the present unnatural phenomenon of over-production in the face of destitution, for the wants of the whole people would always be met. Therefore, with leisure would come the means to take advantage of the opportunities it would offer. The improvement in the physical, mental and moral conditions of the entire mass of civilized society could not fail to be enormous, to the mutual benefit of all individuals composing it.

There would thus come from the workers themselves such a stimulus to inventive endeavor as has never yet been seen. There would be a demand for a relief of the coarser, most arduous and disagreeable grades of hand labor through effective mechanical agencies, and this demand could not fail soon to be met. Machinery would ultimately be employed wherever violent and continuous muscular exertion is now required. For example, there would probably be mechanical substitutes for the pick and shovel that would multiply to an enormous extent the working capacity of an army of laborers. So it would be with nearly every hand tool. By this

means vast undertakings of a titanic character might be carried out successfully. These enterprises would be of a nature so great that the construction of a work like the Panama canal might seem like child's play in comparison. They would hardly be thought possible now, since private capital would not have the courage, or even the power, to embark in them, and their very mention would today be received with ridicule. But it is even conceivable that, with such resources at the disposal of the race, works might be taken in hand which would change the climate of vast regions of the globe, such as the transformation of much of the northern portion of our continent into fertile and habitable tracts, with mild temperature ever prevailing, by means of some great engineering undertaking that would admit the warm ocean currents from the South into the Arctic seas. The motive for any great enterprise would not be the profits that might come to its undertakers, but the utility which it would have for mankind.

The development of the inventive faculty in humanity has been like the increase of a useful plant whose seed has fallen upon fertile ground. Its spreading out through the world has been steadily sure, however slow at times; and it has overcome all plants of inferior character, stubbornly though they may have stood in the way. So firmly is it now rooted that weak indeed is the vision of those who fancy that any change of conditions undergone by civilized society can bar its advance. Every fruit that it matures contains in its seeds the keys for unlocking new recesses in nature's mysterious and inexhaustible treasure house. With each advance there comes an increase of man's power, an extension of his vision. The vistas of attainment opening out before his eyes seem infinite.



OPPORTUNITY FOR CULTURE.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS—SHERMAN—BISMARCK.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE war of the States seems far away since General Sherman died and there is a sense of loss and lonesomeness in the land. Of those who, in the closing campaigns of the great conflict, were the supreme leaders of the heroes and the victors none remain. Schofield, Howard and Slocum are a distinguished group, and Rosecrans commanded the army of the Cumberland in two of the most sanguinary battles of the struggle, Stone river and Chickamauga; but only Thomas, Meade and Hancock were awarded by public opinion the celebrity of association with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and Sherman's name alone was lifted up with that of Grant, while he, as has been finely said, seemed as he had no civil career to be more deeply identified with the war than Grant himself. In the closing operations, planned by Grant and Sherman together, it fell to the latter to lead the memorable march through the heart of the Confederacy, that was the most striking episode in the history of modern warfare, and prepared the South to accept the surrender of Lee as closing the combat; while the movement from Atlanta to the sea and again on the old line of the advance of Cornwallis to the invasion of Virginia had a dash of adventure and the glow of romance, and was the demonstration that the national power was irresistible. When Sherman, while Atlanta was in flames, sent his last telegrams north, and his 60,000 men were swinging off south, their destination a mystery, he turned his horse's head down the roads that led to the Gulf and the ocean, and passing a column of the boys in blue, one of them, stepping with the long stride the veterans knew, his rifle on his shoulder and all his equipage on his back, said, "Uncle Billy, I suppose Grant will be waiting for us at Richmond." Sherman frowned and smiled at once. That was just what he was thinking about, and the inspiration of the boy with the gun pleased him. He was on high terms with the troops. When on the march through South Carolina, noticing the splendid muscles of a soldier displayed by the trousers tattered

to the knees, he called to him and said "Hello! how would you like to trade those legs of yours for my boots? I should like a pair of that kind." "No, Uncle Billy," said the soldier, "I need them legs; can't spare 'em, even for you." The special hope of Sherman's army, moving off into the unknown from Atlanta, was that it should be their fortune to meet Lee; that he might abandon Richmond, get away from Grant, and find them; and then they proposed to "finish the war." Doubtless it was the last hope of Lee, as a military man, to abandon Richmond, evade Grant, join Joe Johnston and fall upon Sherman with the whole armed force of the Confederacy.

The criticism has been made upon the march to the sea, that it was a hazardous abandonment of the West, and that only the great capacity of Thomas, attended by good fortune, prevented irretrievable disaster. But Sherman was from the beginning of hostilities opposed to the occupation of a great breadth of country. His policy was that of destroying the resources of the enemy, holding a few strong positions well fortified, and massing the aggressive forces. When he was at Atlanta his base was Louisville, and there was an enormous stretch of road to protect. He did not care for merely holding land and water, and, troops or no troops, the masses of the people of Tennessee and Kentucky were Confederate sympathizers and, so far as they could be, active helpers. If the force in garrisons not essential to the cause to hold could be rapidly concentrated, they would, with the divisions Sherman left behind, be ample to take care of Hood, and it was sound policy that the spur of necessity should stimulate the authorities and the people to the exertion needful to give with safety the largest liberty to Sherman's chosen 60,000 men. Sherman's expedition compelled the execution of the very policy he had advocated from the day he occupied Memphis. Hood told his men, at the desperate battle of Franklin, that the blue line they saw was all that was between them and the Ohio river. Even if they had broken the line, the troops composing it could not

have been annihilated. The capture of Nashville and Louisville would not have reinforced the Confederate army, and if that army had captured Cincinnati the city would have swallowed it, and if that city had been destroyed by fire as Chicago was a few years later, that could neither have established the Confederacy nor dissolved the nation.

The grim game of war was being played by masters. The country was before them like a chessboard. Sherman made the winning move, and there was associated with it, when the stroke was delivered, and will be forever, the sentiment that there was greater glory for the legions and their leader who parted the Confederacy with fire and sword from the great rivers of the West to the Atlantic, than even for those who held the gallant and wasted army of northern Virginia in a relentless grasp at Richmond, and wrote the luminous chapter of immortal history that tells of a generosity that was as great as the victory was complete at Appomattox. The surrender of Lee to Grant was followed by that of Johnston to Sherman, and the latter was thought for a time to have abandoned safeguards in his anxiety for immediate peace. His convention with Johnston was not approved, and the people first began to consider how, under the theories of the government that had been steadily maintained, the unqualified triumph of the national arms could be made permanently useful. Some are still thoughtful about it.

Sherman's reputation at the close of the war was that of one who regarded the conduct of military operations as the science of barbarism and the art of desolation; and in his negotiations with Johnston was first displayed before the general public—after he was famous—his impetuous magnanimity. Johnston, it will be remembered, suffered in the estimation of Jefferson Davis for holding that surrender of his forces was a necessity, but his army was dissolving like snow in summer. Mr. Davis had not estimated the influence of the devouring march of the western armies, but Johnston, Beauregard and Breckinridge understood it well. Sherman resented the action of Secretary Stanton in condemning his first arrangement with Johnston, and refused to shake hands with him on the president's platform in front of the White House, when he was the hero

of the day in the last review of his grand and grim army. It was a pity that two men who had done so much for their country should have had so deep a difference.

Three men more unlike each other than Grant, Sherman and Sheridan in physical appearance and mental characteristics could not have been found if selected for contrasts, and yet they belonged together, and will be identified always as a group separate from all others. The friendship of Grant and Sherman was remarkable for its constancy, familiarity and unselfishness. Each felt that he had need of the other—that there was a completeness in their association. Sherman opposed Grant's Vicksburg campaign, for it seemed rash; and then was unreserved in his admiration, willing all the world should know his mistake and give Grant the greater glory. Sheridan made his appearance as a great figure late. He was a hard fighter at Stone river, but was not fortunate at Chickamauga. Grant saw in him, before he knew anything about it himself, the cavalry leader the army of the Potomac wanted, and took him from the West, much to his discomfiture, and gave him the opportunity he gloriously improved to immortalize himself. There is no higher evidence of Grant's capacity than his selection of Sheridan and the work he gave him to do. In the early days of the war the people were looking for superb characters to play the parts in the mighty drama. The leading idea was that stately and glittering personages would appear; that, above all, a young Napoleon would dazzle the world and overcome the enemies of the nation by the force of genius rather than the shedding of blood. The reality of the statesmanship of Lincoln was but slowly apprehended. The sagacity that waited patiently—while the secessionists committed all the faults possible, abandoning constitution and flag and firing on Sumter—and so united the people of the North and divided the border states, is clear now to all, but was regarded by the heated and hurrying citizens of the time as the wild luck of doing nothing. Who could have supposed the rugged Lincoln, known only as a lawyer and stump debater, would show at the outset his superiority in handling the elements that were to determine the conflict, to the accomplished and long-

conspicuous Jefferson Davis? In the first months of warfare the generals of the national forces were nearly all politicians, and given to proclamations about slavery that were expected to captivate the fancy of the people when the war was over, and yield a few presidencies. Such was the infatuation in this respect that more than one man high in rank and ability inflicted irreparable damage upon himself with his pen.

There was nothing of this in Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, and, indeed, the era of frantic orders, signed by major generals commanding, had passed away before they took their historical places. They represented war as a business of destruction, of the expenditure of blood and the desolation of states. They were not concerned about defining their position on the slavery question, or the rights of localities. They ceased to try to cover the country with armies, concentrated the troops, and forced the fighting. President Lincoln was relieved because he saw the men had been found who understood crushing the Confederates. He was appalled at the costly sacrifices made, but the cause demanded, and all was answered. It is remarkable that Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were all southwestern Ohio boys. Grant was within twenty miles and Sherman a hundred of his birthplace, when they met at the Burnet house, Cincinnati, and arranged the last campaign, expressly proposing to put all forces in motion in co-operation and fight to a finish. In the course of the execution of the plans, which included the whole of the contested part of the continent, there was wonderfully displayed the special fitness of each of the three leaders for precisely that which he had to do. Grant, with his base at City Point, was not to capture Richmond for political effect, but to hold Lee and wear out and destroy his army. It was not the taking of the confederate capital that would end the war, but the annihilation of the army of North Virginia would be the end.

Sherman's task was to move from one of the two great focal points of the South, Chattanooga, to the other, Atlanta, and cut the Confederacy through by land as had already been done by holding the Mississippi river. Sheridan's part was to destroy the resources of Virginia as Sher-

man those of Georgia and the Carolinas. While Grant was inflexible Sheridan was mobile, and had, above all men, the field marshal's faculty of using masses of men swiftly. And at last, when Lee's lines were broken, Sheridan crossed his path and the end came. It is told that when Thomas Ewing visited the home of the wife and children of Judge Sherman, who had left them by sudden death unprovided, and said it was his desire to care for and educate one of the boys, the little ones of the bereaved household said, "Cump is the smartest, take him." Now that General Sherman's intense individuality is no longer manifest in our midst it is safe to say, when his military achievements and his writings are studied complete and estimated with composure, his reputation for originality in war will increase and his intellectual eminence, which has not been sufficiently regarded, will be universally conceded. His writings are voluminous and his reports and letters masterly. It has been happily said of his literary work, that it is as if Wellington had written like Napier. Grant himself confirmed the opinion of the children, that in mental gifts Sherman was to be named first of all.

There is a combination of distinctions in the war record of Sherman rarely considered and that is essential to an adequate idea of the stature of the man. It is that he was the first of his countrymen who had a realizing knowledge of the gigantic proportions the war must assume, and the fierce and desperate spirit in which it would be carried on. He especially did justice to the military capacity and determined character of the southern people. It was his fortune, with the full understanding of the task, to deal the blow that finally disheartened the Confederates, and caused their acquiescence in surrender. More than this: unreserved and hearty and picturesque of speech as he was, he gradually overcame, by the inherent integrity and generosity of his nature, the bitter and burning remembrance of the greater number of his fellow citizens who had been his enemies, of the remorseless destructiveness with which he made war, until they were able to see that he was not a barbarian but one of the most genial and lovable of men; an invader and a conqueror, but a true soldier and gentleman and—let the last word be

written above all as he would have had it—a true patriot.

* * *

THE fashion of saying that Prince Bismarck has disappeared from history, that his influence has vanished and that he will be heard from no more in great affairs, may be continued for some time; for there is a temptation, into which shallow thoughtfulness and hollow information are often led, to disguise the commonplace that has currency in forms of expression superficially striking but having the weakness of lacking the reserved force that springs to the front at the piercing touch of investigation. It should be remarked that while the Emperor of Germany asserts himself, he has been not kindly but courteous toward Bismarck, whose personal presence is still felt in the country, and is not the less a power because it is informal. The imperial and military circles would disguise the fact if they could, but all the world knows Bismarck built the German empire, and that the courts and the armies were in his hands; and the fact that he no longer holds office only gives him increase of dignity. The impatience of the emperor might have been expected. It was natural to one of his years, temperament and education. His sense of position was so keen that he could not consent to be overshadowed before the people. Even the old Emperor William was troubled sometimes when popular exclamations, that recognized the chancellor as the master, reached his ears. The empire is firm on its pillars, and if any of them have been shaken, it has not crumbled. Bismarck is not far away, and the comparative moderation of the factions of liberals and socialists may be attributed to their anxiety that no complications warranting a call for him shall occur. They enjoy comparative ease while he is in retirement. The sight of his spurs again would cause them spasms.

The impetuosity of the emperor and his rapid strokes as an executive have been illustrated by the change of Count Waldersee from chief of staff to corps commander. This is the logical following of becoming too great a favorite at court. It is said that the emperor means by the change something more than has been announced or appeared; that he does not intend the chief of staff shall hereafter be

held to be the actual commander in the field; that he means himself to guide the armies, and not merely decorate them with his presence. He can hardly expect to find in himself, however, the capacities his grandfather discovered and engaged in Bismarck and Moltke, and it may be recalled to him that his father displayed a superiority to vanity in regard to his chief of staff that is the highest testimony of ability and manliness. Of course, the kings and emperors, princes and grand dukes, and all the privileged persons, have to take the leading show part in wars, and as they are not as a rule better fitted than others to command, they have to be taken care of and not allowed to lead the troops and themselves to slaughter and destruction. They must be at the front, for it would never do to permit untitled officers to gather the harvest of glory, for if they did they would themselves soon be the military aristocracy. One of the reasons for the wonderful success of Napoleon in his youth was because the forces opposed to him were encumbered with members of royal families, and one of the causes of the downfall of Napoleon was that he became an emperor, established a nobility after his own fancy and made kings of his brothers and brothers-in-law. In the seven weeks' war that overwhelmed Austria, the crown prince of Prussia was in command of one of the armies, and his chief of staff, Blumenthal, wrote a letter to his wife, that fell into the hands of the Austrians and was published. It contained this expression: "When you see in the papers something about the crown prince, remember that means me." Frederick had the good sense to forgive his chief, and one of the handsome acts of his brief reign was to appoint Blumenthal a field marshal.

With Russia irritable, notwithstanding the conspicuous politeness of Germany, Bismarck consolidated central Europe in the alliance with Austria and Italy. He made that alliance firm with every art and force at his disposal, and guarded it as the one thing essential to German security and European peace. Until within a few months, since Bismarck's episode of private life began, the French have been equally vexed by the royal pretenders and radical factions. The royalists have been like electioneering politicians, pushing themselves with singular assurance

and reviling the republic—the anarchists have been doing the same thing with like audacity but hardly an excess of vulgarity. At last came the conspiracy against the republic in which the Bourbons and Nihilists plotted together to betray the people—the Comte de Paris and Boulanger deeply concerned. The collapse of the curiously assorted revolutionists has made an end of serious opposition to the republic. This introduces into Europe an element absent for twenty years—France as a great power. The Russian policy at once comprehended the fact. The czar can no longer be deterred from an enterprise by the alarm that France is frivolous. She is at the front again, with the largest and most thoroughly organized and provided army ever mustered, with the exception of the consummate military machine of Germany. Europe is mistaken if the latest visits by the Emperor of Russia to Berlin and the Emperor of Germany to a Russian military manoeuvre were not unhappy ceremonies. Russia is not willing to acquiesce forever in the formation of kingdoms of the Turkish territory she conquered, to check her march to the Bosphorus; and she especially does not approve the attitude of Austria. Now, of all times, is the time for the Triple Alliance to maintain its full strength and use it in the offices of peace making. Two incidents disturb calculations—the least important is the visit of the heir apparent of the Austrian throne to the czar, and his cordial reception. Bismarck would have no objection to an exchange of civilities between the imperial families of Russia and Austria, but he would care to regulate them and see that they did not go too far, for Austria was one of his hands. The fall of Crispi, the Italian premier, identified with the Triple Alliance above all men, has shaken the temples. Italy has paid for her greatness in establishments and associations, in a terrible taxation, and her costliest armaments can have no other business than to hold France in check for the sake of Germany. The people of Italy are asking themselves whether it is worth while to bear such burdens as a mark of unfriendliness toward France, which, as a republic, shows no symptoms of passion for meddling in Italian affairs. There are many

possibilities of agitation in Germany, Austria and Italy, that it is disquieting to contemplate. The health of the German emperor is a subject solicitously discussed, and unusual interest attaches to all that concerns him personally. In case anything should happen to cut him off untimely, there are many who would be anxious to provide a drift away from consolidation and imperialism. In Italy the possession of Rome for the national capital is a question always burning, and she has her opponents of centralization who would gladly go back to the old confusion of sovereign states. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy is the most heterogeneous of nations. The popularity of the emperor king and the habit of regarding him the ruler is almost the only tie that binds the strange combination, and the emperor king is becoming an old man. He has had many heavy cares and sorrows, and is worn until he has little strength. His death may be the signal for changes among the most radical in Europe. It is doubtful whether the heir apparent, now little known and less cared for, can count upon the loyalty of all the kingdoms and provinces and races and tribes that make up the imposing but uncertain conglomerate. State sovereignty and home rule ideas may find fertile soil not only in Italy and Austria, but in Germany also, and the death of any of the monarchs of central Europe might precipitate consequences that would amaze this generation. One of the questions in connection with the death of the Emperor of Austria is, that there would be a formidable pressure to separate the German-speaking people from the others, and incorporate Austria in the German imperial system after the manner of Bavaria. Then Hungary and Bohemia might become independent in the degree that Serbia and Bulgaria and Roumania are. That the Triple Alliance is shaky there can be no doubt, that peace depends upon its firmness there is reason to believe, and that Bismarck may appear again to accept war or make peace is a distinct possibility, for if a great storm should arise the good sense of the emperor, in spite of all incidents of provocation, would command him to call back the old pilot.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THE CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

IN seven years of work at Cambridge as one of the chaplains I had the pleasant duty of conferring a great deal with young men about to leave college on their choice of a profession. For three out of four of a graduating class the choice is yet to be made. And there is no reason to complain that this is so. A man who knows something of his own powers and tastes makes such a choice better than the boy who knows neither. As these young men lived it was early determined for many of them that they should have in life the great advantage of a college training. This meant that they should have a training so broad and large that from the beginning thus made they might start for different callings. From birth, then, until they are twenty there has been no such decision needed as has to be made now. But they are all the better able to make it and it is all the easier to make now that the time has come. That is to say, they know better than they did four years ago what is the line of their genius, as Mr. Emerson puts it, or what they are fit for, as the harder language of the world would have it.

I was very much gratified, and I was certainly very much touched, when, after one of these interviews with several gentlemen, in which we had been pretty carefully balancing the claims of one great calling over another, one of the young men came to me alone to say, "Of course, what one wants, is to be of the most use in the world. One decides between one calling and another as he shall be able to do more good in this way or in that." Here at bottom is the ques-

tion, How shall I do most good in the world? Of course, the answer requires that I shall work easily without heat or friction. I will not choose obstacles for the sake of obstacles. But on the whole I will not be afraid. I am even willing, as Carlyle bids me, to do the thing I am afraid to do. And in all this my decision turns on the central question, "How can I do the most good in the world?"

1. Open promotion. I used to say to those youngsters what I am rather desirous to say to the larger constituency who read these pages in *The Cosmopolitan*, that no man should ever choose a line of occupation where there is not open promotion. If he does he does not take it as a permanency. He takes it with the distinct understanding that he is to go up higher on the first opportunity. Thus, it is a very good thing for a young man from the country to begin as the driver on a street car. But he must look forward all the time to doing something better than that after he has learned to do that well, and to leaving the place on the street car, in turn, to some other young man who has come down to seek his fortunes. This business of keeping open lines of promotion is essential indeed for the well being of America. I have intimated once or twice in these pages what I should be glad to say seriously wherever I can, that in any real "Bellamys" or arrangements carefully made from the wisdom of experience for regulating labor problems, it will be so arranged that certain lines of occupation will be open to newcomers, and that they shall not become

permanent fixtures. It is not a fair argument for keeping a man in a place that he has grown up in that place and must support his family by its wages. If the occupation only affords small wages, it must be reserved for those who are beginning in life, as a part of their education.

And quite apart from the necessity to the commonwealth is the necessity for the individual which we are now considering. Mr. Webster's maxim, that there is always room higher up, holds all along, and we do not fairly educate a young man or a young woman unless we give them the opportunity.

2. American life. It is saying almost the same thing to say to a young American that he must choose no life which does not permit him to be an American. This means a great deal. It means that he is, from the beginning, to take an active part in forming and improving the institutions of his country. Yes, and in their administration. I do not care if a man lives at the Five Points or if he lives on Cherry street in Boston, he is to watch the whole affair, and consider whether there is nothing which he can do himself. He has no right to shut himself up in any sort of bower or cell or cloister where he shall be so cabined that he cannot do a man's full work in pulling at the oar. As between two homes, for instance, in one of which he should have to direct or encourage abundant life, and in the other should be expected to fall back into a set of mediæval decorums, there is no question in my mind that he should choose the former. For there are people enough whom nothing can electrify, who may muddle along in those conventional decencies, if, indeed, anybody need be sacrificed to them. For men and women of education and conscience and will, God proposes something better. He opens fields white for the harvest, and into those fields they must drive the well-equipped reapers.

3. Under which king, Bezonian? Granting these two essentials, we are so far ready for discrimination between the great lines of life in which educated men are needed. And first of all there is the easy case of those whose genius has already disclosed itself. This covers the whole class of artists, to whom it is simple cruelty to cage them so or chain them so that they cannot exercise, for the blessing of man-

kind, the special faculty with which God has favored them. I remember a charming and accomplished vocalist who by her singing has made and makes thousands of people happy. She told me that when she was a little child, singing as she went upstairs, singing as she washed the dishes and wiped them, an old aunt tried to bribe her into silence. She offered to the little thing what would have been a great prize to her, if for one day she would not sing a note. The child never earned the bribe. The genius in her was too strong, and it asserted itself for the blessing of men and of angels from that day to this day.

On the other hand it seems to me dreadful to look back on that century and a half of our colonial history when this New England of ours, under the restrictions of a false system of government, produced no musicians, no inventors, and only two painters. The blood was the same then that it is now. And of that same New England race we say now that it is alive with inventive genius. And on the right hand and on the left hand we see the eagerness of myriads of its children for music and for the arts of design. It is terrible to reflect how, for 150 years, a false social order succeeded in crushing out the germs which had been scattered so lavishly. With a past behind us which could make that mistake, we owe it to the future that native genius, when it surely appears, shall have every opportunity, the fullest and the largest.

But the instances are exceptional where native genius thus asserts itself. We are to deal in general with what at best we must call talent, and often we shall have simply good will, or perhaps capacity. The ground is not so certain here, and one must speak with more hesitation. But I think one may lay down with some confidence a few "bench marks" in this survey.

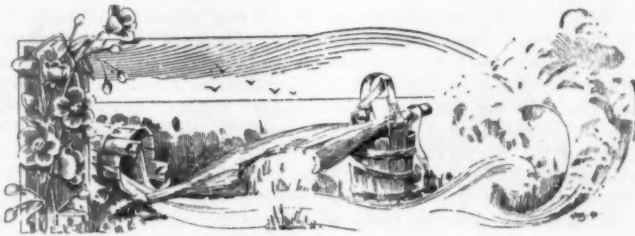
4. The essential rules. If a man be really fond of children, if he be quite sure of his own temper and that he can keep it in control, let him try for a year or two, perhaps, not more, the profession of a schoolmaster. It involves the exercise of arbitrary power, and must involve it. That is, in itself, considered bad for anyone. But if you look it squarely in the face, and are ready for it, that danger need not master you. In a teacher's life there is

one of the best opportunities to study human nature. Nothing does more to give you quickness or versatility, for each of these forty pupils must be treated in a different way. There is no better thing for sudden surprises, for presence of mind, for the wisest angel would be puzzled to tell what will be the next problem which you will be called to settle. All these are good reasons why one should take two or three years of school keeping as a piece of education for life. But the children are to be considered as well as the teacher. And unless a person be born with the genius of an educator he ought to give way after two or three years of such training, before he is in a rut, for some other man breaking into life who may be more fit for this business than he knows himself to be. The stake is too large to permit of reckless experiment.

5. The man without genius. Without being born to this duty or that, we shall find evident capacity for this or that calling, and the fondness for certain results which will help us in our choice, and make one or other occupation more desirable. You see people sometimes who take special pleasure in seeing the results of the thing they have attempted. Indeed, this visible result helps them to new attempts. I should say those boys would make the men who succeed as engineers, as machinists, as inventors, as architects. A great architect described to me once, with eager enthusiasm, his delight when the scaffoldings were at last cleared away and he saw the noble hall completed which before had only existed in his own

imagination. I should not, I think, find it very difficult to pick out the men who like to see finished work, for whom that sort of tangible and visible success is so great a pleasure that it is almost a necessity. To achieve something, so that men may see it, is a fair and worthy ambition. To do a certain concrete thing which the world needs to have done, this is so much stimulus and help toward doing another.

The pressing exigencies of our American life offer prizes and stimulus which naturally call most young men into those forms of active life which we rudely classify under the word "Business." They are to hew down the mountains or fill up the valleys somewhere, or to feed or clothe or house the men who are hewing. This life is so varied, in one form asking for this capacity, and in another for that, that it is impossible to discuss its requisitions except as different phases of it turn up. A great lawyer once said to me that he made but two classes from the young men who came to him as clerks. There was the class of those who, when they were sent to do a thing, did it, and the other class of those who came back and explained why they had not done it. I have found his distinction accurate. The lads of the latter class should be warned against entering business life. And it will be well indeed for them to ask whether the failure be a lack of mental quickness or whether there is not beneath some moral lapse or selfish introspection or the laziness which springs from selfishness—some such taint as this which has vitiated the whole.



ON CERTAIN RECENT NOVELS BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE reader of Humphrey Clinker—if that robust and sturdy British story has any readers nowadays, when the art of fiction has become so much finer and more subtle—will remember that little Tim Cropdale “had made shift to live many years by writing novels at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors,” so Smollett goes on to tell us, “who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease and spirit and delicacy and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius but reformed by their morality.” Humphrey Clinker was first published in 1771, the year of its author's death; and the names of the women of England who were writing novels sixscore years ago are now forgotten. How many of the insatiate devourers of fiction who feed voraciously on the paper-covered volumes of the news stand have ever heard of the *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph*, for example? Yet Charles James Fox called this the best novel of his age; and Doctor Johnson found great interest in following the misadventures of Miss Biddulph, and declared to the authoress that he knew not if she had a right, on moral principles, to make her readers suffer so much. The authoress of the *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph* was Frances Sheridan, now remembered only because she was the mother of the author of the *School for Scandal*.

Mrs. Sheridan was an estimable woman, and it was not to her that Smollett turned the edge of his irony. There were in his day not a few fashionable ladies who, in “the serene tranquillity of high life,” told stories that neither enchanted by their genius nor reformed by their morality. In most of the novels written by women in the second half of the eighteenth century, the morality is but little more obvious than the genius. Like the fashionable English novels of the first half of this century, now as carefully forgotten as the tales of Smollett's fair contemporaries, the female fiction with which little Tim Crop-

dale found himself unable to compete was a curious compound of bad morals, bad manners and bad grammar. Although stories by female authors who “publish merely for the propagation of virtue” and for the gratification of their own vanity are still to be found in London by anyone who will seek on Mr. Mudie's shelves, the standard of female fiction has been greatly elevated in England since Miss Austen put forth her first modest story.

Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot followed in due season; and it would not now be possible to draw up a list of the ten greatest English novelists without placing on it the names of two or three women, at the least. There are diligent readers of fiction who would insist that the name of Mrs. Oliphant should be inscribed among the chosen few, by reason of certain of her earlier tales of Scottish life; and there are others equally insistent that the strange romances of the English lady who calls herself a French expletive entitle the name of “Ouida” to be placed on the roll of the chosen few. Indeed, the admiration of those who do admire this lady's stories is so ardent and fervid that I sometimes wonder whether the twentieth century will not see a Ouida Society for the expounding of the inner spiritual meaning of *Under Two Flags* and *Held in Bondage* and *Puck*.

In America, since the day when Susanna Rowson wrote *Charlotte Temple*, and more especially since the day when Mrs. Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, no list of American novelists could fairly be drawn up on which nearly half the names would not be those of women—even when one of these names might seem to be that of a man—like Charles Egbert Craddock's, for example. Colonel Higginson recently deplored the oblivion into which we have allowed the wholesomely realistic fiction of Miss Sedgwick to fall; and it has been remarked that the vigorous New England tales of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke have never met with the full measure of success they deserved. But the authoress of *Ramona*, the authoress of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, the authoress of *Anne*, the authoress of *Faith*

Gartney's *Girlhood*, the authoress of Signor Monaldini's Niece, the authoress of John Ward, Preacher, the authoress of the Story of Margaret Kent, the authoress of Friend Olivia, and the authoresses of a dozen or of a score of other novels which have had their day of vogue, these ladies are with us still to prove that the field of fiction is being cultivated diligently by the women of America—to say nothing of those who devote themselves more especially to the making of short stories and whose labors in this line I hope to be able to consider in detail one of these fine days.

* * *

One of the cleverest novels recently published by any American woman is *The Anglomaniacs*, which came forth anonymously but which Mrs. Burton Harrison has now acknowledged. It is a sketch only, a little picture of a corner of life, hardly more than an impression, but is brilliant in color and accurate in drawing. Limited as it is in scope and contracted as is its framework, it strikes me as the best reflection of certain phases of New York life since the author of the *Potiphar Papers* made fun of the Reverend Mr. Cream-cheese. It echoes the talk of those who

"tread the weary mill
With jaded step and call it pleasure still."

And, better yet, it suggests the feelings which prompted the talk. At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century club, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt called Mr. Ward McAllister's Society as I Found It an "exposure of the 400;" and certainly it is difficult to believe that even 100 people of fashion could be found anywhere in New York as dull as those Mr. McAllister sees around him, as narrow-minded and as thick-witted. Mrs. Burton Harrison knows what is called Society quite as well as Mr. McAllister; and as she is a clever woman, those she sees about her are often clever also. The company of *Anglomaniacs* to which she invites our attention are not dullards, nor are they cads, even though an ill-natured philosopher might be moved to call them snobs. A good-natured philosopher would probably find them amusing; and he would make shift to enjoy their companionship, dropping easily into acquaintance and laughing with them quite as often as he laughed at them.

It is in this truthful presentation of the facts of fashionable life in New York toward the end of the nineteenth century that the chief value of *The Anglomaniacs* lies. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who had gone to Europe as Mrs. Eliphalet F. Curtis, her daughter Lily, and her plain, kindly, business-loving husband, the Emorys, man and wife, these are all types of American character distinctly drawn and discreetly colored. Mrs. Clay is American, too, in a way, for all that she seems to be transplanted from some French novel. And the "poor islanders" are hit off to a nicety—the young scientist, Jenckes, the noble lord, Melrose, and his mother, the Dowager Countess of Melrose, who finds "most things are a surprise" in America, and who writes home that "they don't talk a bit like Americans in novels. I am very much disappointed on the whole at the want of local color. But it is cheaper living than I thought. They invite you all the time." One may question whether "not a bit" and "all the time" are characteristic of the British vocabulary; but there can be no doubt as to the nationality of the sentiment thus boldly expressed.

The closing chapter of *The Anglomaniacs* has been greatly criticised, partly, probably, because the authoress had led us to believe that the heroine was going to marry Professor Jenckes, refusing the British nobleman (as is the custom of the American girls in American fiction), and partly, it may be, because the authoress had drawn the character of Lily so deftly and so delicately that her marriage to Melrose seemed a needless sacrifice. In real life, one may venture to think the affair might well have turned out very much as it does in this book; but then, if Lily Curtis weds Melrose there looms over her future a suggestion of tragedy which is perhaps out of harmony with the rest of the story, where the note of high comedy is skilfully sustained. If the American girl Mrs. Harrison has shown us marries the English lord Mrs. Harrison has outlined for us, then the real interest of the play is just about to begin and what we have read is but the prologue.

* * *

At the house of one of the most distinguished citizens of New York there was acted last winter an ingenious dramatization of certain scenes from *Alice in Wonderland*,

and when the curtains rolled together at the end of the little play and the guests began to move away, one lady said to another, "Very clever, wasn't it?" and the other answered, "Yes, but then everybody is so clever nowadays." The lady who made this reply has since published three stories to prove that, when she spoke thus, she was judging others by herself. Clever is perhaps the adjective which one applies involuntarily to the authoress of *A Diplomat's Diary*, who writes easily, flowingly, picturesquely, much as a clever woman talks. Her style is not academic, but it is that of a woman of the world. Her manner is that of one assured of herself, strong in self-reliance. Her attitude toward life would lead a shrewd reader to hazard a guess that the authoress of *A Successful Man* was herself a successful woman.

That *A Diplomat's Diary* was written by a woman no shrewd reader would doubt, despite the epicene pseudonym. The diplomat who reveals himself in his diary is a woman's man, while the woman whom he loves and whom we see only through his eyes is a woman's woman, subtle, perverse, feminine jusqu'au bout des ongles, as the diplomat would say. (Perhaps this is as good a chance as any to say that the purist in style will object to the frequency with which Julien Gordon drops into French, an irritating trick at best, and quite unworthy of a writer who can handle her own language with unusual precision when she chooses, making every word go straight to the mark and carry its message. So also may an American reader object to an occasional Britishism of phrase—"my people," "his women," "my man of business," "boxes" for trunks, and the like. Trifles these are, no doubt, but then perfection is no trifle, as Michael Angelo said.)

A Diplomat's Diary was the work of an American who had absorbed Turgenieff and who followed in that master's footsteps. There are scenes in the *Diary* which recall *Smoke*, and no novice in the art of fiction could have a stronger teacher than Turgenieff. It might be thought that it was the Russian scenery of *A Diplomat's Diary* which brought to mind the great Russian novelist, but the next story of Julien Gordon's, *A Successful Man*, is wholly American in its characters and its setting; and in this, too, we find the inevi-

table tragedy, inexorable fate moving swiftly and silently as in so many of the masterpieces of Turgenieff. We find also an understanding of some of the larger conditions of life, an apprehension of their significance not common in the more conventional novels of the hour. There was an interest of diplomacy or at least a hint of it in the *Diary*; there is an outlook into politics in *A Successful Man*; and in a third story, *Mademoiselle Réséda*, there is not a little suggestive discussion of pictorial art. The diplomat himself was somewhat shadowy, but the American politician who is the *Successful Man* is nowhere vague or unsubstantial. He is admirably realized, and so is his wife. Obviously the authoress takes most interest in the fashionable woman who is the central figure of her narrative; but this does not make her unfair to the other women in the story.

One observation that even a careless reader of these tales must make is that the same figure has posed for the heroine of *A Diplomat's Diary* and of *A Successful Man*; and we find her again in the chief character in *Mademoiselle Réséda*. Mrs. Acton and Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Eustis are all drawn from the same model; they are depicted with an extraordinary sharpness of analysis and with a pleasantly caressing insistence. About the handling of this character, and of more than one of the incidental figures which surround it and set it off and display it to advantage, there is a large frankness most infrequent in modern fiction and most welcome. The women novelists are often less conventional than the men, less tied down by the mere pettinesses of propriety, more willing to lift the curtain. A man would hesitate to let his heroine talk about her small bust and her large waist, if he wished the reader still to retain an amiable impression; but this is what the lady does whom the diplomat loves, as they stand before the nude statue in the *Hermitage*.

Thackeray complained that no British novelist had dared to describe a young man's life since Fielding wrote *Tom Jones*; and Mr. Henry James, praising George Sand, notes the total absence of passion in English novels. If this reproach is ever taken away from our fiction, it will be by some woman. Women are more willing than men to suggest the animal nature

that sheathes our immortal souls; they are bolder in the use of the stronger emotions; they are more willing to suggest the possibility of passion lurking all unsuspected beneath the placidity of modern fine-lady existence. Consider, for example, the force and the reserve of the scene where Nathalie offers herself to the diplomat, or of that in *Mademoiselle Réséda* where the painter throws his arm about the girl as they are swimming together. Touches like these it is which suggest the remark that there is now no American woman writing fiction whose development it will be more interesting to watch than that of the lady who calls herself Julien Gordon.

In these days, when hosts of honest people throughout the United States are reading with delighted awe long accounts of the manners and customs of a strange tribe of human creatures, the female of which is known as a "Society Lady" and the male as a "Clubman," it is pleasant to find novels of New York life written by ladies who move within the charmed circle of what is called Society and who can write about the doings of their fellows simply and without either snobbish wonder or caddish envy. The authoress of *The Anglomaniacs* and the authoress of *Mademoiselle Réséda* see Society as it is, and they are not so dazzled by the unexpected glare that they need to put on seaside spectacles to enable them to observe what is going on about them. It is an old saying that to describe well we must not know too well, for long knowledge blunts the edge of appreciation. But those who, having knowledge, seek rather to reveal than to describe, often render a more valuable service than the more superficial observers who offer us their first impressions. Something of this revelation of Society we find in Mrs. Harrison's brilliant sketch and in the three stories of "Julien Gordon."

* * *

To leave the New York of *Mademoiselle Réséda* and of *The Anglomaniacs* for the New England of Ascutney Street is to cross the chasm that divides worldliness from other-worldliness. There is more than a suggestion of the rush and hurry of urban life in the New York novels, while in the New England tale we have a most suburban calmness. And his is a

sadly sophisticated taste who cannot enjoy the quieter narrative with quite as much gusto. Colonel Higginson has called "Julien Gordon" a "keen social observer;" and this is what Mrs. Whitney is also, although she is taking observations in another latitude and another longitude. The residents of Ascutney Street are not "the sexless automatic puppets" whom "Julien Gordon" discovers abundantly in the fast and fashionable circles of New York and Newport; but they have read Alice in Wonderland, some of them, and one of them goes Through the Looking Glass and finds a White Queen.

To those of us who take pride in six generations of the purest New England descent, there is something delightfully fresh in the New England Mrs. Whitney knows so thoroughly and sketches so brightly. And those of us who were boys and girls when *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life* made its first appearance month by month in the impatiently awaited pages of *Our Young Folks*, where we had just been enjoying Mr. Aldrich's openly autobiographic *Story of a Bad Boy*, have now some of us boys and girls of our own, Tom Baileys and Leslie Goldthwaites, in our own households; and they are reading these classics of American youth with the same hearty zest and honest pleasure that we did more than a score of years ago.

Spiritual Struggles and *Strawberry Shortcake* is the title somebody has suggested as applicable to almost any of Mrs. Whitney's stories. It fits Ascutney Street not so well as most, for this latest tale has no strawberry shortcake, as it happens, and no very violent spiritual struggle. Yet the epigram, half true as it is—and to find half of the truth in an epigram is surely as much as anyone can expect—is not an unfair description even of Ascutney Street, for it suggests the homely round of life where we find Jane, and it indicates the movement of the story, which a novel reader brought up on the high-spiced fare of Ouida and Miss Rhoda Broughton might find uneventful, but which no person of a more wholesome taste is likely to call insipid.

* * *

It is by slow degrees that woman forges forward and takes her place alongside man in the mastery of the fine arts. The Muses were all women, once upon a

time, but those whom they visited were all men. The first art in which the woman made herself manifestly the equal of the man was the art of vocal music—or was it that of dancing? The daughter of Herodias was mistress of both accomplishments. Then in time woman divided the stage with man; the histrionic art was possessed by both sexes with equal opportunity; and who shall say that Gar-

rick or Kean surpassed in power Mrs. Siddons or Rachel? Now prose fiction is theirs quite as much as it is man's; and when the Critic recently elected by vote the twenty foremost American women of letters, many more than half were writers of novels. The readers of Humphrey Clinker did not foresee Jane Austen and George Eliot and George Sand any more than little Tim Cropdale could.

COMPENSATION.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

LIFE of my life, do you remember how,
At our fair pleasance gate, a stately tree
Kept silent watch and ward? Majestic, free,
Its head reached heaven, while its lowest bough
Swept the green turf, and all between was row
On row of crested waves—a sleeping sea—
Or heaving billows tossed tumultuously,
When the fierce winds that smote the mountain's brow
Lashed it to sudden passion. It was old.
Storm-rocked for many centuries, it had grown
One with the hills, the river and the sod;
Yet young it was, with largess of red gold
For every autumn, and from stores unknown
Bringing each springtime treasure-trove to God.

Then came a night of terror and dismay,
Uproar and lightning, with the furious sweep
Of mighty winds, that raged from steep to steep,
And ere it passed the great tree prostrate lay!
Sleepless I mourned until the morning gray;
Then forth I crept, as one who goes to keep
Watch by his dead, too heartsick even to weep,
And hardly daring to behold the day.
Lo! what vast splendor met my startled eyes,
What unimagined space, what vision wide!
Turrets and domes, now blue, now softest green,
In one unbroken circuit kissed the skies;
While, veiled in soft clouds, radiant as a bride,
Shone one far sapphire peak till then unseen!

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON."



VIEW OF A PORTION OF PORTLAND, OREGON, AND ENVIRONS.

IN the long ago a large vessel, richly laden, sailed along the Pacific coast in quest of a harbor. Entering the Columbia, the "Oregon" of song, she found the only waterway that pierces the mountain ranges for a distance of over 2000 miles up and down the coast. Following up this stream ninety miles, our sturdy pioneer entered the Willamette and sailed ten miles farther inland to the head of navigation. Anchoring here, the cargo was bartered to the natives, another taken in return, and the ship sailed away. She returned, was followed by others, a hamlet grew up at the landing—and Portland is that hamlet enlarged to a metropolis, where last year nearly 500 ocean vessels from all countries on the globe found safe harbor.

As a railway centre Portland stands supreme in the West. Every road that crosses the continent either runs into her depot or makes close connections with those that do. The wealth of the city is proverbial, her bank resources amounting to over \$25,000,000, her manufacturing interests the wonder of the new West, her jobbing trade last year \$131,500,000, against \$38,370,000

done by Denver. Portland was the only city in the United States not affected by the panic last fall. She has never had a failure of a bank or a large mercantile house, and every one of her long list of millionnaires made his money in Portland. This solid, stable, prosperous city is not on a "boom." Her speedy growth is due to natural causes, which must bring a still greater and more rapid advancement in the future. Her new buildings last year cost over \$8,000,000. Over \$5,000,000 will be spent on buildings now in course of erection, including a public library building to cost \$175,000; city hall, \$500,000; Union depot, \$1,250,000; Chamber of Commerce, \$500,000, and by a law recently passed \$2,500,000 is to be expended at once to bring the waters of the famous Mount Hood to the city, and the government has appropriated \$500,000 to erect an additional public building, the city having outgrown the spacious edifice now occupied. Portland property has never suffered a decrease, but has always steadily advanced; yet never was the outlook so bright, never did the future promise so much as today.

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

THE SENIOR MEMBER.

Mr. S. B. Riggen, the senior member of the firm of Riggen & Holbrook, was born in Knoxville, Illinois, thirty-seven years ago. When five years of age his parents wended their way to California. After leaving school, Mr. Riggen first engaged in the drug, and afterward in the insurance business, and when twenty-three years of age he came to Portland as the manager of the New Zealand Fire Insurance company. Portland was at that time but a small place, but Mr. Riggen came to the conclusion that the city had a future second to none in the West. While he was an adept in the insurance business, enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence of his employers, yet he clung persistently to the idea that those who cast their lot with Portland must ultimately win.

In 1881 he embarked in the real estate business, and no man in that profession can point to a cleaner and brighter record than he. Bringing to his new avocation ideas peculiarly his own, he has left an honorable imprint upon the business in the Northwest that can never be effaced. His watchword has always been "Make money for my customers." To this end he at once undertook the selling of desirable residence property, and to give purchasers the better opportunity to make money, he argued that the entire addition should be cleaned up, so that no lots would remain at the original price, as a menace to those who wished the advance that improvements and growth of population justly entitled them to. In this he has been successful.

Another innovation was selling on the

instalment plan. Mr. Riggen contended that owners really got their money sooner than if sold on the usual terms of one, two and three years. In this branch he has been so successful that it is now the recognized system all over the Northwest.

In 1887 the firm of Riggen & Holbrook was formed. They are now giving their entire attention to the disposal of the grand old Creighton homestead, platted as Irvington park; Portland's elite residence site. This addition they could sell in Portland, but their aim is to make distribution of a portion of it, knowing that each purchaser must make a large profit, thereby giving Riggen & Holbrook the best of all permanent advertisements. To this end they offer it at \$125 for inside lots and \$175 for corners, but a corner can only be secured by taking the three adjoining lots with it. The terms are at least five dollars per lot cash with the order, and five dollars each thirty days thereafter until the purchase price is paid, when a warranty deed and abstract, showing clear title in the purchaser, will be furnished without additional charge.

Further than this, the purchasers are not required to pay interest on deferred payments, but should they desire to pay cash a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed, or the same discount can be secured on deferred payments should the purchaser desire to pay full amount due at any time. There is but little choice in the lots, as all are level and slightly and 150 feet above river level. All that is necessary is to remit five dollars each for as many lots as you think you can carry, and leave the selection to us.



S. B. RIGGEN.

Under the caption of "Real Estate Investments," the Independent, the great non-sectarian religious weekly of New York city, sounds Portland's praises as follows, in its issue of February 5, 1890:

"The population of the city has grown in the last decade from 20,000 to about 75,000. This is of itself a sufficient reason for the rapid advancement of desirable real estate in and contiguous to the city. Portland has at least thirty different lines of ocean and river vessels plying regularly between her wharves and every port in the world. It is the terminus of several great railway lines, has a wholesale trade of about \$20,000,000 a year, and is a manufacturing centre, having invested in this line something over \$10,000,000.

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER.

Mr. F. B. Holbrook, the junior member of the firm of Riggen & Holbrook, is a good illustration of what a young man of industry and integrity can do in the West. He was born in Wisconsin twenty-seven years ago. Leaving school he served his apprenticeship in one of the great manufacturing houses of his native state. Tiring of work at the bench, he determined to go West, and obtained a position as travelling auditor with a large implement house on the coast. In this capacity he travelled over Oregon for several years. Wearying of this nomadic employment, he began to study the prospects of the various cities, with the purpose of investing and settling down. He visited Portland in 1887, having decided that this city was destined to distance all other points in the West in growth and general prosperity. Asking his friends' advice as to whom he should go to for the purchase of property, they recommended to him S. B. Riggen, saying he was the most reliable real estate dealer in the city. He called upon him, and they went to see an addition Mr. Riggen was handling. As they compared notes on the way they soon discovered that their ideas of Portland's future and of conducting business were identical, and before many days Mr. Holbrook had negotiated for a half interest in the business. And thus came about the firm of Riggen & Holbrook.

The realty business in Portland, where property is never on a decline or at a standstill, is unlike what it is in other places, and has to be conducted on a different basis. In other cities dealers can "book"

long lists of so-called "bargains," but in Portland these long-time contracts are not obtainable, except at an anticipated price, and particularly on inside and business property. Occasionally, as in the case of Riggen & Holbrook with Irvington park, a choice addition can be secured for a short time by a reliable, pushing firm, on advantageous terms. But even these chances are scarce. Hence, this firm has adopted the course of buying inside or business property, as called upon. They act as agents, and through their sub-agents they can always find what is wanted at the very bottom figure. Therefore, should the reader



F. B. HOLBROOK.

wish to invest a few hundred or thousand dollars in Portland property, write and state what is wanted. Give your references, say about how much cash you wish to put in, how much you desire on time, character of the property wanted, whether income or vacant, business, prospective business, or inside residence, and they will be able to offer you bargains, from either their own holdings, or can at once find what you want. And always remember that they stake their reputation

on their ability to get you a bargain on which you will surely make money.

Of course, if you wish to make a small investment, they unhesitatingly recommend Irvington park, at \$125 for inside lots and \$175 for corners, at five dollars cash with order for each lot, and five dollars for each lot every thirty days thereafter until full amount is paid, without interest, or ten per cent. discount for all cash within thirty days. This is a buy that must make money for every purchaser, as it is beyond doubt the cheapest property on the market in the United States.

It has flourishing iron and steel works, smelting works, woolen mills, paper mills and other industries. It has a banking capital of \$13,000,000, fifty miles of cable, electric, steam and horse-car lines, excellent schools, churches and hotels, one of the most magnificent water powers in the world, and an intelligent class of citizens. Portland is not being boomed, in the sense usually given to that term; but it is enjoying a healthy though rapid growth. We have it from the very best authority that real estate investments in and about Portland are exceedingly desirable, and that the prospects are fully as bright for the future as they have ever been."

PUBLISHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A SOLID INVESTMENT.

Riggen & Holbrook have long recognized that the peninsula was the coming élite residence portion of Portland. That they were correct is evidenced by the growth of that section, during the last decade, of over three thousand per cent. They have also believed that the grand old Creighton homestead would be the very centre of this desirable locality, but not until during the last few months could it possibly be secured. They have now obtained it, and have placed it on the market as

IRVINGTON PARK.

*This superb tract is less than thirty blocks from the business centre. It is in the direct path of all great improvements. Beautiful mansions dot its entire surroundings. With electric five-cent transportation, macadamized streets, beautiful shade trees, city water and all desirable improvements, these lots will surely soon double and quadruple in price. The famous Peninsula boulevard, 100 feet wide, passes directly through this tract from east to west.

They have placed this beautiful addition upon the market at a price that cannot be duplicated in the United States. In other cities of equal importance, similar property would sell for \$300 to \$500 per lot, and in Portland it is by long odds the cheapest real estate offered. The prices fixed upon it are \$125 for inside lots and \$175 for corners, but four lots must be taken to secure a corner. From this we cannot possibly deviate. A discount of ten per cent. will be allowed for all cash within thirty days from time of order. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this discount can remit five dollars each on as many lots as desired, when we will forward deed and abstract to any bank suggested by the purchaser, and they will be allowed fifteen days to examine abstract and pay the purchase money. Should persons desire at any time after one or more payments have been made to pay out in full, we will allow a discount of ten per cent. on deferred payments. All lots are twenty-five feet wide by 100 feet deep, with a fourteen-foot alley in the rear. The title to this property is perfect. We mail duplicate contracts at once upon receipt of first payment, which are to be signed and

one retained by the purchaser and one returned to us.

It is a mistaken idea to think that only the rich can make money in real estate, when such property as this can be had on such terms.

Remember this is no catchpenny scheme conducted by some irresponsible firm to dispose of worthless property. It is a bona-fide business transaction, conducted by one of the most solid, substantial and reliable firms in the West, and the property is worth really more than we ask for it, and is so situated that it must rapidly enhance in value. There is in each contract a restricting clause, which does not allow a cottage to be erected in Irvington park to cost less than \$1000. This clause alone is worth \$100 to every lot held by a non-resident, as it insures a fine class of buildings. The clause only applies to those who wish to build.

As to Portland, those who have read these pages in various magazines should know something about her prosperity. No city in the country is enjoying a greater season of growth and advancement. Her future is certainly the brightest of any city on the coast. Her tributary country has been somewhat tied up during the past winter and fall, being blockaded with wheat which lines of transportation were unable to handle, so immense was the crop of 1890. Consider this as you listen to the appeals from the famine-stricken districts of the mid-West! Crop failures! Oregon never knew one, Portland never felt a panic, never had a bank failure, or the serious embarrassment of a jobbing house.

We have pamphlets, maps, plats, and circulars, which we send free on application.

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R. L. DURHAM, Cashier.

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"LEADING
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America."

23

116

THE
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The subjoined illustrations are suggestive to every feminine mind of the social delights of the tea table, of which these are the necessary accessories, and which are kept in pleasing variety, together with a full collection in Solid Silver for table use, for the toilet table, and for personal adornment.

The value of the Tea Caddy, richly hand chased, five inches high, is \$24; the Tea Scoop, \$1.75; the Bonbon Dish, with open-work border, is \$8.50. These are found in large variety of form and ornamentation. The most costly, suitable as well for a Jelly Dish, is priced at \$40; the Sugar Tongs are \$1.75. We may also mention the Hot-water Kettle with Lamp; the most elaborate, with hand-wrought bright chasing, is \$90. These are also supplied, heavily plated, from \$13 to \$20. Then there are quaint Sugar Dishes and Baskets, Cream and Water Pitchers, Chocolate Jugs, Cracker Bowls, Salad Dishes, etc.

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Invaluable to both *sexes*, *aged*, and *young*. Endorsed by *leading physicians*, and the world's *Brain-workers*. It is a *Vital Nutrient Food*, not a "patent medicine," nor *acid Phosphate*. Pamphlets with testimonials free. For sale by Druggists, or sent by mail (\$1.00), 36 West 25th Street, New York.

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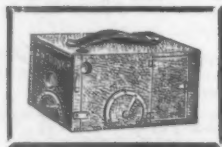
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97

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Our soups are carefully and cleanly prepared, and cause a dinner to begin like a feast.

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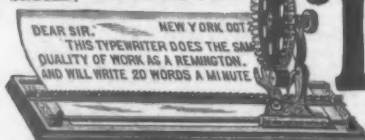
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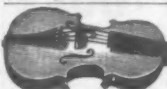


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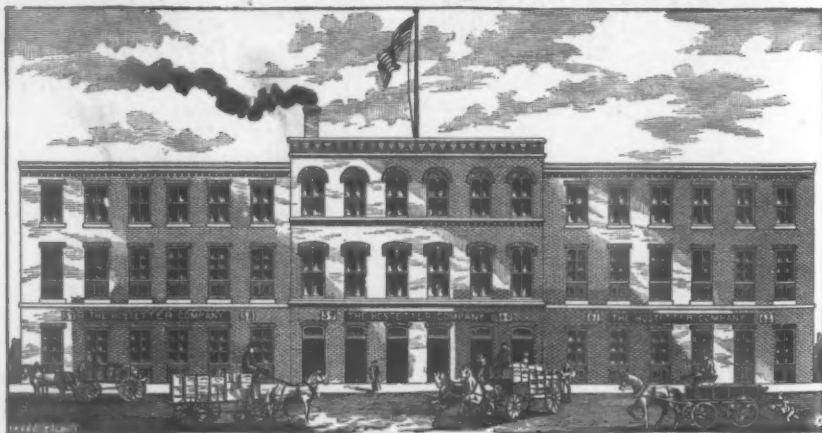
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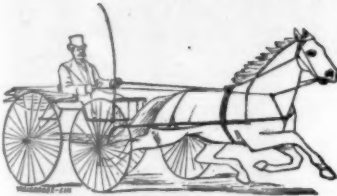
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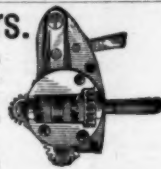
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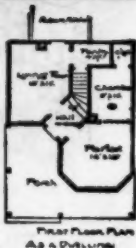
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Capital subscribed,	\$2,000,000.00
Paid in (cash),	1,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits,	396,716.85
Assets,	11,168,685.04

The well-known firm of accountants, Barrow, Wade, Guthrie & Co., of London, Manchester and New York, upon auditing the accounts of the Company as published June 30th, 1890, appended thereto the following certificate:

Having examined the books of the Equitable Mortgage Company, we hereby certify that the foregoing accounts and statement are in conformity therewith, and we believe that the accounts fully and fairly represent the position of the Company as on the 30th June, 1890.

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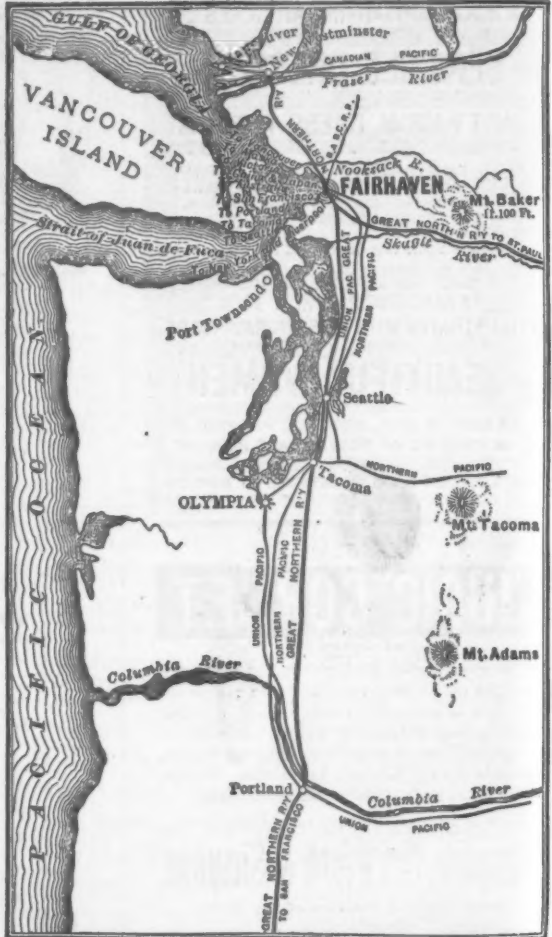
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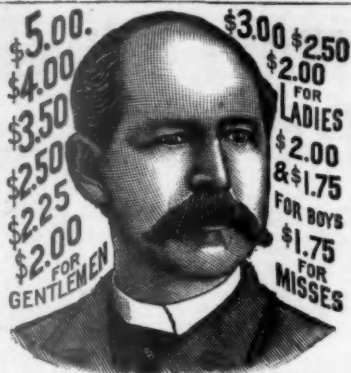
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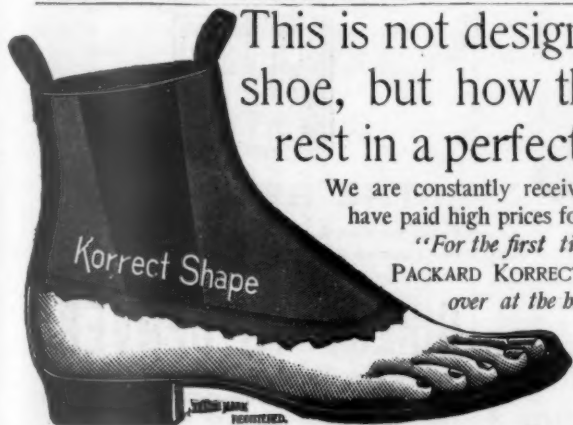
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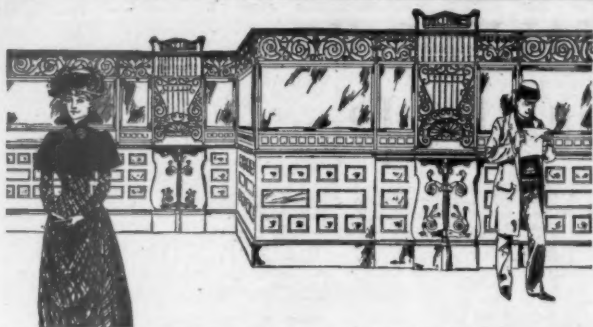
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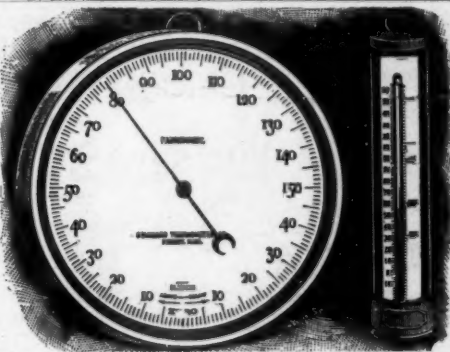
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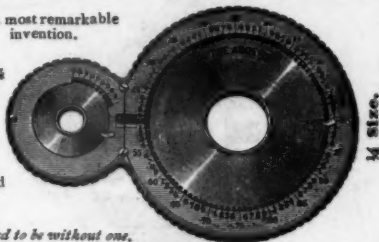
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" " 24	" 25	" 3,000 Houses"
" " 25	" 25	" 3,500 Houses"
" " 26	" 25	" 4,000 Houses"
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